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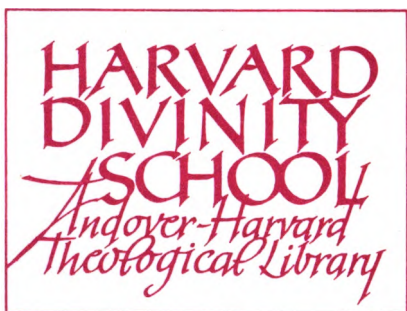
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JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1869.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, . . . verus philosophus est amator Dei."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1869.

ART. I.—ON THE STUDY OF GERMAN IN AMERICA.

Abriss der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte. Von DR. E. P. EVANS, Professor der neueren Sprachen und Literatur an der Universität von Michigan. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1869. 12mo. pp. 235.

A WORK in the German language by one who is not of German birth or lineage is certainly a novelty. Some of our best English works in theology, in moral and political and natural science, have come from expatriated Teutons; such as Max Müller, Dr. Lieber, Dr. Schaff, and others less widely known. Not a few of the ablest editors in the United States, from Carl Schurz downward, are Germans who write as vigorously and as gracefully in the English tongue as in their own. But this rule does not work in both ways, and there is little or no reciprocal writing of native Americans in the German dialect. The "Epitome of German Literary History," just issued by Leypoldt and Holt, is a rare instance in this kind. The author, Professor E. P. Evans, of the Michigan University, is already well known to our readers, by his translation of a work of Coquerel the younger, and of Adolf Stahr's "Life of Lessing," as well as by numerous articles in the reviews and magazines, all written in a style at once strong, clear, rich in humor and in scholarship. No book of the last decade has been more favorably received by the critics, or has done more to awaken new interest in liberal studies, than the translation of the "Life of Lessing."

In his new German work, Professor Evans shows that his command of the German tongue is as ready and as easy as his command of his native tongue. In a work so condensed, an epitome of the literature of more than a thousand years brought within the limits of a college text-book, it is of course unreasonable to look for high rhetorical finish or fulness. There is no room here for elaborate biography or description or suggestion or criticism. We could expect in so rapid a summary hardly more than an annotated catalogue. But the author has the skill to put a great deal into a single sentence. In a few lines he can give the writer his proper place and rank, tell to what school he belongs, and what is his significance in literature. Of the leaders in every school he is able to give a satisfactory appreciation; and he marks distinctly the transition from one school to another, from one epoch to another. He has made excellent use of his ample materials, and has brought together here the results of wide and various German reading; soon, we hope, to be expanded into a comprehensive English history of German literature, which is the desire of all German scholars. We want something better in this kind than the narrow and one-sided history of Menzel, which was foisted upon the public thirty years ago, as a fair account of German literature.

In the mean time, the present work of Professor Evans will be of great value to teachers of German and German classes, for whom, indeed, it has been specially prepared; while it is useful in any library as a work of reference, supplied, as it is, with a full index, marginal indications, and a table of contents most ably drawn and arranged. It is precisely the book which German teachers have been wanting to get. Forty years ago a book of this kind would have had very small sale, and would have been passed almost without notice. Now such a book interests a public numbered by millions, and will be sent to all parts of the land. In the memory of many not yet old, German studies were eccentric, the sign almost of a disordered mind; were discouraged by wise professors, and dreaded even by curious students. Half a century has not yet passed, since the first teacher of the German language

was appointed in Harvard College, and for a much shorter time has it been a favorite study in that institution. Before the year 1840, in Boston, the American Athens, there was less knowledge of German than of Greek, and most of those who went into raptures over Goethe and Schiller, knew these poets only through imperfect translations. To have suggested such a study as suitable in the schools, even of the highest grade, would have been treated as amazing assurance. In the English High School, French had a place, but German was not thought of. Of course, in the ancient venerable "Latin School," this upstart jargon of the barbarians could find no entrance. Even the most "select" school for youths or maidens, with the highest scale of prices, did not include this in its programme. German teachers, in Boston and in all our cities, were few and far between. The most incompetent men were able to go on undetected by the few pupils whom they enticed. The second teacher in German in Harvard College, the best that could be found, may have been a good soldier, but a scholar he unquestionably was not; and his pupils made sport of his simplicity. Nowhere at that time was German considered an essential part of the education of a gentleman, hardly even an ornamental appendage. There were some who studied it; but they studied it in difficulties, with scanty aids, with little sympathy from friends, and under a ban at once literary and theological. Fond parents disclaimed all responsibility for the vagaries of foolish sons and transcendental daughters, who would waste their time over such bewildering trash as the dialect of the beer-drinking Teutons. In no school or college, from Maine to Florida, had the German a prominent or a recognized place among the branches of polite learning, much less among the branches of useful learning. It came in rank after Italian and Spanish, far behind French and the classical tongues.

In one generation a marvellous change has come. The German language has been brought into the very front rank of ordinary studies. A college that has no teacher of this language now is a poor affair, not worthy of the name; and this is classed in many institutions as a "required study." It

is taught in the Normal Schools, it is taught in the High Schools, it is taught in every respectable "select" private school. It is a study not merely for adult pupils, but for children of tender years. Infants even learn it in the Kindergarten. The number of professional German teachers in the country is "legion." They abound in the cities, large and small; and they go westward along with civilization and settlement. They have a chance in Leavenworth and Omaha, as much as in Boston and New York. One can hardly take up a journal, metropolitan or provincial, without reading the prospectus of one or more German teachers. No bookstore is so small or so remote that German books do not make part of its stock, and help in its profits. Every considerable reading-room has German newspapers on its files. German is studied not only as a literary language, but for its social and practical uses. A housekeeper needs it, in many parts of the land, in her intercourse with servants and tradesmen; an employer needs it with his operatives. Children learn the language from their nurses and their playmates, before they are instructed in it from the grammar and the dictionary. Eminent educators, too, propose this language not merely as a supplement to classical training, but as a substitute for the classics,—insist that it is worth more than Greek, more than Latin, more than both together; that it may take the place, in school and college, of those dead tongues. They discuss in conventions, they discuss in reviews, they discuss even in legislative halls, the relative value of German and Greek; and the weight of authority is by no means heaviest on the ancient side. What the accomplished Chancellor of the English Exchequer says in disparagement of the scholarship which has given him fame, is more than echoed on this side of the ocean; and classical scholars themselves are willing to lament that they spent so much time upon pagan authors, to the neglect of the tongues which hold so much of living literature. According to Mr. Dilke, the sons of New-Yorkers all go to Germany for their higher education. This statement, like many others of his book, is a blundering extravagance; but the number of American students who go to Germany to finish their education is large

and constantly increasing, and there are not a few who go there even for elementary education. The frequent "Ph. D.," joined to the names on college catalogues, no longer exclusively marks some educated German exile.

This change has undoubtedly been brought about in large measure by the German emigration of the last twenty years. That element now forms an important part of American nationality, and in some States is able even to control politics and to dictate social customs. Milwaukee is more a German than an American city, and St. Louis has the customs of the Rhineland more than the customs of New England. The influence of the German language in the schools of the West has not come chiefly from interest in German literature, but from intercourse with the German people, who are omnipresent in that region. In the East, on the other hand, the new honor of the German language has come mainly from the revelation of its literary and scientific value, from the discovery of its treasures of knowledge and genius, and of its various beauties and capacities. The ample experience of its charm and its use has refuted all the objections that were urged against it, and has proved it as one of the fullest sources of spiritual strength and wisdom. The largest claim of the lovers of German studies is now freely admitted, and no one has to pursue them by stealth, or apologize for his folly. It is impossible to set aside the facts which vindicate this study, even in those departments where it was once most underrated. Whatever the opinion on the relative value of the ancient and modern languages may be, no one now denies actual value, and high value, to the German language; placing it next to the classics, at any rate, if not above them. There are instances, not rare, of men who have undertaken in middle life to make good this defect in their early training, and who have learned from their children the language which was unknown in their own classical course. The German language had in the beginning a hard struggle against the ridicule and against the prejudice which barred it out from the school and college; but it has won the day by its real merit and the persistence of its claim, and it now has firm foothold every-

where. The transcendental fancy, that it is the only language fit for philosophy and mystic rapture, has been sobered down; and the equal mistake, that gave it rank above the English language, has been rectified. But there can be no doubt, that for practical purposes, for information on all subjects, for ideas, for intellectual excitement and pleasure, for all that makes a language valuable, the German is next to the English to-day in the study and the home of educated Americans. Even classical scholars, who vehemently defend the theory of their mediæval tradition, read, in most cases, ten pages of German daily where they read one page of Greek or Latin, and are indebted to German sources for their very defence of the classics which they glory in. The classic temple stands to-day only as it is buttressed by German scholarship.

The German language, as we have said, has fairly silenced the objections that were urged against it. These objections were of several kinds, and they had warrant in first impressions and in superficial study. The most important and influential of them was undoubtedly the *theological* objection. The "danger to faith" was set in the way, and many timid souls were frightened off from a study which seemed to be full of peril to the believing soul. Germany was the home of all fatal heresies, and the vice of these heretical ideas seemed to be fixed in the very structure of the language. There was a vague notion that this tongue was chiefly employed in denying all things which had come down from the early time as venerable in association or sound in doctrine; in discrediting and denouncing every thing sacred, — the Word of God, the miracles of the Saviour, the existence of the soul, even the Divine Being; that there was nothing too daring or too blasphemous to be attempted in a German book or a German lecture. If a theological student ventured upon this forbidden ground, he was solemnly warned of the probable consequence, and his spiritual ruin was predicted. To study German was to take the first step in unbelief. This idea was given out in the lucubrations of the religious press, in the fulminations of the orthodox pulpit, and even

from the professor's chair; the professors and the preachers and the editors honestly thought what they said, for they knew no better. A good deal of the startling heresy that broke in upon the churches did come from Germany. A good deal that sounded like infidelity, and that was infidelity from the former stand-point, had unquestionable German parentage. It was natural to infer from these waves in the advance, what a deluge of heresy would roll in, if the flood-gates were opened. Those dreadful names, Eichhorn, Paulus, Gesenius, and Strauss, — the Beelzebub of the host, — seemed to present an infernal array against the Lord and his Anointed. "German theology," as many of us remember, was in the community and in the schools the synonyme of infidelity, if not of blasphemy. To be expert in this was a stigma, rather than an honor; a crime of which one might be called to give account; a disgraceful charge, which only the most positive confession of orthodoxy could fairly purge away. In some denominations, the confession of a love for German theology made the soundness of a candidate for the ministry doubtful, and hindered his settlement. "Is he tinctured with Germanism?" was a question preliminary to all farther negotiation, when parish committees were inquiring about a pastor. This objection to German studies had more weight in the orthodox, than in the liberal sects; but there were not a few Unitarians ready to take it up, and to be frightened by it.

How completely now the tables are turned! How preposterous seems the charge which would make the heresies of a few writers the sentence of the literature of a whole people, or would allow the heresies of these writers to hide the truth which they themselves taught! How childish and unaccountable seems that fear which made of a theology so rich and large and satisfying such a bugbear! Now that the fright has passed, each denomination is eager to get all that it can out of this dreadful jungle of lions and tigers. The theological schools hasten to buy "in mass" the libraries of deceased German professors. Lücke's library is in one American school, Neander's library in another, and the Cornell University begins its grand collection for the great

university of Young America with the library of Bopp, whose work was chiefly in the sacred legends of Hindoo heathenism. The first books now commended to theological students, — in history, in commentary, in dogma, in all that relates to the customs or the thought of the Church, or the explanation and origin of the Bible, — are German books. There is not only no danger in these, but they are indispensable in any well-furnished library. All the theological reviews now have their quarterly notices of German theological works, and the most orthodox take pride in the fulness of their report in this department. The best thing in the Methodist Quarterly is its German summary. Without shame, the evangelical doctors confess that they get their latest and most accurate knowledge from the infidel land, where men are so careless of the Sabbath, and where the saving gospel is dispensed to such scanty audiences. There are compiled the great cyclopædias of the Bible and of theology, of which the English and American works are little more than diluted and garbled translations. There are found condensed, arranged, and judged, the latest results of investigation, discovery, travel, and conjecture, in all departments of religious knowledge. One who ridicules German theology now, in the face of the regeneration that it has wrought in this province of inquiry, — making science of what was only tradition; giving life to the dry bones, and clothing them with flesh and blood; changing the book of God from a dull fetish to a living tree, shapely in its proportions, and bright with various beauty, with blossom and fruit; tracing the development of religion in the human soul, as a natural growth, and not as a parasite fastened to the soul from without, — who ridicules German theology in the face of all these testimonies from every quarter, Catholic and Calvinist, as well as Unitarian and Rationalist, only shows his own ignorance or his own fatuity. In theology, the stone which the builders rejected has become the head-stone of the corner, as German authority is now the standard authority and the last appeal.

For it is the praise of German theology that it is so com-

prehensive and many-sided, so catholic and impartial. Every sect finds the latest word of its own theology in this tongue. The ancient Church is better represented in the great Cyclopædia of Wetzzer and Welte than in any treatise that Rome has sent forth in the present age. Not the Vatican, but the Catholic professors of Germany, tell the faithful the lore of the Catholic Church. German theology is homogeneous in nothing but its exhaustive learning, and its freedom from cant. And one of the best services it has rendered to the religious writing of England and America is in clearing away so much of the cant, so many of the pious phrases, which were once mistaken for solid Christian teaching. One who has become familiar with this copious "real" theology, becomes impatient of mere verbiage, mere repetition of the formulas and commonplaces of the conference-room. It is instructive to compare the style of articles in the religious newspapers and reviews, as we have them now, with the style of the same articles thirty years ago, and to see how the phrases which gave color and consistency to the washing flow of religious rhetoric have been mostly filtered out; how men write now on religious themes in a dialect as simple and natural as if these were secular, and have forgotten the holy tones of the Fathers. This change is in large measure due to the study of German theology, in which there is so little of this holy tone. In Germany, the evangelical faith has no more a dialect of its own than the rationalistic denial. Each and both of them speak of religious things as they would of any other things; and they have taught our American revivalists to speak of the Holy Spirit and his work, of the way of the Lord, and of the salvation of men, as if these were actual things, and not processes aside from the actual life of men. A German scholar, in any sect, would be ashamed to tell his service and his experience in that style which was once so popular, not to say so necessary, in most of the evangelical churches.

German theology, too, gives something, and the best thing in every kind. Its cyclopædias are not only the most complete, but its monographs on special subjects — on minute

and recondite questions of history and criticism—are thorough in the highest degree. The general themes and the technical themes are treated with equal ingenuity and candor. In no theology is there such variety, such individuality, among the writers. That is one of the discoveries that we have made. We classify German writers by “schools;” but we find that the theological writers in that land, more than any other, are apt to leave the ranks, to make “excursions,” and to disregard the rules of party drill. The study and influence of these writers have helped to emancipate our own sectarians from their strict allegiance, and to give a certain visible freedom, both of thought and expression. That there are so many freethinkers who are not infidels,—who are free while they profess to be orthodox and hold to the sound words of the creed,—who take their own way, and are not bound by the rules of the schools and by theological traditions; that there is so much individuality among our preachers and writers,—comes from the freedom which German theological studies have brought in. This influence is not less real that it is indirect, and that some of the ablest of these freethinkers are themselves not German scholars. The German spirit has found entrance, and has established itself in our methods of persuasion and appeal. Such writers as Bushnell, such preachers as Beecher, naturally come after the adoption of free ways of inquiring and thinking. If preaching has less power in the German land than it had in the middle age, the scholarship which Germany has sent out has given a larger range and a richer abundance to preaching in other lands. Even the staid dignity of the English Church has bent to take the gift, and has gained new elasticity of nerve and joint by that humiliation. Germany has dictated to Oxford, and the Broad Church redeems the desperate dulness of Anglican proprieties. In America, not one of the larger sects, and hardly one of the smaller, has remained unaffected by the influence of this free German air, so subtle and so penetrating. Baptist theology, Methodist theology, Universalist theology, have borrowed more than they know from the lore which was once under ban as the source of

spiritual perdition. Even those who still have fear, and hold to the prejudice which has been transmitted, make use of the teaching which they imagine themselves to shun, and sing, like the followers of Wesley, for sacred melodies, what are really the Devil's tunes.

Not the least of the good works which German theological studies have done, is the support they have given to scientific students and teachers. In the last generation, if a professor ventured to tell his class the doctrine of rocks and fossils as it was clearly written on the face of Nature, and to show how the world was created, there was no end of outcry; and his livelihood was in peril. It was almost impossible for an intelligent naturalist or geologist to be at once honest and orthodox. Now such a man has ample warrant in theological concessions and permissions for any scientific hypothesis. The revealed word of God has been unbound, and the scientific word need not be bound. The theological doctors will put no hindrance in the way of the "physicist;" or, if they do, he can confound them by their own authorities. German theology has brought freedom into other lecture-rooms than those of the theological schools, and has more debtors than the critics and the dogmatists.

This religious objection to German studies was the most important. But there were other objections not less confidently urged. It was said that the Germans were a *visionary* people, held "the empire of the air," were dreamy and unpractical, and that there was no satisfaction in attempting to follow their flights and vagaries. To study German was to bewilder the brain by idle and worthless speculations, to venture into a transcendental region where there was no foothold and no clear sight of any reality, — a region which was neither earth nor heaven. It was supposed that all the literature of this dreaming people was vague and obscure, where it was not fantastic; and adventure in it was compared to voyage in perpetual fog, depressing and disheartening, with no landmarks in sight, and no certainty of progress. Wise heads predicted that the fond enthusiasts would soon lose all spiritual reckoning in that aimless drifting, and be

happy enough to get back to the solid shore of English good sense. The first utterance of the transcendental philosophy partly justified this idea of the German language. If "Transcendentalism" were the German speech,—if the poetry and prose of the "Dial" represented the literature which they glorified,—one might be excused for doubting its transparency and its substantial worth. Its pilot balloons to these shores were certainly in large measure airy bubbles, bursting at the touch, with very small residue. It was no disparagement to the intellect of the giant Boston lawyer, that he could not understand what his daughters saw to be so beautiful, or that such clouds of words would not hold up the weight of his heavy thought and brain. "Orphic sayings," verses from the West, evolutions from the depths of consciousness, all that spray and spatter of German metaphysics would not commend the study which must be pursued in such mental confusion. To not a few practical men, German studies seemed to be a sign of hallucination and mental disorder; taking clouds for substance, ghosts for men and women, fantastic shapes for the forms of real things. They were denounced as substituting darkness for light, and interfering with all clear ideas of things actual, and of things abstract as well. Schleiermacher's talks, so profoundly unintelligible, were taken as the signs of all German speculation; and his name seemed happily to signify the special office of himself and all of his fraternity. Our practical men were pleased to say, that all Germans were "veil-makers," and that the language itself only lifted a mist, sometimes of violet and purple, but oftener gray and leaden, around those who strayed into its precincts. The warning was, that nothing substantial could come out of all this moonshine; and the mockery of the wise Preacher was turned to describe these fancies of the foolish soul, nothing but "vanity of vanities," airy nothings, with no habitation, and no name clearly defined or understood. That objection, too, reasonable as it seemed, has been quite fully set aside. Nobody makes the mistake now of assigning to the Germans the special realm of the air, or supposing that they are a race of speculators and dreamers.

On the contrary, the German emigration has proved that this dreaming people are especially practical, matter of fact, expert in mechanic arts, and more interested in real things than in any metaphysics or poetic fancies. And as we have come to know the German philosophy better, it is found to be as intelligible, as rational, and as near to real life as the speculations of the French or the Scotch schools, or the dry pleadings of "John Locke, Gent." If this philosophy is not accepted as satisfying, it is at any rate no longer stigmatized as flighty and fantastic. Kant and Schelling and Fichte and Hegel are no longer classed with Merlin the Enchanter or with mediæval mystics. Schleiermacher has honor as a reformer and a worker; and his centennial birthday is kept by the same men who would keep the birthdays of Bacon or Franklin. We go to the Germans now not only for philosophical ideas, but for the history of the philosophical ideas of all other nations, ancient or modern. They tell us better than any others the doctrines of the Greek philosophers, of the Hindoo and Persian sages; and bring into the comparison the ideas of France and Italy, of England and Scotland, better than any writers of these other nations. They have not less firm tread upon the earth, because they know the way of the air; and their aeronauts come down as easily as they go up. The camel evoked from the depths of consciousness is quite as genuine a specimen of the race as the stupid brute which the Englishman describes. We are disabused of the notion, that German philosophy confuses and bewilders, when we find men trained in that school so clear in their distinctions and so close and logical in their reasonings. The logical faculty is in no more danger now from the transcendentalism of the Königsberg philosopher than from the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte; and the study of that ideal system is commended as a good prophylactic against the materialist tendencies of the age. It is refreshing to rise a little way above this din and whirl of material forces into the serener region of abstractions, and to investigate the laws and ways of the pure reason. The very philosophy which was once ridiculed as visionary and bewildering is now a

relief from the worse confusion of so much tangle and cross-play of the exact sciences. Men go to it as to a country-retreat among the hills, where the rounded forms and the gentler music of nature may rest the soul from the scream of railway and factory whistles and the whirl of the crowded streets. Schleiermacher's "Reden" are commended as good bracing reading, purifying the spiritual atmosphere, and clearing away the smoke and the vapors which the cares of material gain and progress so thicken upon the souls of men.

Then there was the objection to the *language itself*, — to its structure and shape, to its words and sentences, to its involved movement and its guttural sounds. How should one ever get out from the endless labyrinth of its paragraphs? How should a well-placed larynx ever catch that jangle of unutterable compounds? The venerable Sales, so long pedagogue of the French and Spanish tongues in Harvard College, was wont to round off his praise of the other languages — English among them — with a contemptuous grunt, as expressing the sentiment of the barbarous Dutch: "*et la langue Allemande, c'est pour les cochons.*" What good could come from this jargon of Goths and Vandals? What sensible man would ever speak a language which gave no rest to thought, put always the cart before the horse, and went pushing its load of hard words all along the way? Were not these long periods, broken by parentheses, weighted with sesquipedalian words, bunches of roots upon one stem, beyond all human patience? Well might beginners despair of ever mastering a language in which the breath must be held so long, and the eye wander so wildly up and down. It was predicted that this complicated dialect, with its compounded words and its fearful prolixity of syntax, would spoil the simplicity and directness of the English style, and bring in mud to the wells of English undefiled. The verbosity without the smoothness of the old English pedants would return to the style which successive generations of nervous writers had made crisp and sparkling. Professors of rhetoric warned their classes against that fatal German style, wheels within wheels, nests of Chinese boxes, ending in a very small

box with nothing in it; verbs at the end of the sentence which ought to be at the beginning, and adjectives all set after their nouns. The very German characters had a forbidding aspect, and the case was worse still when these compounded words were printed in the Roman type. A language so constructed seemed only one degree better than Russian or Welsh, better fitted for a state of catarrh than for a healthy use of the vocal organs. Who could expect to keep a good English syntax with this habit of involved and compounded verbiage once acquired? In some quarters, the alarm was serious, and amounted almost to prohibition. It found help in the acknowledged difficulties of the study, so much greater in proportion than those of the French and Italian tongues. Here Latin gave no help, and in the false methods of teaching English did not give the help that it should have given. Only enthusiasm could overcome the difficulties which were in the form and arrangement of these agglutinated syllables,—the more puzzling that so many of them were new combinations, and not shown in the standard dictionaries. This linguistic objection hindered some from the study who had no fear of the theological or the philosophical cavil.

We hear no more of this objection. It has gone with the others. A better acquaintance with the German tongue has shown that the charges brought against its literary merit were groundless in the main. It is now confessed to be one of the richest, most copious, most convenient for use, most expressive, of all dialects. Even its musical character has been vindicated, and it now ranks with the highest in the combination of harmonies, and is only behind the Italian for melody. Every kind of music finds its instrument in this flexible language,—the ballad of the streets, the choral of the churches, the “part songs” and madrigals, and even the trills of the opera. There are not a few who prefer the German consonants to the Italian vowels for giving the light and shade of operatic music. No cadences can be more charming than the prose of Heine, or the verse of Goethe and Rückert, read by a skilful reader. While the usual German style is more involved and parenthetical than English or French style,

it is nevertheless, as we have learned, a good style when it is direct and simple. There is no commentary in English where the style is so concise as in the German commentary of De Wette. If the compounding of words lengthens them, it leaves the meaning clear, and soon ceases to trouble the reader. That damage to English style which was predicted from German studies has not been realized. Our best and most enthusiastic German scholars are also the best writers of their own language. Dr. Frothingham's translations, faithful as they are, might well be taken as specimen hymns of the purest original English. Dr. Hedge's mastery in the language of Twisten and Neander has not made him prolix or diffuse, or hindered that graceful flow of ornate and masculine diction which makes his essays such perfect instances of good English style. The style of our writers has lost no beauty in the last thirty years, but has rather been redeemed from its former verbosity and redundance of epithet. Since the study of German literature has become so common, the best capacities of our English tongue have been brought into bolder relief, and the affected and pedantic manner of the last century has given place to a more natural manner. Our English style has gained freedom, has become more flexible, and has gone back to its Saxon origin and elements. The German studies have been aids in linguistic reform, visible in all our ephemeral literature as in the more solid works of science and history,—in the leading articles in the newspapers, in the magazine papers, in the criticism of the reviews, in the fugitive poems, and in the anniversary orations. That these are far better than in the last age, even in the matter of literary merit, every one confesses; and we may believe that the improvement is largely due to a familiarity with the language in which thought and reality are of more importance than epithet and sentiment.

And another delusion about German literature is now beginning to be dissipated. We have admitted that for various, wonderful, and exhaustive learning the Germans take the lead of all civilized nations, that their lore is the storehouse of exact wisdom on all themes: we have allowed them to be ex-

pert in lighter verse, in songs and lyrics of inimitable sweetness; but we have denied to them skill in novel-writing, and have believed that their efforts in that kind were only tedious, stupid, and commonplace. We have supposed that German novels were generally dull enough to make the romances of James even brilliant in the comparison, and that to read one of them was such a punishment as Lowell assigns to murderers in his "Fable for Critics," — "hard labor for life." The lack of humor, the long disquisitions, the minute descriptions, the mixture of fact and philosophy, seemed to warn off all prudent novel-readers from this Sahara of romance, where bright palms and flashing fountains were only scattered at rare intervals on a vast waste of sand. That, too, is found to be a mistake; and now the most popular of all romances, historical, local, of costume and of character, of life in the city and life in the country, are translations from the German. What novels in these last years have been caught so eagerly and circulated so widely as the sensation stories of Louisa Mühlbach, trashy and untrustworthy as these are? (We are glad, by the way, to notice that Professor Evans makes no mention of this writer in his work, not regarding her as a representative or leading literary character: her reputation is far greater in this country than in her own.) Yet her novels are certainly not stupid. Do not publishers now contend over priority in the publication of the novels of Auerbach, with hardly less of feeling than over the novels of Dickens? Are not the names of Tautphœus, and Freytag, and Dingelstedt now associated with the names of Balzac and Charles Reade and George Eliot? The novels of Germany, of high life and of low life, have now a place in the best class of fictions, not only for solid worth, but as means of amusement. They are not read only by serious students, as sources of culture, but are hawked in the railway trains, to beguile the ennui of transit. No literature finds now a sale so large or so ready as this. Even the "dime novels" are fain to adopt it, and to change a little the style of their sensation. It is quite possible that German humor may find favor before long. Certainly the translations of Jean Paul Richter are as unique as any thing in their kind

in English; and the wit of Hoffmann is quite as genuine as the wit of Thackeray. We have not yet, however, got over the notion that German humor is "very tragical mirth," and is of the sort that oppresses the soul with a sense of ponderous burden.

The German language has become a necessity to a scholar in any department. No writer on any topic, theological, historical, scientific, artistic, or economic, has full credit for mastery of his theme, unless he can show that he knows this language, and has made use of it. A Biblical critic who has no acquaintance with German, however candid he may be, however keen may be his insight, cannot be more than second rate. Historical criticism has been created in Germany, and most of its finest fruits are in the writing of Germans. Translations may, to some extent, supply the lack; but no real scholar is satisfied to know foreign writers only through translations, or to get their help only through interpreters. No translation can ever give the whole meaning of the original, even when only facts are reported. The only sure knowledge which we get of the opinions and thought of foreign writers we get from their own words. Translations are better than nothing, and in many cases we must be content with them. Comparatively few scholars in our time have leisure or patience to read Plato in the original, and must do as well as they can with the versions of Plato by Cousin and Schleiermacher. But a living language loses much more in translation than a dead language, just as it is easier to copy a portrait than to paint an original picture. They who rely upon translation to give them all that they need to know in such a literature as that of Germany make a great mistake. A few of the masterpieces take on foreign dress. Goethe and Schiller, Neander and Tholuck, and a few of their class, become naturalized in English equivalents. Yet it provokingly happens to those who attempt investigations of any kind without knowledge of the German language, that the works which would serve them best are just those which have not been translated. The time spent in acquiring this language—which in the improved methods of teaching is so easily acquired—is never time

wasted to any who intend to investigate any subject of human knowledge. As mental discipline, too, the study is of the highest value: it trains the mind while it stores the mind. Such discourses as those of Schenkel, such essays as those of Rothe, such critical discussions as those of Baur and Volkmar, are mental gymnastics, calling every faculty of the soul into exercise. And a vigorous hater, like the passionate Ewald, brings the heart of his readers into the contest, and rouses hope and indignation alternately, as he shows how wisdom has been abused by the handling of bigots and sciolists in the history of the People Israel, and how unexpected light appears in the darkness. Where shall we find a commentary on the Scripture more suggestive than that of Olshausen, which drops in a phrase or a sentence the hint for a homily?

There are some who would discourage now the study of the German language, on the ground that there is danger that it may supersede the English in some parts of the country, and that it hinders the fusion of races into one people. The English is our national language; and we must keep this first in honor and influence everywhere, and compel all the races who come here to adopt this language. Other languages should be to Americans as mere accomplishments, and should never be allowed to become necessities of life. Some very intelligent men dread the multiplication of those German newspapers in the cities, as standing in the way of the process which should Americanize Germans, and holding them to attachments which ought to be broken. Already the strict puritanism of the evangelical sects is distressed and angry at the encroachments which German customs are making upon morality and order, the violation of the sabbath, the introduction of revels and masquerades and buffoonery, of beer-gardens and shooting matches, and riotous musical feasts. In the interest of good morals, it would discourage all favor to a language which represents a type of character and of life so unlike that of the fathers of the country. We do not want, they say, to bring the German life, or manners, or religion, to this land, though we may be glad when emigrants come to till our soil, to open our mines, or bring out our resources. We need rather to

shake off that yoke which German scholarship has laid upon us, than to fasten it more firmly. It is a sad confession that we must go to this foreign land for our light and our help, and that our intellect is dependent upon the German or upon any foreign people. But we need not be greatly troubled by this alarm. In the practical matters of life, in the affairs of public policy, we are as independent of foreign influence as we ever were, and there are other dangers to morals and religion which the German influence may help to neutralize. That the study of German literature has lowered the moral tone of American society cannot be proved. French literature is far worse in that respect; and the tone of German literature morally is higher than that of English literature. There is no such glorification of villany, no such parade of indecencies, in the fictitious literature of Germany as in that of England and our own country. Until some worse harm shall come to morals than any that we have yet seen, we may permit German studies and advise them. The special virtues which we need to cherish as a people are the virtues which they will especially commend: family love, fraternal feeling, patriotism, economy, and perseverance. Thus far, we do not find among those who have given themselves to these studies any indifference to the higher virtues, or any hatred for practical righteousness. They are oftener foremost in all the philanthropic causes.

ART. II. — THE JESUS OF THE EVANGELISTS.

His Historical Character vindicated, or an Examination of the Internal Evidence for our Lord's Divine Mission, with Reference to Modern Controversy. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1868.

THE standard defences of the gospel history have combated the enemy by adducing the coincidences between the Old-Testament prophecies and the New-Testament events; by appealing to the independent testimony of the four eye-witnesses

by whom the Gospels were written; and by showing the consequent necessity, if the Gospels were not authentic throughout, of supposing the preachers of the purest of religions to have committed wholesale fabrications. But the sceptical critics of modern times, quite outflanked this position. The argument from the Jewish prophecies they turned round, and made an argument against the authenticity of the gospel history. The "close coincidence" between the two was too close, they argued, for an actual historical coincidence, and was due simply to invention or alteration of the gospel records: whatever it had been predicted that the Messiah should do, Faith had undoubtedly attributed to and narrated of him. The Gospels they found, on closer examination, not to be from eye-witnesses, not first-hand documents, originally and wholly composed by one person, nor even wholly independent narratives; but to have been worked over by different hands, founded upon either a common oral tradition, or upon common written fragments. The date of all of them, these critics asserted, was later than the apostolic age. Finally, the dilemma of the events of the Gospels being either true or conscious forgeries they evaded, by supposing them to be myths or legends, unconscious growths of the excited imaginations of the early Christian society.

Against this form of attack the old manner of defence was of no avail; and the reasoning of the more recent school of Christian advocates, however able and sound, is too long, laborious, and minute, for popular use. Few people have either the time, patience, or opportunity of examining the quotations of Justin Martyr and the Apostolic Fathers. There is needed a course of argument more summary, adapted for popular use, starting with no presuppositions not admitted as self-evident. This is the want which our author would supply. His book has the great merit of taking up its subject in a method different from the usual one, and its work is well laid out.

Whether the Gospels be fictitious or historical, one thing is indisputable, — they contain a delineation of a great character which is exhibited over a wide field of action. It is,

moreover, admitted on all hands that the Synoptics were in existence, in all their main features, prior to the termination of the first century, and the fourth Gospel prior to the year 150. These facts Mr. Row takes as his starting-points. The existence of this dramatized portraiture of Jesus at that time is a fact which must be accounted for. Mr. Row aims to show that the mythic theory cannot adequately account for the existence of the Gospels, and the portraiture of Jesus which they contain, at the time when it is admitted that they existed; and that the only thing which can account for it, is the supposition that Jesus really existed as he is depicted in the evangelical records.

In the gospel narratives, Mr. Row maintains, there is represented in Jesus the union of a divine and human consciousness, a perfect holiness and a perfect benevolence, a suffering Messiah, a teacher of a new original morality, higher than the world had ever before known; and all these conceptions are carried out into minute detail, are dramatized over an extensive sphere of action. If this portraiture is only an ideal one, there must have been an infinite number of the most difficult problems to be solved by the elaborators of it, as to the mode in which these factors should be combined, the prominence given to each, the character of each of the particular events, anecdotes, and sayings by which these conceptions should be illustrated.

Every different originator of a myth would be likely to do this in a different way. Is it conceivable, then, that if the portrait of Jesus in the Gospels was the spontaneous growth of the imagination of his early credulous followers, the result should have possessed the unity that it does? that these should exist in all the unmistakable style of one original character? Even were there existing in Jewish literature the abstract conception of the Messianic character, there would still remain the same difficulty as to the detailed dramatization of it, and the same impossibility of different creators of mythical stories uniting in producing such a completely harmonious portrait. But not even the abstract idea was in their possession. Examine the prophetic books, unbiassed by the

usual evangelical desire of finding there resemblances to the gospel history, and you find only a number of vague undeveloped outlines, destitute of substantial form or coincidence with the gospel events. They are types rather than prophecies: they refer to actual events and individuals, exaggerating the one and idealizing the other; or else they are idealized personifications of the Jewish people. This statement agrees substantially with the views of the late Dr. Noyes, as expressed in the introduction to his translation of the Prophets.

In the later apocryphal works of Jewish literature, there is a very much closer and more direct coincidence with the image of Christ in the Gospels; but even these would not have been sufficient as a model in the fabrication of a detailed portraiture of the Messiah. They give only dogmatic statements or general elements, not a detailed picture, — abstract ideas, not concrete realities.

Moreover, the Messianic ideas prevalent among the people from the prophetic period to the advent were ideas of a national military deliverer, — ideas directly opposite to the conceptions elaborated in the Gospels. Now myths, being the spontaneous products of men's imaginations, embody the feelings, passions, and tendencies of the people among whom they arise. They represent their general notions about God and man, and the relation between them as they are reflected in the inventor's mind from the society in which he moves. The creator of a myth is limited in his field of invention by the religious and moral atmosphere in which he lives. A myth which did not embody the general conceptions of the day, would inevitably fail to get currency. When a number of different inventors are engaged in mythical creations, it is inevitable that the results should vary in conformity with the individual peculiarities of those at work in elaborating them; and even a certain unity of type in the midst of this diversity is possible, only as long as they adhere closely to the type of thought by which they are surrounded. The moment they vary from it, their creations must produce as great a divergence of type as the number of minds engaged in their elaboration. Just in proportion as the mythologists rise above the

conceptions of their times, or introduce improved ideas in religion or theology, their pictures must inevitably vary from each other. This would be still more the case, if the mythologists were persons widely separated by place, mental endowments, and nationality, as the early Christians were. Is it conceivable, then, that out of preceding Judaism there could have been elaborated, by a succession of mythical creations, a portraiture of the Messiah so different from and superior to the Jewish ideas, and yet one possessing such a unity of character throughout, as that of Jesus in the Gospels does?

Moreover, the period of sixty-five years, from the death of Jesus to the end of the first century, when at least it is admitted that the Synoptics were in existence, is not sufficient time for the mythical development of the delineation of Christ in them out of the religious, moral, and Messianic ideas of Judaism. The growth of myths is slow. This may be seen both by considering the conditions of their growth, and the examples of the Greek myths, and those of the Christian Apocrypha. And this period of sixty-five years must, besides, be reduced to a period of only twenty-five years; because we have, in those Epistles of St. Paul whose genuineness is unquestioned, the outlines of the character of Jesus substantially the same as in the Gospels.

That the Gospels are not mythic in their origin, is shown also by a comparison of them with the apocryphal Gospels. These latter show what would have been the character of the four Gospels, if they had originated in myths. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the seriousness, dignity, and life-likeness of the four Gospels, and the puerility, absurdity, and evident fictitiousness of the apocryphal Gospels.

Such is an outline of Mr. Row's argument for the authenticity of the portraiture of Jesus in the Gospels, against the mythic theory of Strauss. It is conducted with scholarship, ability, decorum, fairness, and point. It is free from the flings, declamations, and denunciations, which are apt to deface modern defences of evangelical Christianity. His argument we regard as valuable and substantially sound. There are in

the Gospels unmistakable traces of a multiplicity of narrators, and yet the work of all possesses a substantial unity, and combines into an harmonious portrait. Is such a result conceivable, unless there was one real original, whose likeness they all sought to represent? As well suppose that our portraits of Washington were formed by a multitude of artists, each making independently a fancy sketch of a single feature of an ideal Father of his Country!

Many of Mr. Row's minor points and arguments, however, we should object to. He is apt to make Jesus more superhuman than the records justify, and many of his statements in this direction are too unqualified. He argues a great deal from the union in Jesus of a divine and a human consciousness. Now, many who hold to the authenticity of the Gospels, do not find there any proof of a divine nature in Christ. Mr. Row's aim is to conduct his argument upon the basis solely of grounds admitted by all sides, or of facts which are patent. He should not, then, rest so much as he does upon a supposition so unanimously rejected by his opponents, and even by many who agree with him in his conclusion, as the supposition of the divine nature of Jesus is.

It is the original form of Strauss' theory,—that, namely which found the origin of the gospel narratives in myths exclusively spontaneous and unconscious,—that Mr. Row combats. The change which Strauss has made in his theory in his *New Life of Jesus*, by supposing the agency of conscious and designed invention, as well as unconscious, would obviate somewhat, though not entirely, the objections to the mythic theory which Mr. Row has set forth. The supposition of intentional fabrication by the authors of the Gospels is, however, so repugnant to the mind of almost every one, so inconsistent with the lofty moral and spiritual tone of the Gospels, and the sacrifices and sufferings to which their adhesion to the gospel history and doctrines exposed the early Christians, as to be incapable of ever gaining much acceptance. The supposition is an injury instead of an improvement to the unhistorical theory of the origin of the Gospels.

Mr. Row's is, then, an able refutation of the position, that

the evangelical records have little or no truthfulness, and that the portraiture of Jesus in them is not a true representation, for the most part, of an historic reality and original. So far, Mr. Row has, we think, been successful in his demonstration. But our author has endeavored to push his argument to the disproof of *any* mythical or legendary ingredients at all in the Gospels, and to the demonstration that Jesus must have been more than human. For this his argument seems to us quite insufficient. The view that there is no mythical or legendary ingredients in the Gospels, is beset with as many difficulties as the view that it is entirely mythical or legendary. The objections which lie in the way of the latter view do not exist against some mixture of legendary or mythical elements, in accounts mainly historical. In such a case, the already existing historic representation would serve as a fixed concrete pattern for imitation by the legendary or mythical additions, and enable them to exhibit the same general features in unity with each other and with the historic original. The theory of a mixed origin of the Gospels is the only one that escapes both Scylla and Charybdis: it is easy and natural. Such legendary or mythical exaggerations, or additions, are common halos, which form spontaneously round almost every great genius. There are few great men of antiquity, few illustrious saints of the Middle Age, few extraordinary men of modern times, even, in regard to whom characteristic fictitious stories have not been current within a generation after their death, often during their own lifetime. They are the gigantic images of mist which always attend a man who walks the broken heights of history. As Hermann Grimm has said so well in his *Life of Michael Angelo*, "Occurrences do not remain stable and unchangeable in the bosom of the general memory, but it rolls the facts to and fro until they become rounded and worn into a new shape." The more characteristic of its subject a story is, the more likely, almost, is it to be an invention. It is the concrete form in which the popular idea of a man has embodied itself; as, for example, the well-known fictions that Napoleon ran with the colors in his hand over the bridge of Arcola in the mouth of the Austrian cannon; that Cambronne

said, "The guard dies, but never surrenders;" that Racine died of chagrin because he had fallen into disfavor with the king; that Nero set Rome on fire to see it burn; and other similar examples.

In the chapter on "the influence of the supposed purely human character of the historical Jesus," — the least satisfactory chapter in the book to us, — Mr. Row takes the position that Jesus, if merely human, could not have been independent of, or risen above, the national, mental, or moral ideas which surrounded him. Certainly he could not, if he had been an ordinary man. But no one supposes him to have been an ordinary man: no one supposes him to have been any other sort of man than a most extraordinary one. To say that his character is not within the possibilities of humanity, is to assume that we know already all the capabilities and powers of humanity; a supposition the same in character as that of the sceptic, who will not allow that there has ever been a miracle, because a miracle is not within the possibilities of nature. In point of fact, Jesus does not appear so independent of the environment of his age and nation as Mr. Row asserts. The critics have pointed out many decided traces of its influence in his life and ideas, and have found the elements of his teaching, and parallels to many of his most striking sayings in the Jewish Scriptures and literature. In regard to those ideas of his which were opposed to the prevalent ones of his times, it should be remembered that a *reaction* against current ideas is not uncommon, and as much a natural result of them and an evidence of their influence, as conformity to them. That wonderful and incomparable flower, whose beauty streams from Galilee over the whole world, did not, nevertheless, grow suspended in the air, but was sprung from a Jewish root, elaborated by Jewish nutriment, and tinted with Jewish hues. Only so could Jesus have come enough in contact with his age and nation to get any purchase upon them. Only so could he have got into such nearness and relation with them, as to gain the leverage whereby to fulfil his providential mission of giving to it a motion and a revolution that should in time extend to the whole world.

ART. III.—ON THE ALLEGED UNATTRACTIVENESS
OF THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT.

AT the dedication of the First Unitarian Church in New York, on Saturday, Jan. 20, 1821, the records of the Society do not tell us who officiated in the other services; but on the printed programme we find, in the beautiful handwriting of the first clerk, against the sermon, the then already brilliant, the now illustrious, name of Edward Everett. Although only twenty-seven years old at that time, Mr. Everett had lately returned from a European tour, and become established as Greek Professor at Cambridge, after having been for two years the distinguished pastor of the Brattle-street Church, in Boston, following with not unequal steps in the shining pathway of the lamented Buckminster,—of all American preachers, perhaps, the most fragrantly embalmed in the memory of the lovers of eloquence, scholarship, and piety. At that early age, Mr. Everett had attained the full maturity of a great local reputation as a scholar and a Christian preacher; and, when the best and most attractive talent New England could furnish was wanted to adorn so important an occasion, he was selected for the honorable duty.

It is not our purpose at this late day to reopen the question of Mr. Everett's merits and services. But in offering some thoughts on the alleged unattractiveness of the pulpit to the highest abilities in our generation, it seems not unnatural to adduce Mr. Everett's example. Some light may be thrown upon the general disposition of men of shining ability to avoid, or to forsake the Christian ministry, by simply asking the question why Mr. Everett, so fitted and furnished by nature and grace to the service of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry, quitted so early the pulpit he adorned, and left the profession he had so laboriously qualified himself to fill? Such an inquiry would be impertinent, conducted in a merely personal way, or pressed into particulars; and we have no such purpose. Nor would it be instructive if it were

to end in discovering merely private and personal reasons for the change; such as broken health, sudden accession of fortune, modification of theological views, conscious disqualification for clerical functions, impatience of ministerial restraints, or ambition of more brilliant pursuits. But Mr. Everett was an example of a considerable class of scholarly, gifted, eloquent, and able men, who have forsaken the pulpit, to enter upon literary, philanthropic, or political vocations. It has become, to a certain extent, a reproach, that men of the first order, straying, under the selfignorant proclivities of youth, into the liberal pulpit of this country, have soon found themselves out of place there, without adequate scope for their powers, and irresistibly tempted to leap over its narrow barriers into the open arena of public life.

One thing we may fairly say at the very threshold, — that it has rarely happened that any men leaving the Unitarian pulpit, have disgraced their profession while in it, or after quitting it; exhibited any evidence of the declining power of moral or religious principle in their hearts and lives, after dropping their clerical robes; or given the least support to the worldly scandal, that they found their faith, on maturer consideration, a merely professional prejudice, or their purity and piety to be only badges of office. From what other body of men, in proportion to their numbers, has this country drawn so largely its men of letters, its poets, historians, and statesmen, as from the Unitarian denomination, and even the Unitarian pulpit? and in what class are we to look for more practical evidences of a controlling sentiment of moral and religious obligation? Certainly, we have no reason to say, that our ministers, ungowned only of their own choice, have disclosed the nakedness of their own religious characters, when taking again the place of laymen in the secular spheres of life. They have uniformly (in all the higher instances) retained all the respect and veneration they had as ministers; and, like Mr. Everett, testifying to the last his continued faith in the religious opinions he had taught in the pulpit, and his fidelity to the high standard of purity and piety he had there upheld, have lived and died in the communion of that church,

of which, having once been ministers, they always continued ornaments and pillars.

Still, it is none the less true that a surprising number of our ablest men have left the pulpit; and that, too, after having succeeded in it brilliantly; and the reason for it continues ungiven. Doubtless, this has been partly due to the fact, that the characteristic training and views of the clergy in this country, especially those of large and liberal views, have qualified them, in a marked degree, for posts requiring broad, high, and thorough culture; and thus made them specially open to such demands. You cannot make poets, historians, critics, philanthropists, political economists, statesmen, judicial reformers, out of sectarian, half-educated, bigoted, and narrow men in or out of the pulpit. A young, forming country, pressing in want of leaders, guides, lights, and ornaments, offers enormous inducements to the few men of thorough culture it possesses to step into its vacant thrones of power, and assume sway over its largest domains of influence. That alone has not only drawn from the pulpit many of its most illustrious men, but it has doubtless kept hundreds more from entering our ministry, who would have adorned it. The abler and weightier minds in America throughout the whole country, and from all religious persuasions, no longer gravitate towards the ministry, but away from it,—not perhaps from feeling its attractions less, but the attractions of other professions and pursuits more. In short, the rewards, the inducements, the calls, which the material interests of this new country present, with the professional, scientific, economical, and commercial vocations under which they are more directly to be developed, now draw away into civil engineering, mining, surveying, exploring, overseeing; into banking, trading, and navigation; into the law, with its new specialties of patent and of commercial law; or into medicine, with its scientific attractions at a period when the physical sciences are so engrossing and fascinating,—far the largest part of our rising young men of ability, and leave the pulpits of all denominations comparatively stripped of men of marked powers and influence.

There has been one excellent consequence of this common misfortune. The general intelligence of the American mind has, during this decline of pulpit predominance, escaped from the oppressive power of the priesthood. Nothing can be clearer than the emancipation of the laity of this country from the old thralldom of ecclesiastical discipline, either in respect of opinions, or of conventional standards of conduct. The old rules and the old creeds are not abolished, but the feeble hands that administer them are too conscious of relative weakness to seek to enforce them. The nation has thus broadened its being, — intellectually, morally, and practically; and it will henceforth be impossible to keep the new wine, full of fermentation and power, in the dried and contracted skins, — the old bottles that once held it.

But other effects of this degeneracy of the pulpit have been correspondingly mischievous. When the clerical office becomes relatively weaker and lower than the other professions, then, while general intelligence and personal independence may improve, while formal and technical piety may give way to a more natural and practical goodness, while religion, instead of running deeply in the channels of professional or church pietism, may overflow the common level of life, and diffuse itself noiselessly through all the soil of human interests; yet, finally, it comes to pass that the stream of religious faith, and of the practice which is fed by faith, feels the decay of the fountains, or the weakness of those appointed to tend them, and who allow their sources to be clogged. A feeble pulpit, a ministry respected only for its office, has, again and again in history, accompanied or foreshadowed the decline of morals, and of practical righteousness. We firmly believe in the absolute necessity of an able, faithful, and inspiring Christian *pulpit*, to maintain the faith of society in spiritual realities; to lift up ideal standards of character; to hold fast the tender and inestimable traditions of the Christian faith; to urge upon occupied and passion-led men the serious truths, obscured to their downcast eyes, but affecting and involving every moment's real happiness, and their whole future; to present, with thoughtful meditation, the sublime

idea of the presence of a God, hidden to the view of those beating up and walking in the dust of their hurried pathway through present cares and level interests; to vindicate the right of Jesus Christ to reign in the heart and mind of those who bury him in a dead historical past, and know not that he lives and speaks and moves to-day in the believing hearts of his prayer-taught and spirit-led disciples; to contend against the overweening testimony of the outward senses in favor of the evidence of the inner witnesses of the soul; to plead for what is permanent and eternal in the presence of dazzling temporalities and glittering decays; to humble the proud with the vision of divine greatness, and to exalt the lowly and abased with the sense of their own spiritual dignity and lineage; to awaken the conscience drugged with the cordials of pleasure, and the opiates of habit; to stimulate the spiritual eye, which disease has covered with a blinding cataract, by the healthful tonic of heavenly light, and arouse the inward man, prostrated and enslaved by the outward man, to assert his patent of nobility, and rise against and subdue his vulgar oppressor; to contend with a larger learning, a deeper insight, and a higher logic against the fallacies of pseudo-science, or the precipitate judgments of so-called practical experience, in favor of the historical truth of the Christian religion; and, in place of apologies for faith, turn upon the infidel, the materialist, and the secularist, the weapons of his own warfare, and compel him to answer for his unbelief and his low and vulgar conceptions of God and life and human destiny!

Let those great functions of the Christian pulpit fall into feeble and timid hands, fall into any hands weaker than those that steer the ship of state, handle the law, or the sacred mysteries of the human frame, or manage the immediate interests of human industry, and of social and economic life; and while, for a time, society may continue to live and thrive upon the accumulated capital of a faith and a piety which many generations of reverence and religious fidelity have stored up, it will sooner or later come to the end of its resources; and, like a country in the second or third year of its

drought, when not only its shrubs and its grasses fail, but its very forests begin to die, and its wells of water dry up, a moral desert will drift its sands, and blow its stifling simoons through the palaces and the altars where men once ruled and prayed.

But we have not yet reached the bottom of the inquiry, why the larger minds of this country have passed by the pulpit, grand and glorious as its functions are, to enter other departments of life. It is due, essentially, to the fact, that the so-called secular interests of the world have been for our generation, moving forward on a scale of vastness, employing and developing an ability, leading on, and disclosing, as their path was followed, truths of a majesty and importance which have left the established religious creeds and usages of all churches in an incongruous and somewhat narrow and unattractive condition. Acquaintance with man's nature and capacities, with man's terrestrial residence, with the laws of society, the laws of trade, the laws of the human body, and the human mind; study of politics, of science, of medicine, of jurisprudence, of mechanics, of chemistry, of the conservation and correlation of forces, of the philosophy of history, of the religions of the past, of geology and astronomy in their bearings on the Mosaic cosmogony, of literary criticism in its relations with the authenticity and genuineness of the scripture text, — all these studies, partly theoretical and partly practical, have so far stretched the area of human thought, enlarged the field of experience and opened the horizon of speculation, that the theology which descended from the Reformation and the Puritans has, while still enjoying the formal respect of the majority of Christians, lost its hold upon their practical understanding, its place in the line of their other interests, or its agreement and congruity with their general mental attainments and convictions. What has our popular theology to do with the statesmanship, the philanthropy, the science, the law-making, the customs and ways of our national, domestic, and social life? How much had a theological alarm for the slave's soul in another state of being to do with the anti-slavery convictions which have almost emancipated from bondage the

negro race in this country? What sort of consonance is there between the alleged and popularly assumed dogma of human depravity—total and absolute—and the practical respect paid in our day to human nature, its instincts, rights, claims to education, and proclivities to justice and truth? How does the dogma of imputed sin or imputed righteousness agree with the ethical and practical judgments upon which our criminal law and our medical jurisprudence proceed? What influence does a claim to a technical conversion possess over men's judgments respecting the integrity and trustworthiness of a man's character? How much does the assumption that Jesus Christ is *God* in any true and proper sense—although he is literally alleged to have made the worlds—affect the opinions of men of science, in exploring the works of the Creator, or in unfolding his laws? Now, until theology is brought up to the experience and actual state of men's convictions, attained through other and independent sources, it cannot hope to regain its old place at the head of the sciences where it belongs. Nor can its teachers (whether in the schools of divinity or the pulpit) be expected to represent the higher order of men and minds. Largeness and elevation of power are incompatible with intellectual insincerity, with mental equivocation, with verbal evasion, with the professional necessity of "paltering in a double sense." Religion and theology, to be taught with power and by powerful minds and hearts, must regain the genuine, honest, uncompromised faith and confidence of men; must move untrammelled, and with the same freedom that literature, science, law, and medicine claim and use; must lose all spectral, superstitious, and merely conventional character, and be clothed in the garments of modern conviction and positive immediate reality.

Meanwhile, let us carefully note, that the sober, respectful scepticism, not always conscious, which has come over the American mind of this era, in regard to the creed of Christendom, has not touched the respect which is felt for Christianity itself, or the desire to uphold and promote it. We venture to say, that what are called lower—that is, scholarly and honest

— views of the inspiration of the Scriptures have not diminished the reverence paid to the Bible, or the influence of that sacred book; that both the ethical and the spiritual elements of the New Testament are now in higher honor than ever; that more of Christ's religion has passed into politics, ethics, and philosophy in our time, than in any previous day: and this, for the very reason that the old barriers, shutting religion up in its own domain, separating the God of nature from the God of grace, and pronouncing life profane, and only the Church and the future sacred, are broken down. During the Roman Catholic ages, the church took the world into its own bosom, and had faith enough in itself, to impose its rules and ideas over the whole of society; so that its pleasures, cares, business, politics, were all ecclesiastically legitimated and sanctioned. Of course, it diluted piety and secularized sanctity by this course; but it preserved breadth and some sort of large and generous connection between faith and affairs. When the Reformation took Christianity up, it instantly shut the church gates upon the world; let in only its chosen and elected disciples, and pronounced a ban upon men and things, as much broader and deeper than ever Pontiff thundered forth, as the human race is larger than any sect or city or private heretic. The world is now turning Catholic again, — not *Roman* Catholic, but true Catholic. That is to say, it will have no church smaller than the human race; no Saviour less than a universal Saviour; no religion shallower than the human soul, or less diversified and various than human life; no creed that does not acknowledge — what it knows to be true — the worth and essential rectitude of human nature, the impartial Fatherhood of God, the legitimacy of human instincts and the significance and glory of human life. The Catholic Church, in its modern and divine dimensions, takes in saints and sinners, life and death, time and eternity, pleasure and prayer, week-days and Sundays, science and revelation, instinct and inspiration, nature and grace, body and soul. And at the head of all, under God, Maker of heaven and earth, of man and angels, of soul and body, it puts Jesus Christ, the friend and Saviour of sinners, who came to unite God and

man, heaven and earth, to adorn and dignify our nature, and to illustrate and glorify human life, and conquer even death itself; who pronounced the sabbath to be made for man, and not man for the sabbath; who whipped traders in religion out of the Temple, spurned Pharasaic pride, wept over fallen virtue, embraced the penitent, took feeble infancy and trembling womanhood under his protection, went about doing good, and died blessing his persecutors, and trusting implicitly the very God that left him to perish of his own fidelity and holiness.

To get this, the real creed of Christendom, fitly stated and acknowledged, is the problem, the sublime duty, and immortal vocation of the religious thinkers and leaders of our age. This is what the pregnant heart of our immediate future labors with. We know how all great reformations of science, politics, manners, religion, are predicted and preluded by struggling efforts and intimations; as the grand theme of a noble symphony, taken up in broken hints, by opposite instruments, — flute and horn, viol and reed, tossing from one to the other the tangled thread, — weaving in their chords with ever-thickening harmony and clearer purpose, until, — all the forces mustered and brought into line, — the whole vast orchestra breaks into the majestic movement, so long predicted and so carefully and richly prepared for; and, melody and harmony made one, the musical revelation bursts forth, complete in thunderous sweetness and soul-compelling beauty and sublimity. So it is with all the great movements of the human mind and heart; so with political, so with religious reformations. For half a century, the creed of Christendom has been promising, more or less clearly, a new reformation. Yet so bound up was it with the learning, the prescriptive rights, the family pride, the university subscription oaths, the conventional usages, and even the landed and pecuniary inheritances of the chief nations of Christendom, that it was next to impossible to loosen truth from the moorings of error, and unharness the heavenly and deathless steed from the broken chariot of use and wont. But this unnatural conjunction is, in its essence, temporal. It may be long, but it

cannot be for ever. We who belong to a body of Christians among the earliest and the most outspoken in our protest against the erroneous dogmas of the popular creed; who, for nearly a century, here and in England, have pleaded for the dignity of human nature, the derived and created position of Jesus Christ, the rights of reason and untrammelled criticism in the study of the Scriptures, the rationality of Christianity, and the untechnical and practical character of religion; who have been put outside the pale of the so-called evangelical churches, denounced as infidels, enemies of the cross of Christ, deists, atheists; who even now are denied the sympathy and fellowship of our fellow-believers, solely for this protest, without any pretence that we are less pure or Christian in our lives and characters,—we who have seen this sacred work of reformation, so long delayed in the church, have felt that it was all the while going on in the world, in literature, science, politics; and that the day would come when the church would meet a tide flowing in from the popular heart and soul which would flood it with the very ideas we have tried so long with our small reservoirs and smaller pipes to carry into the creeds of the church. That day has come; and, as when one goes out with lanterns in the small hours of the decaying night to fight against the darkness, and suddenly meets the dawn, we cannot but feel that Liberal Christianity, coming in like the broad daylight from all round the horizon of experience and thought, is soon destined to extinguish our tapers and candles, in a general flood of day.

We can have no possible anxiety about the creed of the next century. It will take care of itself, and be as liberal and generous as our utmost desires. But the present and the next generation will be between the new and the old, and very largely fall into the emptiness and vacuity of the transition. Liberal Christians have for the next quarter of a century their most glorious opportunity; this is the providential day of their power, the harvest-time of their long and often hopeless labors. Let them only think what the progress, the purity, the intelligence of society would be, if their religious

views and feelings consciously pervaded the nation; what a change would come over the manners, the business, the domestic life, the amusements, the whole complexion of things; and it will inspire them to any necessary sacrifices in behalf of their precious faith, and convince them of the duty of devising the most energetic measures to uphold and propagate their Christian creed and theory of religion.

There is a general conviction pervading the whole liberal body at this moment, that the time for action has arrived. We have noble schemes for reanimating our whole work. We want to set in motion each and every part of our machinery by a grand concerted movement; to invigorate with a manly life our literary and denominational organs; to diffuse our opinions by earnest missionaries and by wide-spread essays, expressly prepared to meet the new times; to organize still more completely our whole body by formal and thoroughly representative delegations, in our national conference, meeting biennially, with authority to originate and carry out general denominational schemes; further, to endow Antioch College as the great central seat and fountain of our Western influence, by means of a liberal education of the promising young men, whom, we believe, the New America, now rising from the ashes of our late war, will send us as the prophets and priests of an emancipated future; to enrich Meadville, and make it at last what we always meant it should be, a chief source of our coming ministers; meanwhile, to do the best we can to uphold feeble churches; to found new ones in all great centres; to broaden, by new and more active measures, the influence of those that already have life and power; to take possession of the open domain of the Pacific Coast; and to reap the glorious harvest which waves in the light and heat of the national reawakening, which has torn as many chains from the whites as the blacks, and broken as many imprisoning creeds and false dogmas as it has prison-bars and dungeon-gates.

ART. IV. — RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

An Address read before the Ministerial Conference, May 25, 1869.

By A. D. MAYO.

A FEW months ago, one of the most cultivated, religious, and truly venerable of the judges of the courts of the United States said to a Unitarian clergyman: "*This country is now passing through a religious revolution, no less decisive in its character than the great social and political revolution through which we have lately passed.*" It was more than a happy illustration that coupled the religious and political state of our nation in this remark. In a country where thought is free and all human institutions are perpetually reconstructed by the will of the people, we can never understand the drift of one, without careful comparison with all. Our industrial, intellectual, social, political affairs are surging along the same channels as our turbid religious life. Indeed, all these tendencies are the natural outcome of the actual religious faith or unbelief of the American people. In revolutionary periods, like the present, the political life of the country is the best mirror in which its religious life can be reflected. Looking into that national mirror, we plainly see three political tendencies, so decisively marked that they cast all others into subordinate shadow. The political turmoil of the war has now subsided, leaving these three tendencies so distinctly defined that there can be little hope of their extinction or union.

First, we see in every community an increasing class, who believe republican institutions and government a failure. Differing in many questions of detail, not yet thoroughly organized for political action, cutting across the lines of the great rival parties, this class is a unit in its out-and-out denial of the principle of equality of human rights, on which our whole political system is founded. It believes in the government of the whole people by an aristocracy, and confident-

ly anticipates the day when the Republic will fly to this, as the only refuge from unbearable anarchy.

At the opposite pole of our political life, is a vast, unorganized body of citizens of foreign and native birth, who assert the almost complete right of the individual against all government, order and law. In the continued ravings of that class of suppressed rebels, North and South, who went to war to vindicate individual, plantation, and State rights, against governmental order itself; in the defiant attitude of large numbers of workmen, of several occupations, who assert rights utterly impossible in any peaceable community; in the scandalous prostitution of judicial power to shield the vilest criminals; in the wholesale and blatant corruption that threatens every region of municipal, State, and national government; in a general spirit of brutality that has more than once risen in appalling strife, to trample out civilized society itself, we behold the gathering together of this organization of anarchy.

Both these tendencies are in the field as national agitators; and, while they confine their operations to agitation, and violation of law and order, they assume fearful proportions, and overwhelm the patriot with apprehensions for the future. But whenever the whole people is aroused to some great expression of its convictions on one of the test questions of national life, both instantly subside into secondary and sometimes contemptible positions. Then comes up that wonderful, compact, and many-sided manhood, which has made the Germanic, British, and American people, the guardians of the most sacred interests of humanity and a progressive civilization. You never know a North German, Englishman, Scotchman, or an American sprung of these antecedents, as long as you judge him by his speech or opinions, or even conduct, under the ordinary circumstances of life. While they are going smoothly, even until the decisive hour in a revolution, he is a creature proverbially self-asserting, obstinate, disputatious, given to provoking controversy, and playing with startling theories on the most sacred themes. But when the mighty question fairly confronts him, this spiritual drapery falls, as the fantastic cloud-world above the Vale of Chamouni dissolves;

and he stands in his peerless, practical manhood, the Mont Blanc of all orders of men.

In the most disheartening years of our past struggle, the whole American people has always struck the keynote of faith in a republican order of society, and a civilization safely and surely advancing towards the emancipation and exaltation of man and society. The leaders of despotism and the leaders of anarchy learn, to their amazement, that when the people is brought to the ballot-box, or Congress brought to a national emergency, men do not act logically, or consistently with previous opinions or words. They elect Lincoln; they do not impeach Johnson; they rally upon Grant; they keep the peace with foreign nations defiant alike of the logic of Mill, or the rhetoric of Sumner. They do not confess that as men, acting in critical national emergencies, they are bound by previous speculations or speeches which only represent the intellectual faculties of their manhood. This great, overpowering majority of the American people can be intrusted with the cause of a progressive civilization towards the summit of the golden rule; for any organized party that proposes despotism or anarchy will be powerless to hold its own followers when this mighty standard is lifted up as the signal to the solid, realizing manhood of the American Republic.

It needs but moderate observation to behold the same tendencies to despotism, anarchy, and a progressive Christian faith, in the present religious mind of our land.

Never has the claim of a despotic, infallible priesthood to govern the religious affairs of the American people been more distinctly put forth and vigorously pushed than to-day. To a certain order of the clerical mind, this pretension of a divine calling and election to rule God's heritage comes with a fatal charm. So much is it a matter of spiritual constitution, that no liberality of creed can greatly modify it; while the most stringent dogmas and extravagant ceremonies are oftenest its offspring. It is the great aggressive power in the Catholic Church; and even American Episcopacy is more vitally touched by it than it cares to confess. It breeds constant war in the great Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Ortho-

dox bodies; and most of their bitter dissensions are the result of an untamable lust of spiritual dominion in a small but implacable division of their ministry. And no man has lived through the last twenty years of Liberal Christianity, radicalism, materialistic atheism, even the most extreme forms of religious or anti-religious agitation, without recognizing this old Devil of priestly assumption of infallibility, masquerading under every disguise of humanity, spirituality, scepticism, or outright mockery of religion itself. It is never an easy thing for a strong man to become the venerated spiritual adviser and guide of men, without falling into the insane fancy that to him has been given, in some peculiar way, the keys of heaven and hell; and whatever fine logical or sentimental names our divinity students inscribe on their new banners, as they issue upon the world, their hardest fight will always be against this terrible old roaring lion of priestly arrogance, and blasphemous assumption of power to bind and loose the souls of their fellow-men. Through all the denominations of American religion, we see this order of priestly men, drawing near to one another; and with no formal co-operation, nay, often unconscious of their own tendencies, they have become a formidable power in the country.

Equally well defined is the opposite tendency to that exclusive individuality in religion, whose last results are social and religious anarchy. Perhaps there was never so large a proportion of the American people as now, who honestly believe that religion is a strictly private affair, with which no outside influence should presume to intermeddle. Each man is a universe in himself, solely capable of recognizing or repudiating a Creator, a code of morals, a career in life. The very yearning for spiritual communion to such a mind is a temptation to be resisted. The claim of society for religious example or activity is scornfully repelled. All the ordinary modes of promoting religious fellowship or organizing Christian work are rejected, as an intrusion upon the sanctity of the individual realm, where alone divinity is enshrined.

This excessive tendency to individualism in religion is often found in connection with a traditional faith in Christianity;

or it may be loosely held as a mental theory, while the deep places of the nature are consecrated by a profound life in God and humanity. In transitional periods, we must not hold men severely to logical systems of belief. Many a sincere disciple of this habit of thought and life would feel shocked and insulted, on being held responsible for the inevitable results of his own darling speculative and personal preferences. We do not judge the religious or Christian character of men in this essay, or assume to hold the balance between conflicting tendencies in the same mind; but we believe the final outcome of this whole ideal of excessive individualism in religious thought and practice, in our own and other Christian denominations is self-deification; and out of this spring flows selfishness in morals, solitude in faith, and the severance of the lateral arteries through which courses that life-blood which makes all men "members of one body." Indeed, this form of religion is essential paganism; the opposite pole of the Christianity of Jesus, whose law is universal love and the union of all created beings in one family, bound up in Christ and God. In numberless forms does this new paganism confront us; in the materialistic atheist, making his own senses the god of his life; in the student who enthrones the logical intellect, and worships his own mental processes as the only deity; in the airy sentimentalist, who follows the fitting gleam of his own moods with a fidelity worthy of a nobler religion; in the artistic adorer of his own all-beautiful self as reflected in colossal proportions against the colored mist of his own imagination; in the philanthropist, who lifts himself to the awful summit where all earthly institutions and men pass in endless review before his final bar of judgment,—a self-organized court of appeals for the universe; in forms whose name is legion, does this American self-worship, the heathenism of the New Republic, prevail.

Every religious body holds a well-known party of its disciples, under the peculiar garb of its creed and ecclesiasticism, busily engaged in the work of disorganization. There is a destruction in religious affairs that comes from the irresistible might of a higher faith, whose end is the creation of "a new

heaven and a new earth." A freshet of love, surging out of the celestial realms, often carries off the works of generations of earthly policy, and strews an age with costly ruins; but only that the fair kingdom of God may appear in ampler boundaries on deeper soil. But this spirit of self-deification is essential disorganization; a dry-rot in the centre of the soul, that makes all human society impossible. Nothing can take root and grow on this blasted soil but pale and ghostly shadow-plants; mushroom theories that cover the ground in a night, and blacken when struck by the sun that wakes creation to life. The most brilliant man, once sequestered in this exhausted spiritual receiver, only spins round on his own axis, and finally goes off, through spiritual convulsions, into spiritual inanity. The most promising church, once seduced into this ethereal form, finds itself curtained off from our common humanity by a film too fine to be seen, too invincible to be rent, wherein it falls away into spiritual and moral languor, and dies so quietly that Christendom does not know when it breathes its last. This spirit is everywhere at work in American affairs, especially among the classes whose culture has just attained that perilous edge of magnificent self-consciousness, where it remains poised for evermore. But it rules in the densest realms of barbarism as well. Indeed, it is not a culture, but a diseased tendency of the manhood that underlies all culture and circumstances,—in a Comte or a cobbler, reducing the universe to the scenery of one all-comprehending self.

If we look at these two tendencies only as agitating forces in the country, we may easily, according to our style of temperament, fall into a panic, and believe the religion of America is ebbing toward Rome, or is wasting itself amid the barren sands of atheism. In the city of New York, a fervent Protestant minister can hardly resist the conviction that we are coming to be enclosed in an iron dynasty of priestly government. In the great cities of the West, it needs a mighty faith to overcome the apprehension that religion itself is passing out of the recognition of the people. But theological estimates of such a people as ours are rarely correct, since they deal chiefly with creeds, theories, and words, and

rarely descend to the depths of the individual or national character. The American people is, perhaps, the most undemonstrative race on earth, as far as concerns the outward expression of its real faith. It exercises the national privilege of personal independence and boundless talk, up to the extreme verge of actual peril to the practical religion of the land. But when this crisis appears, the manhood and womanhood that have slept so long in the background rise with a majesty that dwarfs the whole theoretical and rhetorical demonstrations of the past. This sudden change does not mean that these people have fallen away from an advanced principle into compromise with despotism, and treason to spiritual freedom. When occasion demands, they will die for this: but now, something is to be done of great use to man in his present state; and the American people has not reached that sublimity of self-abnegation that it will dissolve human society, or annihilate the Church of Christ, to vindicate its perfect logical consistency to a theory of the millennium.

So, when there comes a period of reconstruction in the church, like that since the war in the United States, the people, as represented by the practical, influential majority, survey the ground, estimate the elements already at hand, cast a hopeful glance towards the future, and begin to combine and consolidate, through all the churches, for a great tendency to a powerful, healthy, working Christianity. We are sometimes told, that the most striking thing in the popular churches is their falling away from the old theologies. Doubtless, there is a vast theological fermentation through the whole region of our ecclesiastical life. But we shall greatly mistake, if we regard this as more than a negative phenomenon. The most important fact in our present church life, and one fraught with untold blessings to our country, is the closing up of the masses of Christian people to make the church of Christ a mighty, progressive, religious, and philanthropic power in the national life of the future. This fusillade of theological controversy is only the encounter of the flitting cloud of skirmishers; sometimes nothing better than the pranks of a

squad of ecclesiastical "bummers;" while the great army of a redeeming Christianity, organized in powerful divisions, led by veteran commanders, moves like a providence from the valleys to the sea,—terrible only to the foes of man, a redeeming angel to all who lie in the prison-camps of sin and the dungeons of unbelief.

Contemplate the tremendous forces represented during the last two weeks' review of the religious and philanthropic bodies of the country. From the Catholics to the Hebrews, every denomination furnishes an eager, influential party, that drives at a practical American form of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Episcopal Church (least American of any composed of native-born people) is silently gathering its energies for the trial that awaits it; and when the day of schism is precipitated by its High Churchmen, the vast majority of its moderate clergy and laity will be found in possession of the organization, ready to offer the hand of fellowship to the progressive Christianity of the land. While the smaller clerical lights of the Methodist Church are wrangling over the admission of lay representation in the Conferences, the powerful laymen of that vast denomination have virtually taken possession of the whole concern, by the weight of money, social and civic influence and personal character, leading the really influential preachers and bishops in the road to progress. They are filling the land with costly churches, and doing a work of social and spiritual regeneration, incomprehensible to a mere student of philosophical theology. The Presbyterian Churches, always in Europe the vanguard of civil and religious reform, are drawing nearer one another, not to fashion a new catechism, but to help the New Republic towards a higher religious life. The Congregational bodies, Calvinistic and Baptist, were never so vigorous and rapidly increasing in numbers and the efficiency that rejoices all good men. The Liberal Christian Churches, Unitarian, Universalist, "Christian" of both divisions, are full of a new life; and that life is on the same plane as the bodies already described. The Reformed Hebrews, Theists, Spiritualists, religious reformers and agitators of every epoch, are compelled more and more

to forget their criticism and protests, to meet the calls of a kind of work that is drifting them towards a practical Christianity. *For the drift through all these powerful organizations that contain the people who saved the country and will govern it, is not towards a philanthropy that ignores God and Christ and the gospel of love; but towards the highest form of Christianity represented by the person, gospel, and life of Jesus Christ.*

It may be said, that thousands of the people engaged in these church movements are not in sympathy with their creeds and forms. But here is the very point of the matter: *This great, united, progressive, Christian tendency is the real Church, including all these creeds, forms, divisions, marchings, and countermarchings.* It is everywhere felt that only secondary men are absorbed to-day in criticism, the splicing out of creeds, and ecclesiastical upholstering. The people who will rule every division of the grand army of the Lord in the United States of America, are not greatly interested in these theological or ecclesiastical questions, but are toiling among their fellows to awaken the new flame of hopeful consecration and thoughtful love, which alone can bear them through the great days before us. We perpetually underrate the effects of a Christian public spirit in lifting masses of men out of the little cells of their private conceits, and inspiring them with a burning zeal in a good cause. Individualism in religion says, "Let each man cultivate himself, alone, up to the heights of manhood, and then all will be well." Christianity says, "You can never become a man at all, until you forget your individuality in the glorious sense of brotherhood to man, discipleship of Christ, and sonship to God; and, lifted upon the rising tide of a providential public opinion, sweep on to the conquest of error and sin, and the exaltation of holiness and truth."

Here, indeed, is the peculiar method by which the religion of Christ has changed the civilized world. Paganism can boast its lofty group of marvellous men, worthy to be enrolled among the chosen of the race; and it is easy to cull from their lofty words maxims that do not contradict, yea, often confirm, the sayings of Christ. But the Christian religion,

first of all, professed to regenerate individuals by bringing them into the inspiring atmosphere of a refreshing public opinion. It appealed to the social, civil, family instincts of men; set before them not an alien God, but a Saviour, at once the companion of Deity and the brother of every soul; and a spirit of self-sacrifice for the common good, whose symbol is the cross. It does not go about cultivating exotic and rare specimens of sainthood, but awakes such a marvellous enthusiasm in communities, peoples, nations, that every man is compelled to respect the right, and is lifted off his feet, spite of the gravitation of his elegant or vulgar selfishness. All the great reformations of Christianity have come from this rising tide of an inspired public opinion, which floated off great minds that otherwise would have lain stranded for life on the sand-bars of private conceit or degrading sins. If we wait till every soul is a saint, we shall never get any thing good. God's mighty works are achieved by inspiring vast masses of very ordinary people, and hurling them, like the incoming of the Atlantic surge, right against some obstinate wrong. It is just in this way, that the mass of American Christians, in all the great denominations, are being inspired with a new zeal for a vital Christian religion, deep and simple and obstinate and practical enough to fight the combined armies of despotism, anarchy, and sin.

This growing Christian public opinion, which is uniting and fusing all the progressive elements in every church, is, of course, felt most strongly in those parts of the country where Christian influences have longest prevailed, and society is most homogeneous. It is a great mistake to speak of the West as the land of religious liberty, in contrast to New England. The force of a Christianized public opinion is incomparably stronger in the East, than the West. It compels sceptical and wicked men to conform to a civilization higher than themselves. It supplies the conditions of a speedy and safe moral judgment on private character or public affairs. It makes the great religious bodies ashamed and afraid of bigotry, and perpetually draws together the most vital elements of a practical, spiritual, progressive religion. The West is still a country

where settlement has far outstripped civilization, in the sense of the organization of a sensitive, elevated, Christian public spirit. It has already produced, and is producing, individual men and women whom the country delights to lift to the highest posts of honor, especially in industrial, military, and civic affairs. But it is a land, too, where great bad men can do untold mischief; where any folly, eccentricity, rascality, if it only be strong and shrewd enough, can get on its legs, assail and insult the most sacred faith and institutions, vilify the noblest men, and keep its ground till a slow and uncertain public opinion can be rallied with prodigious effort to cast it down. So religious exclusiveness and bigotry reign there with a brutality and violence scarcely to be conceived until experienced; while multitudes of people, held in their Eastern associations by the pressure of a Christian civilization, fall below their higher selves on coming to us, and forget all for which they were most esteemed in their old home. Yet even in the West, especially the North-West, where society is more united under the leading influence of the New-England and New-York mind, the same tendency appears; although Catholicism and copperhead Episcopacy rear their heads in insolent pretension in these cities, and every form of scepticism, even to a scoffing atheism, desolates the land. Yet every church is alive with the gathering together of the American brotherhood of religion, which, with faith in God and man, under the banner of Christ the Lord, is marching on to possess the country, and slowly lift it to that only civilization which can insure the life of the Republic.

The formal union of the really Christian bodies or people of the United States comes slowly. The people in all the churches who feel this inspiration are multiplying occasions to unite with one another in all semi-religious work, and they drag along these huge, ungainly ecclesiasticisms faster than such machinery was ever trundled before. All changes in creeds or organizations are in the interest of union and liberty. The Young Men's Christian Association is becoming a new church, including the most vital elements of all the old churches of orthodox proclivities; and already the more

reactionary clergy distrust and try to suppress its influence. Were it clearly understood that the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches could hold itself firmly planted on its present most catholic platform ever yet attained by a Christian body, and would not be coaxed or forced off into an ignoring of the Christian religion in any form, we should behold a facing towards it from all quarters of the land, by all the friends of progressive Christianity. If that goes by in some gush of amiable optimism, its place will be taken instantly by a new set of men, perchance less gifted with mental wealth and refinement and a morbid conscience, but with broader shoulders, better spines, and more stalwart limbs, able to "fight it out on the line" of a religion that beholds in the faith of Christ the uttermost liberty consistent with a manhood consecrated to the immutable verities of the eternal life.

Unless all the present signs are delusive, the most vital elements in all the Christian bodies of the United States are now tending towards a virtual union of religious life in a not far-distant future. What are to be the principles of that American form of the church of Jesus Christ?

1. It will be a church founded on a *religion*. High Church ecclesiasticism centres on the authority of a class of men to represent God to the world, — a pretension essentially secular. Individualism in religion centres on a worship of self, in which there is no religion. There can be no genuine religious faith until the soul has given itself away in self-surrender and perpetual sacrifice to the one infinite love; to man, the child of God; to truth and duty. Its very essence is the going out in quest of something grander than self; and the new tendency in the churches is all in that direction. It is utterly vain to attempt to move this great country by any power that begins and ends in a self-evolved speculation or morality. What can a young man do with such a creed in a great Western city, — a seething multitude of all the races, tribes, and tongues on earth, in every state of brutality, ignorance, vice, up to the loftiest intelligence and virtue; unfused, often with hardly a common idea of life on which to

stand together, with sensuality, dishonesty, public crime and social infidelity weltering in a chaos all about him? Can any little philosophy of life, spun out of a student's brain or adopted from an admired leader, make an impression on that crowd, arrest it, and lift it up to newness of spiritual life? Every preacher of such a type utterly fails among us, and finally comes back to dwell under the shadow of the critical schools, or falls away into a secular occupation. Our people recognize the real quality of manhood. They admire intellectual dexterity and appreciate learning, and are curious to hear all the new things under the sun. But they give their hearts and confidence only to the man who comes in the strength of self-forgetfulness, and takes hold on the deep faiths that underlie their noisy, superficial activities. It is these few quiet, patient, all-enduring, and ever-toiling people, that are slowly fashioning that civilization to which we all aspire. America cannot live on a mental or moral philosophy, a science, a sentimentalism, or any thing less mighty and all-embracing than a religion; and towards the Christian religion of love to God and man the best mind and heart and hand of the country are tending, beneath the upper conflict of theologies and forms.

2. This religion must propose the ideal liberty of perfect love, and in all its theories and phases recognize the law of progress. Perfect freedom there cannot be till the coming of perfect love. Wherever sin and selfishness—however refined or pretentious—prevail, is bondage under any creed. Religious freedom is not possible to a priesthood imprisoned in the conceit of infallibility, or to a soul that cannot flow out in an all-comprehending reverence and love for that which is above itself. Isolation from the church and Christianity is not necessarily liberty; it may be a sentencing to the gloomiest dungeon of a mind content with itself and incapable of breaking the chain of its own petty conceit. The way to freedom in American religion lies not in the path of every will-o'-wisp of private speculation, but in the track of inspiration for the union of all good men in a consecration to God and man; and this religion bears and forbears with the narrow-

ness and infirmity of real men, glad to secure any vantage-ground of practical deliverance from old prejudice, content to lead men as fast as they can safely be led up to those airy heights where only a soul filled with truth and holiness can abide. The idea that any freedom is really gained faster than men grow into the manhood of which Jesus Christ is the type, is a fallacy very captivating to certain orders of minds, but exploded by every new experience of human life.

3. And this religion of love, in its progress to liberty, always centres on a personal faith in God, in man, in Christ, as the best historical and ideal representative of both. Impersonal religion is a thing often praised, but so rarely seen that it may well be reckoned among the fancies of mankind. There are plenty of people who have dispensed with a personal God and Saviour, and suppose themselves founded upon a lofty idea; yet any wise observer can see they have only cast out the highest personalities from their society to follow some leader of the hour, or perhaps the most unreliable of all leaders, — their infallible self. When we begin to make creeds about that personality in God and Christ which can become the centre of such a union, we fall into intellectual confusion and spiritual distraction; and why should we be surprised at this? Is any great and good man the same to any two of his lovers? Does not every soul that follows him build up an ideal man upon the corner-stone of his character and life, perchance assailable to criticism at every point? Do not the estimates of all his friends differ so curiously, that it can be proved by logical process that the existence of his personality is a myth? And yet does all this affect the real man? There he stands to be revered and followed by every loving spirit, the strongest bond of union to multitudes of people who, but for him, would have dwelt for ever apart. So does the glorious personality of the Christ attract, charm, inspire, and bring together in sublime accord all the families of the earth; and in this New Republic, where races hitherto only tied together by force and fraud must live in the harmony of equal rights, what power less potent than that matchless divine manhood of his can bring men of every clime, of opposing orders of

mind, of hostile temperament, together into the unity of spirit in the bond of peace? To say that a religion which casts out that personality can lift up and unite such a mass of contending peoples, is to repudiate all the experience of men. The American people followed Washington and Lincoln through the two revolutions that landed them on the shore of civil liberty. Every church in America is built around a group of saintly men. The religion that can save us now will centre upon that Christ the Lord, who never was defined aright, who has been expelled from existence or deposed from his offices in every age, but who abides to-day,—yea, to-day seems first emerging in his real glory from out the cloudland of the creeds, in full sight of all mankind.

4. And this religion must be an organized church of Christ to unite the people in saving the New Republic. A man who cannot work religiously with other men either lingers in the pettiness of the first, or is declining into the decrepitude of the second, childhood. Our individuality is the lower side of our manhood; and no man dreams of what he really is capable till he feels himself a wave leaping up to the sun with the whole ocean of humanity thrilling the very spray that fringes its edge. That church which obstinately holds aloof from the best attainable fellowship bears the seed of death in its bosom, or lives at all only by the privilege of an active fellowship it perpetually disowns. These sects, like the Friends and the Swedenborgians, that draw off in dainty separation from the best religious life of their age and time, may be praised in literature, but are out of account in the forces that move the world. It is high time that American Unitarianism should choose its destiny in this regard; for only that section of it will abide which is able to offer practical, organized, working fellowship to all of Christendom that will gather about a Christian religion of liberty and love and increasing service of God and man.

Such we believe the American Church of Christ will be,—the church that shall finally include the people who are the responsible supporters of our American order of society, its defenders in peril, its protectors in peace. And into that

church will come all religious men who are not smitten with the insanity of spiritual dominion, or paralyzed with the cold palsy of the adoration of self. All of the High Church in whom self-sacrificing love overpowers the lust of power will come, bringing the best of their symbolism, which is the type of the union of all men to Christ and God. All of the radical schools will come, in whom self-sacrificing love for any thing higher than self at last prevails. There will be left an aristocracy of despotic priests, and a guild of philosophers and *savans* in whom the literary and scientific tendency has conquered the religious life; and they will only be left out because they will not come in. But as the years go on, and our national life evolves in grander relations to the life of mankind, it will be more profoundly realized that only one central force can hold us united, and shape all our diversities into graceful variations on the themes of liberty and order, love and law. Blessed be God that we can prophesy this new coming of Christ, with no reservation for ourselves; ready to be taken up just as we are by the incoming wave, and mingled with the mighty waters that shall ebb and flow around the earth till this world shall be called the Kingdom of Heaven.

ART. V.—DR. NOYES'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament: Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf.
By GEORGE R. NOYES, D.D. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869.

THE Common Version of the New Testament, it is well known, is, in the main, a revision of Tyndale's translation, the first edition of which was published in 1525. "The peculiar genius which breathes through it," says Froude, "the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural grandeur, bear the impress of one man,—William Tyndale. . . . Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the

shadow of death, he worked under circumstances alone, perhaps, truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him; his spirit, as it were, divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air."

The translation of the New Testament by Dr. Noyes, conceived and executed in the spirit of Tyndale, was passing through the press, when its author, who had long been lying under death's shadow, was called to higher scenes. "The old house," he used to say, playfully alluding to his enfeebled body, "is out of repair, and the Owner is not pleased to put it in order again." But the mind was clear to the last; and, in the work before us, we have the crowning labor of his life, — the Testament he so much loved faithfully translated according to "the universally acknowledged principles of scientific interpretation," yet suffused by a tender and holy light, such as shines only from a heart set on the things above and not on things on the earth.

Of this translation, it is not too much to say, that the labors of the most eminent biblical scholars of this century in textual criticism and scripture interpretation have been laid under contribution to make a work worthy in all respects of the age in which it appears: the writings of critics, commentators, translators, and theologians of every creed and church, have been freely consulted; and to this extensive, we had almost said exhaustive, research, combined with the translator's own thorough and varied scholarship, the Christian world is indebted for an English version of the New Testament, which in most, if not all, points of comparison, we do not hesitate to pronounce superior to any which has preceded it.

Aside from its great merits as an exact translation of the best Greek text, Dr. Noyes's version is specially characterized by the uniform excellence of its English. To translate the Bible into any modern tongue requires in the translator an adequate knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and a clear insight into the peculiar genius of these languages as employed by the writers of the various books. But the English Bible is a constituent and important part of English literature.

There is a "spirit and savor" in the language of the old and familiar version which English readers are not willing to lose, and which, in any new version that is to be widely and permanently read, will never be sacrificed, except to the paramount demand of fidelity to the original. Tyndale's translation, which furnished the basis, and in great measure the substance, of our Common Version, decided not for his day only, but for our own time as well, that the style of the English Bible should be popular, and not literary; its language, the English spoken and understood by the common people. In the translation before us, both the simplicity and the strength of diction which the translators of King James inherited from Tyndale are retained. While Dr. Noyes has restored in many places shades of meaning which the wear and tear of generations had well-nigh obliterated; has brought to light threads of thought and subtle lines of feeling, which, in the Common Version, are wholly concealed; and has even corrected the pattern itself, wherever through ignorance of the true text or mistakes of interpretation it had been altered from the original,—he has yet preserved, with an exactness which is truly remarkable in view of the numerous changes which he has made, the web and woof of the version endeared to English minds by long and constant use.

But we pass from these *prolegomena* to consider the translation itself. The principal arguments which for a long time have been urged in favor of a new and thorough revision of the English New Testament are: first, the mistranslation of many words and phrases in the Common Version; second, the changes which have taken place in our language since the days of King James; and, third, the possession by modern scholars of a Greek text far more accurate and trustworthy than that of the imperfect editions used by Tyndale and the translators of the authorized or common version. Many of the differences between this version and the translation by Dr. Noyes are due to the text of Tischendorf, which he has invariably followed; and while the common reader will be likely to judge unfavorably of certain renderings in the New Translation, from ignorance of these variations in the text,

it is equally necessary that those who are students of the *Greek Testament* should keep this fact constantly in mind. The most important of these various readings, relating to controverted passages, are well known to biblical students; and such works as Mr. Norton's "Statement of Reasons," Mr. Abbot's edition of the *Memoir of the Controversy* respecting 1 John v. 7, as well as most of the recent Commentaries on the New Testament, give ample information on these points to the general reader.

In adopting Tischendorf's reading of John i. 18, *μονογενὴς θεός*, Dr. Noyes merely adhered to the rule which he had laid down in his preface, not to interpose his own judgment concerning any of the various readings of the Greek text. Had he followed that reading which he himself regarded as the true one, the translation of the Common Version, "only begotten Son," would have been retained. In his *eighth* critical edition (of which the portion that includes this passage was published after Dr. Noyes's death), Tischendorf restores the old reading *ὁ μονογενὴς υἱός*, — thus confirming by his later decision the judgment which Dr. Noyes had before given concerning the correct reading.

The mistranslations in the Common Version of disputed passages relating to theological doctrine have been corrected by Dr. Noyes, yet in such a manner as to leave no just ground of complaint on the part of those who would prefer a different rendering. The famous passage in Romans ix. 5, is given as an ascription to God, and not, as our Common Version has it, a description of Christ. But in a note the ambiguity of the punctuation is conceded, and the possibility of the old translation freely admitted.

The incorrectness of the authorized version in Philippians ii. 6 has been generally conceded by competent scholars. Dr. Noyes's rendering is substantially the same as Alford's; but the whole passage is far more intelligibly translated, and is one of the many places wherein the superiority of the version before us over other English translations is clearly seen.

But the advantage which the readers of Dr. Noyes's translation enjoy in having the true Greek text restored, and the

obscurity and inaccuracy of disputed passages removed, is only a small part of their indebtedness to the labors of this most careful and thorough scholar. As Dean Alford has forcibly remarked in an article on New Testament revision, "It is not too much to say that all the finer characteristics which give life and spirit to the Gospel narratives, all those features which could bring out to the intelligent student the attitude and motive of the persons engaged, are lost in the carelessness or clumsiness of our much vaunted translation."

In a great number of passages, both in the Gospels and in the Epistles, these last features have been fully restored by Dr. Noyes. Not only has he given a correct rendering of the tenses of the Greek verb, whose exact force in numerous instances our Common Version wholly misses, and most modern revisions have but partially restored: he has also brought to light the precise meanings of many Greek words which Tyndale and the translators of King James mistook, and which, in our Common Version, are in different places represented by different English expressions; has carefully distinguished the various uses of the Greek article, pronouns, and particles; and has given accurate translations of Hebraisms and other peculiarities in the idiom of the New Testament Greek. While in this version we find no *interpretations* in place of translations, — such, for example, as Mr. Norton's rendering of Matt. v. 3: "Blessed are they *who feel their spiritual wants*," — we are constantly surprised by the clear elucidation given to some hitherto obscure passage by a rendering for the first time of the full force of the original.* In so far as a translation may legitimately serve as a commentary, by putting the English reader on the same vantage-ground with those who read and understand the Greek, the version of Dr. Noyes has a marked superiority, not only over the Common Version, but also over the various revisions of that version, with which it challenges comparison.

But perhaps the greatest merit of the work before us is to

* Compare, e.g., Matt. vi. 22, 23 in Dr. Noyes's Translation with the same passage in the Common Version.

be found in the clearness and force of the language into which the translation has been made. The majority of modern English versions of the New Testament, — indeed, we may fairly say, all such versions without exception, — however successful they may be in other respects, have failed in this. We can learn something from almost any of them in regard to the real meaning of words and expressions which, in the Common Version, are obscurely or inaccurately rendered. But the *English dress* in which these translations have been given is often distasteful alike to the common and the cultivated reader, and not infrequently is positively offensive to the lover of a pure and strong diction.

To have preserved throughout the integrity of the Common Version would have defeated one of the most obvious purposes for which a revision was needed; viz., to give an English translation which, so far as the language alone is concerned, would require no explanation to make its meaning plain. Yet the English dress in which Dr. Noyes's Translation appears is not the exclusively modern style which certain translators and revisers have adopted. Not to speak of the absurd and often ludicrous expressions which abound in such works as Harwood's "Literal Translation of the New Testament," and the version of the Gospels by Dr. Campbell, whose "*Rhetoric*" was far better in theory than in this application of it, or that astounding performance the "*Elegant Version*, by the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson," — the modernisms of style in the versions of Sawyer and Folsom, and even the much better English of Mr. Norton's Translation, are hardly to be preferred in many passages to the familiar language of the Common Version.

We are not pleasantly impressed, when Paul in his vision cries out to Jesus, "*Who are you, Lord?*" Nor is the manner in which the priests and Levites accost the Baptist in Mr. Norton's Translation any more agreeable. "*Are you Elijah? Are you the prophet. . . Who, then, are you?*" The old and solemn form of address, "*Who art thou?*" which in both places Dr. Noyes retains from the Common Version, is more in keeping with the occasions on which the words were originally

spoken. This may seem to be a small matter in so great an undertaking as a revision of the English New Testament. But it is in the rare good taste which Dr. Noyes everywhere displays in correcting or retaining the archaic and obsolescent expressions of the Common Version, not less than in the eminent Greek scholarship to which every page of the translation bears witness, that we see the marked superiority of the present version over all other attempts which have been made in the same direction.

Many of the felicitous expressions in Dr. Noyes's Translation are not original with him, but may be found in one or another of the previous revisions. The influence of Mr. Norton's Translation can be traced in many admirable renderings. A few expressions which are peculiarly clear and forcible seem to have been taken from Green's "Twofold New Testament," a translation into what might be called ultra Saxonism of diction. Yet no lover of a pure and dignified style would be satisfied with a single chapter of the "Twofold New Testament;" while for correct and idiomatic English, Dr. Noyes's Translation is incomparably superior to such an eccentric production; and the same may be said with equal or greater force with regard to other modern English versions, which Dr. Noyes has followed in certain passages, where, in his judgment, they give a clear and accurate rendering of the original. No one of all these translations is, *as a whole*, so free from objection on the score of its English, or gives such unalloyed enjoyment to the reader from the simplicity and purity of the style, as the version of Dr. Noyes. Other revisers and translators have been valued contributors to his work; but the uniform excellence of the translation is due to the superior judgment and good taste which enabled Dr. Noyes to keep clear of old errors and archaic English, and yet not run aground on a style too exclusively modern.

To criticise, in some minor particulars, a work to which we have awarded such high praise, may seem presumptuous. Indeed, we are frank to acknowledge, that in all the passages which we have examined, where objection may be taken to the rendering of Dr. Noyes, we have found that the trans-

lation which he has given is based on a full knowledge of all the difficulties in the case. The question is not in any instance, Is the translation wrong? but, Is it the best possible? And it may well be that any substitute or alternative which can be proposed will be more objectionable than the rendering itself. We venture, however, to offer the following suggestions in reference to a few passages, claiming for them no more weight than they are fairly entitled to, as slight criticisms upon an almost faultless performance.

In Luke viii. 23, for the somewhat antiquated expression "*in jeopardy*," we should prefer the modern equivalent "*in peril*," which in 1 Cor. xv. 20 Dr. Noyes gives as translation of the same Greek verb.

In Col. iv. 8, we should translate *παρακαλεῖν*, *strengthen or encourage*. Dr. Noyes translates this verb "*encourage*" in the second verse of the second chapter of the same Epistle. The reason for this change from the "*comfort*" of the common is equally valid in both places, and is based on the fact that the English verb *to comfort* has, in modern usage, lost its original and old-English sense (from *con* and *fortis*) of strengthening or encouraging.

In Luke xviii. 3, the phrase, "*avenge me of my adversary*" is objectionable, as being an obsolete form of expression. Mr. Norton translates, "*Do me justice against my adversary.*"

In Luke ii. 48, Dr. Noyes has rendered *τέκνον*, *son*, instead of the correct word, *child*. This translation is unaccountable in a version where the distinction between *νιός* and *τέκνον*, which the old translators so often confounded, is in most other places carefully noted.

The literal rendering of John vii. 17, is, *If any one wills to do his will* (not if any one *will do it*, as in the Common Version). If objection be taken to this translation on the ground of euphony, its equivalent would seem to be, "*If any one has the purpose,*" &c., and not as Dr. Noyes gives it, "*If any one is desirous,*" &c.

In Luke xviii. 42, Dr. Noyes has rendered *ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε*, "*Thy faith hath saved thee;*" while in Luke xvii. 19, the same words are translated, "*Thy faith hath made thee*

well." The explanation of this difference in the rendering of the two passages by the distinction between leprosy, a disease, and blindness, a calamity, is hardly to the point. The objection to the expression, "hath saved thee," is the unavoidable association of the word "saved" with the doctrine of "salvation through Christ." Perhaps Mr. Folsom's translation in both passages, "Thy faith hath *restored* thee," is the best that can be substituted.

In John viii. 35, δοῦλος is rendered by an unusual word, "bond-servant;" while in 1 Cor. vii. 21, and elsewhere, it is translated, *slave*. The passage in John would be more forcibly rendered by using there the word *slave*,—a term which has become so familiar to all English readers by a thousand painful associations.

In Romans vii. 2, the Greek verb καταργεῖν, which is used by the New Testament writers with a great many shades of meaning, is translated *release*; while in the sixth verse of the same chapter, it is rendered *deliver*, where the word *release*, employed in v. 2, is decidedly to be preferred.

In Col. i. 13, Dr. Noyes translates τοῦ υἱοῦ τῆς ἀγάπης αὐτοῦ "of his beloved son," where we should prefer the more literal—i.e., word-for-word—rendering "of the son of his love" (Wickliffe had it "the son of his loving").

In Matt. xxviii. 14, εἰάν ἀκουσθῇ τοῦτο ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡγεμόνος is rendered by Dr. Noyes, "Should the governor *hear of this*." (The Common Version has, "If this come to the governor's ears.") But the phrase evidently denotes a legal hearing (so Meyer *in loco*), and would seem to require the translation, "If this *come before* the governor."

In Mark vi. 20, the Greek imperfect συνετήρει, which, in the Common Version, is translated *observed* (the verb to observe having its *old-English* sense), Dr. Noyes renders *was regardful* (so Green, in the "Twofold New Testament"). But the meaning of the passage seems to be, that Herod kept John in close custody, in order to protect him against Herodias. (Wickliffe translates, *and kepte him*.) Mr. Folsom's translation, *guarded him closely*, is nearer the meaning of the Greek than *was regardful*, which is, besides, not a very good English phrase in such a connection.

In Matt. vi. 1, instead of the word *righteousness*, which as the translation of *δικαιοσύνη* takes the place of the incorrect *alms* of the Common Version, we should prefer the translation, *good deeds*, which Mr. Norton gives. *To do one's righteousness* is not so good English, nor does it so well suit the context, as to do one's righteous, or good, deeds.

The difficult passage at the close of the second chapter of Colossians (verses 20–23) is well rendered by Dr. Noyes; but we agree with Mr. Abbot in thinking that the last clause of verse 23 is to be taken in a bad sense. To express this meaning, it would be necessary merely to insert a comma after the word “honor,” and thus preserve the nervous, asyndetic character of the original.

One other instance, where the use of different words in the same chapter to translate the same Greek word seems to have been an oversight on the part of Dr. Noyes, has been pointed out in another Review, and deserves notice here. The passage occurs in the fourth and fifth chapters of Romans, in which the substantive *παράπτωμα*, rendered *trespass* in iv. 25, is translated *transgression*, and also *offence* in v. 15, *offence* in v. 16, and *trespass* again in verses 17, 18, and 20.

We have thus indicated some of the revisions of passages and single words in Dr. Noyes's Translation, which an examination of certain parts of the work has suggested. Doubtless other desirable changes will be proposed by other readers who shall make a more thorough study of the whole work.

But such criticisms do not detract in the least from the eminent merits, the great and almost incomparable excellence over other modern translations, by which, *as a whole*, this Version of Dr. Noyes is characterized.

We have no space for noting the numerous passages which we had marked as displaying Dr. Noyes's erudition as a biblical scholar, his judgment and good taste as a translator, and his absolute impartiality as a critic and theologian. The changes from the Common Version in the Synoptic Gospels will perhaps attract most attention from the common reader. But those who *study* the New Testament, whether in English or in Greek, will derive the greatest assistance from the clear translation of the Fourth Gospel, so much of which is obscure

in the Common Version; and the rendering into intelligible English of the Epistles, whose meaning the old translators not only often missed, but oftener still expressed in language which the English reader is sorely puzzled to apprehend.

The Proem to the Fourth Gospel in Dr. Noyes's Version seems to us a masterpiece of translation. Let any one who would see how far Dr. Noyes excels all other revisers of the Common Version, both in knowledge of the original and in judgment in translating, compare the first chapter of John in this version with the *perversions* which some of the older Unitarians offered for translations, with the rendering in Mr. Folsom's recent translation of the Gospels, with the *quasi* revisions which the "Five Clergymen of the English Church" and the "American Bible Union" have made in the interests of Orthodoxy, or even with so excellent a translation as that of Professor Norton.

The Epistle to the Romans in Dr. Noyes's Translation is another signal instance of the great excellence of the work. If Dr. Noyes had translated nothing else in the New Testament, his admirable rendering of this grand Epistle of Paul would entitle him to the gratitude alike of the common reader and the biblical student.

We cannot close our extended but too meagre notice of this great work of Dr. Noyes, without a word of praise to that careful and thorough scholar, Mr. Ezra Abbot, to whose constant co-operation and assistance the translator owed many valuable criticisms and suggestions, and to whose conscientious fidelity and accuracy, as an editor, all readers of the work are largely indebted.

The times are hopeful for an appreciative reception of a revised version of the New Testament, containing so many and such great merits as the translation which these eminent scholars have given to the world. If it be too much to expect that the authorized version, with its numerous grammatical inaccuracies, its obsolete or obsolescent words and phrases, its acknowledged mistranslations, its frequent departures from what is now the received Greek text, its absurd division of chapters into verses alone, without regard to paragraphs, its unnecessary use of italics, and its constant abuse

of marginal references, — will soon be superseded by a version free from errors of scholarship and violations of good taste; it is at least safe to predict that, with all unprejudiced and competent judges, the translation by Dr. Noyes will take at once a high place, if not indeed the very highest, among all existing revisions of the Common Version.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when it shall serve as the basis and pattern for a new translation, to become the Common Version of all English-speaking Protestants; just as the authorized version of King James's translators was based and fashioned upon the great work which was accomplished for his day, alone and single-handed, by William Tyndale, in the spirit of whose labors Dr. Noyes has so faithfully and successfully worked.

ART. VI. — SPANISH ORIENTALISMS COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

Poesias de Don MANUEL JOSE QUINTANA. *Obras Poeticas* de Don JOSE DE ESPRONCEDA. *Poesias* de Doña CAROLINA CORONADO DE PERRY.

WE do not propose to make any review of the poems of the above-named writers; but merely to present a few parallels to the strong, highly colored language of nature, which we find not only in the Old Testament, but also in the New, and which has given rise to much scepticism in regard to the good faith of the authors, or to their freedom from self-delusion.

Quintana, in his grand poem, "To the Sea," says, "The sands tremble beneath the lashing of its surges; the echoes are deafened in the hoarse tumult; the mighty hills are quaking." Espronceda, in a war-cry to the nation in 1835, cries, "The enemy are lost! abundant rivers of infidel blood rush to the sea with mighty roar, and the astonished ocean looks upon its contending waves reddened with the blood of traitors."

But the best illustration of our thought we find in a poem of Carolina Coronado de Perry, addressed to Maximilian, not long after his death at the hands of the Mexican people. We see at the outset that the writer, living in a land of kings, looks upon his death with a kind of awe and horror, which could not have been aroused in us, accustomed as we are to the barbarities and lawlessness of South-American and Mexican warfare; but one can hardly help being carried along by the intensity of the poet's feeling as he reads. The poem is nervous, full of fire, and grand in its culmination. But we are not dealing with it now as a work of art, but are merely looking at it from one point of view.

After opening with a cry of mourning for the horror-struck world, whose kings stand aghast at the awful spectacle, and whose senates start up affrighted before the bolt which has descended upon the Western Continent, she goes on to speak of the contest for freedom which was waging in Mexico, and which was suddenly brought to an end by the arrival of the French fleet. She speaks of President Lincoln as looking with severe eyes upon the squadron approaching, and with profound pity on Maximilian. We quote the Spanish of three verses, and the translation which we have made, especially referring to the last verse, where in grand language she depicts the effect of Lincoln's protest upon the Mexican world.

Lincoln, el Patriarca Americano,
Vió allá en el Oceano

De aquellas naves los pendones rojos :

Y su frente serena

Anublando la pena ;

Volvió hácia ti los lastimados ojos.

Mártir cual tú, con tierna simpatía,

Tu suerte presentia,

Y alzando sobre el mar la voz tonante,

Con el lábio seguro,

Os hizo su conjuro,

Desde el seno de Méjico al Atlante.

Las tumbas de los Reyes mejicanos

Se abrieron en las llanas ;

Tornóse el golfo de color sangriento,

Y en la Iglesia cristiana

La piedra castellana,

Al resonar su voz tembló, en su asiento.

Lincoln, the patriarch' of America the free,
Looked there upon the sea,
Looked on those ships with scarlet pennons blazing :
His countenance serene
Darkened before that scene ;
He turned to thee with eyes of pity gazing.
Martyr as thou, with sympathy for thee,
He saw what was to be ;
And sending on the waves his voice astounding,
With accents firm and staid,
His grand protest he made,
From Mexico unto the Atlantic sounding.
The tombs that bore the Aztec kings' remains
Opened along the plains ;
The gulf became with bloody waters darkened ;
The stones imbedded fast
In churches long to last,
Shook in their seats when to his voice they harkened.

Here is a Spanish woman of a clear head, of a cultivated understanding, not dwarfed by the habit of thought among the rest of her sex in Spain, accustomed to use her pen, who tells us without any qualification of, "It seemed to me," or "I imagine," — who tells us, in a moment of poetic exaltation, as if she were stating a fact, that the tombs of the Mexican kings opened on the plains, the gulf of Mexico ran blood, and the solid stones in the churches shook in their places at the sound of Abraham Lincoln's voice.

She does not use this high coloring merely by way of illustration, in the form of allegory or visions, metaphors or similes: that would of course excite no surprise, as all florid writers of the present day make abundant use of these accompaniments to fine writing. She states things as facts which we know are not facts, not with deliberate conscientiousness, but under strong poetic emotion. She afterwards, in the cooler moments of elaborating her poetic thought, apparently sees no reason from over-conscientiousness in regard to the truth, to alter her lines. Now we neither consider her self-deceived nor desirous to deceive others. The reader may say, "Very well, her poem is of no value in an historical point of view." Not as far as the mere dry statement of facts is concerned, we answer. If it were, she would not be the poet that she is. But if something else is needed even in

history, besides a bald record of facts, if we need to have events brought before us in a graphic manner; then we maintain that her poem is of value from that point of view. We need the warm colors of the poet and painter to touch up events, and present them vividly before our eyes and imagination. All great historians have something of these elements in them, although the limits of their domain forbid that they should give too much flight to imagination.

A dull painstaking historian, who moves along in his own little path with narrow vision, is really more likely to mislead posterity, by his stupid distortion of facts, than the seer, who sees perhaps farther than we can follow, but who glorifies all that we actually do see, and know of truth.

We have in the Scriptures numerous examples, in the way of narrations, prophecies, or lamentations, like what we see in this poem. They are more frequent in the Old Testament; but, as they do not so much concern great moral questions, we turn to the New.

Not to the Book of Revelation, for that is manifestly allegoric,—a vision, typical of the Christian warfare which had been and was to be, and the final rest of the conqueror. Nor to the words of Paul, when he speaks of the Lord descending with the sound of a trumpet, and the dead being raised, while they who were alive would be caught up together in the air, to be with the Lord. He was not, we suppose, in any special state of exaltation when he wrote those words in letters to his friends: they actually formed a part of his belief. He was, in minor matters, affected by the prevailing notions of his day: it does not alter our regard for, or reliance on him, as a great religious teacher; he was not infallible, but he never makes mistakes on great themes which concern our highest spiritual welfare. We might indeed mention his doctrinal expositions, remote as the parallel may seem, as illustrations of what we see in the poem, where the intensity of his earnestness presses him so far one way that he outsays himself, and sometimes seems for the moment to belie his own liberality, so much, that very narrow creeds have been founded on his noble name.

But we wish to compare the words of Jesus himself with

this poem we have quoted. The prediction in regard to the destruction of Jerusalem seems in many respects to resemble the verses of our Spanish poet. After a moving delineation of the scenes which would be enacted, when there should be wars and pestilence and famine and earthquakes, he says, "After the tribulation of those days the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heaven shall be shaken." We know that those last-named events did not happen at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Many indeed suppose that these prophecies refer also to the end of life for every human soul. It is true that all the teachings of Jesus admit a wider application than came home to the experiences of his disciples; but it is great spiritual truths which reach down to us from his walks and talks in Judea, and not the fitting of local facts or phenomena to our own age.

The main facts of this prediction were fulfilled. Here steps in the critic, saying, "Precisely so. You have a mixture of truth and error. How is humanity going to draw the line with such a teacher? Call him fallible, and we will then accept him for what he is worth, and no more." But can we fairly use the word error in this case? However divine we may feel Christ's credentials to be, we must remember that he was born into the world with an oriental nature. God chose to send a divine (not omnipotent) being to our poor humanity, the man Christ Jesus. He chose the soil of Judea for his human existence. Would he not have been a monstrosity if he had shown no traces of his own nationality? When we come to truth itself, supreme truth,—who so clear, so bare, so cutting, as Jesus in his utterances? Although he often veils the processes of human growth, temptation, and triumph, in parables, to win and charm the childlike and ingenuous mind, and alike to discourage the overtures of the frivolous and hypocritical; yet when he has a plain, grand truth to utter, who so simple, so unimpassioned, so serene, as he? But when he was carried away with the intensity of his emotion, he did not stop to measure his speech; he did not lay down treatises; he simply said what he had to say,

and said it in such a manner that the people exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man."

This chapter we have quoted cannot be said to concern great moral questions. It is local in its application, and the whole coloring is local.

In a moment of exceeding pity and sorrow for his race, he seems to see all the universe in sympathy with their fate, and speaks like David who saw the Lord "riding upon the wings of the wind," and "touching the hills till they smoked,"—like the prophets of his nation,—like those of similar habits of thought and expression in other countries, the parallelism of whose utterances with his it has been our purpose to indicate. The basis of all this remarkable prediction, however, is truth. He began calmly, and all that was necessary to be said for their safety, for warning and instruction, was said; and there was no misunderstanding on those points.

Why should we not use the same liberality in the judgment of this exalted being which we bestow upon the poetic and religious seers of our own day? Why should we consider him either as a conscious and amiable deceiver, according to M. Renan, or as self-deluded?

It is the talk of our day that we should read the Bible as we do any other book. That is precisely what many of our advanced thinkers do not do. They manifest a literalness in their spirit of interpretation, which, in the department of belle-lettres or philosophy, would, even according to their own judgment, set them down as dullards or bigots. One-half the fine taste, delicate perception, and generous freedom which they make use of in the sphere of æsthetics, or among the venerable religions of the pagans, would bring out the Jewish Scriptures in letters of light, wherein the Son of man should stand, the central figure, the culmination of the past, and the beautiful hope of the future.

It would be a fine thing if we could find a man of high culture, original thought, pure philanthropy, and of a tender religious nature without traditional prejudice, who had never seen the Bible, and mark how he would read it, and what he would say of it. We know as a fact, indeed, that the poet whom

we have quoted, Carolina Coronado, born a Roman Catholic, had never seen the Scriptures until the time of her marriage. She read them with the delighted surprise and *naïveté* of the child, and the earnestness and faith of the woman. This instance would not of course serve us in our argument, as her whole education was Christian, and she was already biassed in favor of the gospel narratives. It brings us back, however, to the subject, from which we have wandered somewhat. If some large-minded critic would spring up in Spain, and give us the results of a pure philosophical investigation, blended with the fervor of the Spanish imagination, working upon a soil where it is more at home than we, it would be a great addition to religious thought. It would, at least, be a valuable antidote to that Teutonic nicety of dissection which is not satisfied until it has cut every thing to pieces before it; but which, fortunately for the Christian world and its own perpetuity, knows how to fit the parts together again so well that it can start afresh on its career. Who knows but the Spanish race, so naturally devout, so pervaded with the ancient love of liberty, and now actually shaking off its civil and ecclesiastical fetters, may produce a class of thinkers who will freshen and enlarge the speculations of the religious world; and, with some measure of the oriental vision, look deeper into the mysteries of divine truth?

ART. VII.—ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF MESSIANIC HOPES.

INVESTIGATION, if it could be carried far enough, would probably show that no people has been without its belief in some by-gone golden age, and its longings for the return of the Saturnian days in a future more or less remote. Such beliefs and expectations are, no doubt, more fully developed in the primitive races, among indigenous people, or those of whose immigration neither history nor tradition offer any sign, and still more especially among the nations of the East. Yet to the

stern and legal Roman also came thoughts of early times, than which no Hebrew's dream was more extravagant, or told a more generous tale of earth's spontaneous fruitage and the mingling of gods with men. And England, though still young, has her mythology hardly less beautiful than the ancient Greeks, her "tales of Arthur and his table round," which may give hope to many a simple soul in darksome mine or by the roaring loom, and whisper of a time when there shall be justice in the land in ears that have been dull to all of Bright's or Gladstone's eloquence.

The general notion of future prosperity and glory is oftenest the child of national or social egotism. The notion of special instrumentality and of a specific helper comes with the felt need, in the midst of adversity, in the failure of ordinary expedients. The general notion, on the contrary, seems to live most happily, and to flourish best, in the house of joy, in the prosperous times of the State. We did not hear so much about "Manifest Destiny" after the beginning of the late Rebellion as we did before. Now we hear more of it than ever. But there is an education by antagonism as well. Men hope the most when they have least reason to hope. Facts are suggestive of their opposites, and Hope may be the daughter of Despair. We know that when men are freezing, they dream of blazing hearths; and that when starving, they talk of feasts and spread imaginary tables. Adversity is the very nurse of prophecy in some form or other. In the troublous times which intervened between the death of Julius Cæsar and the end of the second triumvirate, prophets abounded as at no other time in the history of the Roman State. When Augustus had attained the position of sole emperor, he caused the books of more than two thousand of these prophets to be collected, and consigned them to the flames. It was three or four years later that Virgil sang, —

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna :
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto."

In times of adversity, also, it would appear the hopes grow more extravagant; and then expression becomes more concrete.

Except in such vague and general desires for the welfare of their country as we find in the citizens of every nation in every time, we find nothing among the Hebrews in the shape of Messianic hopes before the time of David. But these desires are simply patriotic and have no special character. "The book of Genesis," says Westcott, "connects the promise of redemption with the narrative of the fall;" and refers us to the third chapter, fifteenth verse. But this is a road which leads to the absurdities of Tertullian and Justin Martyr. The promises introduced into the patriarchal covenant would prove little, were they shown to be Messianic beyond all doubt. For the Pentateuch was not written in the time of Abraham: its books, as well as the other sacred writings, were burned or dispersed during the captivity, and again during the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes; and it is known that they were very carelessly transcribed.* In view of these vicissitudes, it would not do to stake too much on isolated passages manifestly premature, as we should be obliged to consider these, allowing them to be Messianic. In such case, we should refer them to the time of transcription or compilation, rather than to the time of Abraham. The later Jews rejected the Messianic application of these passages (Gen. xii., xviii., and xxii.) as manifestly too liberal. But their opinion does not avail us, embittered as they were against foreign nations by their terrible adversities. The verdict of the impartial modern critic is worth much more; and Dr. Noyes, with many others, has decided against their Messianic character.

But a promise similar to the above-named is reiterated in the covenant form with David in Psalm lxxxix., "I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David, my servant. Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations." The same promise receives the prophetic form in the well-known passage in Psalm lxxii., supposed to be addressed to Solomon. We may call these passages Messianic, as referring to a universal dominion to be brought about by the instrumentality of a specific Messiah.

* Josephus's account of the Septuagint.

But the idea of such a Messiah came much later. Without allegorizing, it is impossible to find a reference to him in these psalms. It may be a question whether the promises in the patriarchal covenant are not shadows backward cast from these, which we regard as representative of the simplest form of the Hebrew's Messianic hopes. A slight expansion of this notion of universal dominion involves the *conversion* of the nations which should thus be subjugated. And so we find the earlier stages of the Messianic theory marked by a dogma that "the theocracy would eventually be consummated in a universal diffusion of the worship of Jehovah." "All the nations of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the families of the nations shall worship before thee." But this apparent liberality was sadly modified in the thought of after times. The enemies of Jehovah were still to be subjugated and to witness the glory of his people, and then were to be immediately destroyed. Nations which had not been openly hostile were to be the vine-dressers and husbandmen of their conquerors.

Under the prosperous reigns of David and his son Solomon, all of the Hebrew tribes were for the first and last time united into one people. Thus, the theocracy received the highest development of which it was capable. An ancient oracle had foretold the sovereignty of the Lion of Judah. And, now, after long interruption, that sovereignty was revived in the person of the shepherd king, whom *tradition* declared to be the lineal descendant from the patriarch of his tribe. I will not stop here to say how fully he must have realized an ideal already dimly floating through the Hebrew's brain, — how truly he must have seemed to them a man after God's own heart, since he so solemnly fulfilled the longings of their greatest prophet, whose subjective notions of God they had elevated into facts of objective revelation. The temple worship could not desire a truer friend; the State, a more brave defender.

And then came the reign of Solomon. If the success of David in establishing unity and infusing patriotism had given form to a hope already slumbering in the most ambitious and

egotistic of all races, what wonder that the increasing glories of the kingdom under his son should have developed that hope to such an extent as to make it ever after the centre of their national thought? For the reign of Solomon was literally an age of gold. There was silver in Jerusalem, as stones, and cedars as sycamores. We note the confident tone of Psalm ii., which was probably written in consequence of insurrectionary cabals at the time of his accession. How must this conviction of the immeasurable superiority of the theocratic king over all possible combinations have been strengthened by each succeeding year of a reign so rich in the enjoyment of the fruits of past victory and the hope of future exaltation! On account of its triumphant tone, this psalm was at one time claimed by the Jews for their Messiah. But such interpretation became distasteful to them, in proportion as the followers of Jesus applied it to the Jewish cabals against their Master.

When we consider in what relation to Jehovah the Hebrew nation always imagined itself, we at once perceive an antecedent probability in favor of such expectations as marked its history. And a prosperous period, like that just now spoken of, would almost inevitably bring such thoughts to the surface. And, consequently, while from one end to the other of the book of Psalms there is not a single reference to a specific Messiah, the whole collection is marked by the most confident expectation of the ultimate and complete triumph of their national institutions, their extension throughout all lands, and their continuance till the end of time; and this expectation was the joint offspring of their theocratic constitution, and the fact of its astonishing though temporary success. For temporary it was and must have been, from the very nature of the political connection of the Hebrew tribes. They were not a union, but a confederacy, in which there was an unlimited right of secession; and so this wondrous hope which had been born in the home of luxury was nurtured in the dwelling of utter poverty and abasement. Internal dissensions arose, public spirit declined. The sources of Solomon's wealth were cut off, and the kingdoms of Judah

and Israel were hopelessly divided. But this hope remained. It was like a tree, planted by rivers of water, already so stout and strongly fixed that the rushing winds of disappointment and adversity did but make its roots strike deeper and its boughs extend. Everywhere disappointed in the present, what more natural than that the minds of these people should turn to the past, and, consoling themselves with the things which Moses prayed for and David realized, they should look to the future for a time that should eclipse all the hopes of the one and all of the attainments of the other? "Sheer madness," do we say? Not if Jehovah was the God of all the earth, and they his chosen people. As surely as these things were so, so surely he would deliver his people in the end and make their dominion coextensive with his own. This hope, which had been born of prosperity, "increased in fervor in proportion to the misfortunes of the people, and as the successive insults of Assyrian, Macedonian, or Roman, seemed to laugh to scorn all human probability of its accomplishment. The fund of Hebrew hope was as immeasurable as the power of the invisible Sovereign."

It is in the writings of the prophets that we first meet with references to a specific Messiah, through whose instrumentality, when the day of the Lord had passed, the kingdom of blessedness and prosperity should be ushered in. Extending, as these writings do, over a period of four or five hundred years, we should expect to find the views of their authors concerning that kingdom varying widely as determined by the circumstances under which they wrote, and by their particular cast of thought. With all, indeed, it was to be Jehovah's work; but this is the only point on which there is universal agreement, beyond the conviction of its certain coming and its wonderful grandeur and extent. Often it appears that the consummation is to be reached through the ministrations of the priest, judge, or prophet, acting in regular and ordinary ways. In many of the prophets there is no reference whatever to the accomplishment of the hope by a special Saviour. Neither Joel, Obadiah, Zephaniah, Nahum nor Habakkuk, connects that accomplishment with any dis-

tinct personality. The same might also be said of the last twenty-seven chapters in Isaiah, which might be called Messianic, as having reference to a triumphant future, though none whatever to an individual helper of their own people; and, of course, no other could be regarded as identical with the generally expected Messiah.

But it was in those degenerate days when Ahaz ruled over Judah, and, the Assyrians having swept away many of the Israelitish people, the remainder banded with the Syrians, and menaced the Holy City, that Isaiah and Micah uttered forth most clearly the promise of a definite deliverer. Even supposing that the famous passage in the ninth chapter of Isaiah, "For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder,"—allowing this to refer to Hezekiah rather than to the Messiah, in accordance with the opinion of many learned critics,* still the passage in the eleventh chapter is so remarkable, that it must at once have become the centre of Messianic thought, as now of criticism, in regard to this question. "Then shall spring forth a shoot from the stem of Jesse, and a sprout from his roots shall bear fruit. The spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and might; the spirit of knowledge, and the fear of Jehovah."

As the remembrances of the glory of David's reign contributed more than any thing else to foster the hope which was born of the prosperity of that period and those immediately succeeding, it was most natural that the eyes of the prophet should be turned in the direction of *his* family, for the deliverer who was to restore, and grace with added splendor, the departed majesty of the state. In the whole circle of Messianic hopes, no feature recurs more constantly than this. From one passage in Ezekiel,† it has been inferred that the prophet expected David himself to return. "And David my servant shall be king over them, and they shall have one

* Noyes, Ewald, Knobel, and Hitzig hold the contrary opinion.

† xxvii. 24.

shepherd; they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes to do them." So in other places;* so in Hosea iii. 5. But no doubt the meaning is simply a Messiah of the Davidical type. The prophet Nathan had, in the most emphatic way, announced that God would assume a paternal relationship towards David and his seed. "My mercy shall not depart from him as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee. And thy house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established for ever."† Again and again this oracle is referred to in the Old Testament, which evidences how much importance was attached to it. Not only the writings of the prophets, but also the apocalyptic and talmudic writings witness that the thought of David and his family was bound up with the Messianic hopes. And to this, also, nearly every page of the Gospels furnishes some evidence.

Let us now briefly gather into one the various threads of prophetic thought as to the distinguishing traits of the Messianic kingdom. The children of Israel, wherever they may be wandering, shall be gathered into one joyful nation in the land of their fathers; and shall no more go out for ever; and there shall no longer be division and enmity between Judah and Israel, no longer a North and South; but the twelve tribes shall be one people, and Jerusalem shall be the centre of their life, and shall stand for ever in the pride of her conscious beauty. Hither every year shall all nations come to the feast of tabernacles, and join in the grand temple worship and in solemn prayer. There shall no longer be idols or idol-worship in all the land. All men shall worship Jehovah; nor that only with fasting and sacrifice, but with the worship of the heart; and at length there shall be universal peace, and this shall extend even to the animal world. "Then‡ shall the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. The calf and the young lion and the fatling shall be together, and a little child shall lead them." Nor would nature remain unchanged through all these changes, nor

* Ezek. xxxiv. 22, 23.

† 2 Sam. vii. 15, 16.

‡ Isa. xi. 6.

would the heavens be still. The stars would shine with fairer ray ; the light of the moon should be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun should be sevenfold. And in these times, if ever, should the Christ appear, and, sitting on the throne of David, should "rule the earth with ancestral virtues." * "He shall not judge by the sight of his eyes, nor decide by the hearing of his ears ; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the afflicted of the people. He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked."

When we come to details, there is of course much variety, and sometimes contradiction, between the different prophets and different parts of the same. The Messiah is sometimes spoken of as the conqueror of Edom and Philistia, and sometimes of Assyria, but oftener as a Prince of Peace. But here we seem to have simply an earlier and later phase of his character. There was to be world-wide peace when the prowess of Judah had subdued all nations. Many of the prophecies represent his reign as undisturbed by foreign invasion ; in Ezekiel we have the invasion of Gog and Magog. According to some, his reign shall be eternal ; others speak of his successors. As to the time of the Messianic kingdom, the different writers are any thing but definite or concordant. With most, it is to follow a captivity which is not far in the future. In the captive prophets, it is to follow the return ; and the representations of it have a direct moral bearing, being intended to discourage the willingness to remain in captivity generally manifested. No doubt the marvellous insight of the earlier prophets had much to do with the predictions of bondage and restoration ; but farther than this the maxim of the preacher, "There is nothing new under the sun," was never a stranger to the Jewish philosophy. With the Rabbins it became a formal doctrine ; and they imagined that the future would be but a repetition of the past. It may be that this is characteristic of most prophetic writing. Thus Virgil in the Fourth Eclogue sings, —

* Isa. xi.

“Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas ; erunt etiam altera bella,
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.”

So it was most natural for the prophets to think that the second period of glory would be preceded by a second period of disaster, and the captivity in Egypt be matched by a second captivity in Egypt, or in the nations of the East. The prophecy of a captivity in Egypt is confined to Hosea and the elder Zechariah, and was never fulfilled. Ewald remarks that the future of Isaiah is seemingly divided into three stages: first, deliverance from the inconsiderate attack of the allied kings; second, severe suffering under an Assyrian captivity; third, a restoration by the Messiah.

But so far we have not touched, except by implication, upon one of the most important notions in this circle of Messianic thought. The notion is that of a purifying and probationary time. It is something about which one must say a great deal, or a very little: we choose the latter course.

How did this notion arise? Between the glorious fact of what this people had been, and the bright hope of what they were to be, lay the dark gulf of what they really were. And then the Hebrew had his dogma of retributive punishment, his “so much for so much;” his “What will you have?” “Quoth God, *Pay for it and take it.*” Put this and the previous thought together, and we have “The Day of the Lord.” What were this people in days of prophetism? Read the chapters of the first Isaiah, and see, — careless, disobedient, mean, degraded, sensual, oppressive, beastly. God would indeed save his people, but could the “Lord’s rest,” the joys of the Messianic kingdom, be for such as these? Surely they could not. They must be tried as the gold of the refiner, beaten upon the threshing-floors of God. This was the valley of affliction through which the nation must go, before it could stand upon the mountains of vision; this was the travelling of the woman with child. The imagery of terror is exhausted in depicting the horrors of this dreadful time. “On that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold to the moles and the bats, and enter into the clefts

of the rocks, and hide himself in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty." The prophet summons every natural terror to his aid; there should be drought, pestilence, famine, leprosy, the curse of wild beasts and of locusts; and, what was worse than death or any pestilence, subjugation and a bondage, galling and ignominious, in the land of the alien. The moral earnestness of the prophet lends wings to his fancy; for many of these curses are conditional, and can be avoided by timely reform; and the prophet would not have them incurred from any injustice to their dreadfulness on his part.*

But there came a time when that which they greatly feared came upon them, aye, and worse, if possible, — the miseries of Babylon. The prophecy and its fulfilment did their work almost too well; and, had not God raised up the bravest singer that ever blessed a people, not even a remnant would have returned. But in the fulness of time, that singer came in the person of the unknown author of the latter part of Isaiah. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and declare to her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins."† He bound up the wounds of a people smitten in every part. What word of comfort, joy, or promise, did he leave unspoken? How grand was his prophecy! So grand, alas! it never was fulfilled.

In concluding this notice of the prophetic period, let us remark three things. First, the personal Messiah, though at times quite prominent, occupies a subordinate position. The *Messianic age* is the one great fact. Second, a spiritual or supernatural Messiah is nowhere hinted at. The contemplated mediation never exceeded the limits of human agency. This is true, even if we accept Isaiah ix. as Messianic. The expressions "Mighty God" and "Everlasting Father" offer no objection.‡ Third, the work of the Messiah was the re-estab-

* Vide Dr. Noyes's Lectures on Prophecy.

† Isa. xl. 2.

‡ See Dr. Noyes's notes on the passage.

lishment of the theocratic kingdom, on the basis of the Mosaic code. There is not a whisper of distrust. The conversion of the heathen did not imply any thing like yielding, any thing like toleration.

But the Messianic hopes of the prophets were never realized. "The Day of the Lord" came and went, and there was no Messianic kingdom. Zerubbabel, who led back from Babylon the few who availed themselves of the privilege of return, was indeed hailed by Zechariah and Haggai as Messiah; but this was dreadful mockery.

We know little of what took place in the three following centuries. Such sufferings as make men curse God and pray for death must have been bound up in them. Weary with waiting, and sick with disappointment, this Messianic longing must have almost perished in the midst of them. *But it did not die.* At worst it slept: a dreadful nightmare sleep no doubt. But at the end of this time it awoke.

We proceed to consider the transition from the Messianic hopes of the Hebrew to the Apocalyptic beliefs of the Jew. Of course it did not take place in a day. The seeds of such transition were no doubt in the captivity itself. For, in the writings immediately subsequent, we see that the process of degeneration has already commenced. In Ezekiel, we have a doctrine of angels before unknown. We have also a Satan, "a Prince of evil." A weak symbolism usurps the place of loftier methods. In Zechariah we have none of that opposition to formalism which marked the elder prophecy; rather, the gems of that slavish method which ultimated in Talmudism itself. The character of the Apocryphal books is, for the most part, such as to shut out from them the consideration of the Messianic problem, or we might have in writings, what there must have been in thought,—a gradual development of the prophetic circle of Messianic ideas into the Apocalyptic beliefs which we encounter, for the first time, in the book of Daniel. At the time of its writing, the Jews were weighed down by the heaviest yoke they had borne since the earlier days of the captivity. The pious Jew was driven, by threatnings of the most terrible punishment, to do the things

which most his soul abhorred. He must work upon the sabbath, eat of swine's flesh, surrender circumcision.* No doubt it was a laudable thing in the false Daniel to encourage the hearts of this stricken people; but had he offered his predictions on his own responsibility, his fate would not have differed from Cassandra's: he would have been cursed with the incredulity of his hearers. In looking about for some one through whose lips he should speak, he was most happy in choosing Daniel, whose name had been revered for many hundred years, whose firm adherence to his country's worship in the days of the captivity could not be forgotten. But, although there is much in the uncompromising tone of this patriotic composition which challenges our admiration, it is not difficult to perceive what an immense gulf yawns between it and the productions of the earlier prophets. The difference between Daniel and Isaiah, is the difference between Paul and Hermas. Prophecy has become prediction. The impulse to look beyond the horizon of the present is no longer justified by the moral purpose to which the knowledge of the future had once been applied. If the spiritual consciousness of the people justified such expression, that consciousness had become depraved. Let us note two or three peculiarities of the new phases of belief, for we have not time to do more.

First, and most important, the Messiah is no longer a descendant of David, no longer a man at all, but a superhuman being of the most exalted character. The Messiah of the prophets was to be born in Bethlehem; the Messiah of Daniel is to come in the clouds of heaven. Second, it may be possible that in the earlier prophets, we have only an *apparent* reference to universal dominion. Hyperbolic expression may account for the whole of it; and at any rate, if the idea is there, it is very general and indistinct. Not so in Daniel: four great monarchies are to pass away, and then Messiah shall come and establish a fifth, which shall be universal. Far less than in the elder prophets is this dominion to result from any recognition of the glory of Jehovah, and the beauty

* In 175 B.C., in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes.

of his law. Third, the predictions in regard to time are much more definite. There is, indeed, an attempt at exact numerical prognostication. It would be tiresome to discuss this point more fully. The time for Messiah's coming was during the reign of Antiochus. Again, instead of the symbolic resurrection of Isaiah and Ezekiel, we have a resurrection which is literal beyond doubt. Can we account for any of these changes? Some are ready to account for them all by the supposed influence of Persian thought. This may go a great way, but does not seem sufficient. But such external influence as there was, must have been Persian rather than Grecian, Egyptian, or Babylonian, as Nicolas clearly shows. The Alexandrian tendency was plainly hostile to such imagery. The book of the Sibyl only shows that a Jew went to Alexandria with Eastern notions. During the captivity the antagonism was too strong for the *faithful* Jew at least, to adopt many Chaldaic views. He could not so well resist the insidious influences of a protracted intercourse with the Persian. From him, no doubt, came much of the form which these opinions assumed, and perhaps no little of their substance. "Change the names of the actors in this grand Magian drama," says Nicolas, "and you seem to read a Jewish Apocalypse." The fifth monarchy of Daniel is not unlike the fifth dynasty to be founded by the Persian liberator; nor his prince of evil heading the idolatrous enemies of Jehovah, unlike Ahriman, hurling the legions of darkness against Ormuzd, the prince of light. The thousand years of the Messiah are matched by the period which shall precede the coming of the Persian hero. Finally, in the eschatology of both, we have a resurrection of the dead, and the proclamation of a new law.

But without doubt the Jew would have had his Apocalypse, had he never come in contact with the Persian. His altered circumstances demanded change in almost every direction; and, to suit them, a modification of his Messianic views was in the highest degree necessary. In the first place, a supernatural Messiah was demanded by the apparent impossibility of relief through any human agency. A con-

stant tendency to literalize the figurative expressions of the prophets must have helped his view along. Such a tendency, by itself, would be sufficient to account for the change from the symbolic resurrection of Isaiah to the literal one of Daniel. The exclusive character of the book may be accounted for by the hatred which long oppression must have engendered. Again, it was not possible for the pious Jew to think that the prediction of an earlier prophet had altogether failed. Now, though his genius for criticism would hardly lead him to detect the intrinsic fallacy in Jeremiah's seventy years, still the events which followed the Restoration were any thing but such as were promised. Zerubbabel fell far short of the humblest Messianic standard; and, that the prophet's word might still be true, an arbitrary numerical arrangement was agreed upon, and the years became sabbatical weeks. Much of the arithmetic of Daniel and the other Apocalyptic writers is determined by the prevalent custom of assigning, for the duration of the world, a period analogous to that employed in its creation. This reckoning formed the basis of all the later Rabbinical and early Christian eschatologies. In the fifteenth chapter of Barnabas we read, "God made in six days the works of his hands. He finished them on the seventh day, and rested on the seventh day and sanctified it. Consider, my children, what is the meaning of 'He finished them in six days.' The meaning is this: that in six thousand years the Lord God will bring all things to an end; for with him one day is a thousand years," &c.

To a certain degree a prophecy like that of Daniel tends to fulfil itself. It was a brand in the midst of the dry stubble. The generous fire was kindled in the hearts of the heroic Maccabees, and through them in the hearts of the people; but how little of fulfilment was there in what they achieved! "The time and times and half a time" went by, nor yet the golden age began. Intervals of precarious independence indeed there were; but they ended in vassalage, even as they had begun.

The Apocalyptic writings, which succeed the book of Daniel, are variations of the same general type. What is now

the third book in the Sibylline collection seems to have been written in the early part of the Maccabean times. It does not differ from Daniel in its general conception, except as being more extravagant. Nothing can be more terrible than the period here which corresponds to the "day of the Lord" in the prophets. Pestilence and war shall spread over the world: the earth shall be neither ploughed nor sown, but shall be covered with the unburied dead. "Then shall God send forth from the sun a king who shall cause every land to cease from evil war, slaying some and fulfilling a faithful covenant with others." The House of David has, of course, no place in this conception, any more than in Daniel; and the notion of personal instrumentality is almost forgotten in the simple recollection of the theocracy. The Ahriman of the Persians takes more distinctive form as Beliai. "But when the threats of the mighty God draw near, a flaming power shall come in a billowy flood upon the earth, and consume Beliai, and all the haughty men who placed their trust in him. God shall roll the heaven as a book is rolled, and the whole spangled firmament shall fall on the glorious earth and ocean. . . . And no longer shall the laughing globes of the heavenly lights roll on. There shall be no night, no dawn, no many days of care." *

It would seem that scarcely any epoch of importance in the history of this people was without its prophetic voice of warning or encouragement. Ever anew the dreadful hour came on, but with it came the man! Ever anew from out the ashes of their disappointment rose, Phoenix-like, the bird of Hope!

The alternations of joy and sorrow which marked the period of John Hyrcanus and his immediate successors find expression in the Apocalypse of Enoch. The hopes of the Palestinian Jews at this time were raised to the highest pitch by the successes of this leader, only to be shattered again in the tumult of conflicting sects, originating in the weak and criminal dispositions of those who followed him.

* Vide Westcott's Introduction.

The Sibylline writer had contemplated the destruction of the Grecian empire, the rise of the Roman, and the destruction of that also, preparatory to the coming of the Messianic king. The writer of Enoch, on the contrary, ignores the Roman empire, and, with Daniel, regards Greece only as the centre of irreligious, secular power. The seventy years of Jeremiah, and the seventy sabbatical weeks of Daniel, are seventy shepherds; and again a mystical period of ten weeks. The supernatural character of the Messiah is, if possible, more strongly marked than in Daniel. "I saw," he says, "in heaven One, Ancient of Days, and his head was white as wool; and with him was another, whose countenance was as the appearance of a man, and full of grace like to one of the holy angels. And I asked one of the angels who went with me and showed me all hidden things, of that Son of Man, who he was, and whence he was, and wherefore he went with the Ancient of Days." Again, however, the Messiah is imaged forth as the "horn of a white bullock." If Hilgenfelt is right, this is the *only* Messianic passage in the original book. And all the beasts of the field, and all the birds of the air, feared this white bullock and worshipped him alway. "And I looked till all their races were changed, and they all became white bullocks." The character of this apocalypse seems more nearly allied to that of the Apocalypse in the New Testament than either of the others.

In the fourth book of Esdras, we have the final development of the Jewish Apocalypse. Its character is determined by the dreadful and humiliating circumstances of the time. It would almost seem that we might say of this with more truth than of Ecclesiastes, that "it is the saddest of all sad books." The reference to Cæsar's death is so distinct, that it must have been written after that event, and not far from the beginning of our era. At the risk of disturbing greatly the theories of Daniel and Enoch, the present writer finds himself compelled to fully recognize the influence of Rome. The Messianic kingdom is to be ushered in by the death of Augustus, who is to be destroyed by the Messiah in person. This is according to Hilgenfelt's interpre-

tation of the vision of the great eagle in the eleventh chapter. So, then, in the midst of his despairing, the seer is full of hope. But his hope has no basis or justification in any thing which his eyes can see. It rests upon nothing less than the conviction that, sooner or later, God will redeem his people. Another consequence of the disastrous character of the times is the stern exclusiveness which marks the composition. The blessings of the Messianic kingdom are to be for Jews alone. From the Talmud and other contemporary sources, it would appear that this spirit characterized all the thought of the time. "And how, O Lord, if the world be made for our sakes only, do we not possess an inheritance in the world? How long shall this endure?" And again, "The Most High hath made this world for many, but the world to come for few. There be many created, but few shall be saved. Therefore ask no more questions concerning the multitude that perish; rather inquire how the righteous shall be saved, whose the world is, and for whom the world is created." The conception of the Messiah is somewhat confused, and it is difficult to say how it compares with the types of Daniel and Enoch. The supernatural element is still strongly marked; but, whether consistently or not, his lineage is again traced back to David. He is no teacher of righteousness, no prince of peace. His reign is to be inaugurated by a period of ruthless devastation and slaughter. It shall continue for a period of four hundred years. "After these years shall my Son Christ die, and all that have breath; and the earth shall be turned into the old silence seven days, like as in the beginning, and no man shall remain. But at the end of that time there shall be a resurrection of the faithful."

The exegetic literature of these times does not add much to the clearness of our conception. The Septuagint may throw some light on the views of the time and place at which it was made, from the fact that scarcely any passage brings forward the person of the Messiah in stronger light than the original text; and in some places the original ambiguity between a race and a person is decided by the selection of the race as the source of the divine blessings. The targums,

next to the New Testament, furnish the best contemporary testimony to the character of the Messianic views of the period. That of Onkelos is exceedingly literal. He gives a Messianic turn to the passage in Jacob's blessing, and also to the prophecy of Balaam. The targum of John closely follows the Davidical type. The later targums on the Pentateuch are not so simple. Thus in Genesis iii. 15: "Then shall the serpent strive to sting him on the heel, but the sons of the woman shall secure their deliverance in *the heel of time*," the days of the Messiah. It is here, for the first time, that we have two distinct Messiahs; one the son of Ephraim, the other the son of David: we have the notion repeated in the targum on the Canticles. In Ecclesiastes, the day of the Messiah's coming is a mystery as the day of death, and who is he who shall discover it by wisdom? Although the Talmud was for the most part gathered in its present form a century or two later, it is generally agreed that its contents must, even before Christ, have formed the staple of learning in the Jewish schools. So, too, it must, more nearly than any thing else, have expressed the popular creed, unless we except with Westcott the Psalms of Solomon, in which the temporal and kingly character of the Messiah is strongly marked. In view of the slavish method of the Rabbinical interpretations, we should not expect from them any higher conception than we have already met. "Is it not written in the law," says one of these to his pupil, "that thou shalt meditate therein day and night? Whatever hour, therefore, thou canst find belonging neither to the day nor night, in that thou mayest study Grecian wisdom." And with the masses, though the words of the law were weighty and light, the words of the Scribes were all weighty. Weighty indeed! They were the most miserable travesties upon the sublimest and most sacred utterances of those who went before them. "Behold the bough bearing flowers, berries, and fruits together!" "Behold the hen who lays eggs daily!" These were Rabbinical arguments for supposing that in the Messianic kingdom women would bear children every day. From a similar extravagance arose the common form of oath, "If I lie, let me never eat of the wild ox."

For, at the banquet of the Messiah, the leviathan, having been previously salted down by God for the good of the faithful, would first be served up; the Behemoth would form the second course; while the dessert would be composed of that fabulous bird which concealed the sun with her outspread wings, and with one of her eggs drowned sixty cities. No wonder that men said, "The world has lost her youth, and the times wax old!"

It is not likely that the popular notions were superior in any way to the grotesque exaggerations of the schools. The temporal and kingly Messianic type seems to have been the prevailing one through the whole of this period. The readiness with which the people hailed every insurrectionist that came, the tumult of acclaim which greeted John Hyrcanus and the victorious Maccabees, bear witness to this, as also the scanty and hesitating allegiance to our blessed Lord, and the sight of three hundred thousand, fired with fanatic hope and zeal, gathering around the standard of Barcochba, and hailing him as the Messiah, near the latter part of Hadrian's reign.

But there was a perfect Babel of beliefs everywhere, and no two men seem to have been agreed. Three distinct types there were, at least, in Judea, — the Mosaic, the Davidical, and the "Son of Man," and still another connected with the Logos doctrine among the Alexandrians. But seldom, if ever, do we find these types in either of the unmixed forms. Many, following Hillel, said there would be no Messiah; that the prophecy was already consummated. Many more, starting it may be from the reference in Daniel to a Messiah who should be cut off, held the notion of two Messiahs, — the first, suffering; the second, triumphant. That Elijah would precede his coming, by three days, was, certainly, not an uncommon opinion.

The expectation of the Messiah's *speedy* coming was almost universal. The mystic reckonings on the basis of seven or ten — one the cipher of creation, the other of the law — contributed to this. Ingenuity was exhausted in devising the conditions of the event: if two or three sabbaths should be

well observed ; if the nation would heartily repent for a day. But, at any rate, it could not long be stayed. "When you bury me," said a dying Jew, "put shoes on my feet and a staff in my hand, that I may be ready when Messiah cometh."

And now, from all that we have seen, — whether longing of patriarch, psalm of poet, hope of prophet, or apocalyptic vision, — how could Jesus of Nazareth extract the prophetic testimony of his official character and establish his Messiahship ? He could not. Where he could find one thing in favor, he could find a hundred things in opposition to, his claims. It was not from the Jewish Scriptures that Jesus discovered that he was the one as set forth by God for the falling and rising again of many in Israel. No doubt his lofty soul assimilated to itself every thing that was loftiest in the Messianic longing of the elder Scripture. In the subtilty and freedom of his spiritual eclecticism, one lofty aspiration would weigh more with him than a thousand prophecies of national prosperity and temporal salvation from the bond of the alien. Certainly, One such as he would not have gone to the lowest, but to the highest, in the past, for the criteria by which he could discover whether he was indeed the Son of God. But even then, if his self-election to the awful responsibilities of the Messianic office had depended wholly on the authority of Scripture or tradition, we can assure ourselves that he would never have made that election, and the hills of Judea would never have been the mountains of God. No second-hand command, or transmitted inspiration, could have driven him to the acceptance of this gigantic trust. If that inspiration taught him any thing, it was that he should be true to his own. If David had communed with God upon the star-lit hills, he did not see why he should not as well. Samuel and Isaiah and Jeremiah had heard God speaking to them in their souls. He listened if haply such things might be for him also ; nor yet in vain. His reverent ear could catch whole strains of music where they had heard but a confused murmur. And what they had seen through a glass darkly, he beheld with open vision. The same God that spoke to

them, spoke to him also, in tones he could not fail to understand. What wonder that, as he listened, his ear became heavy to every harsher sound! Cannot the voice of a friend drown the roar of the multitude? How much more must the voice of God in his soul have drowned the maddened tones of disappointment, the whispers of doubt and fear, the clamor for a conquering king! Had any prophet prophesied, had any dreamer dreamed, had any thinker thought, of a Messiah such as he? No! But should he be false to his own inspiration that he might be true to another man's?

We can but think that he had dreadful doubts sometimes. They confronted him by the Jordan; he wrestled with them in the wilderness. Times there were, no doubt, when his understanding put dreadful questions to his soul; times when he could almost say of God like one before him, "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name." But, as with that other, "the word in his heart was as a fire shut up in his bones; he was weary with forbearing, and he could not stay."

But once having heard in the depths of his own soul the call to a great work, it was inevitable that Jesus should identify this call with the Messianic expectation. An hour's perusal of the pages of Josephus will reveal to any one into what a distraught and agitated state of things Jesus was born. At such a time, what Jewish mother could have prayed at night without thinking that, perchance, it was the Christ-child that she pressed to her bosom? And what youth, whose soul was kindled with theocratic zeal or hatred of the oppressor, or with undefined longings for something better in himself and in the nation than had been yet attained, but must have felt that, perhaps, he and no other was God's chosen servant in the task of renovation and reform? Here, in the community, was the strangest, wildest, and most beautiful hope "for one who should redeem Israel;" and in the heart of Jesus was the call of God, and just in proportion as that call was felt to be imperative, must its object have been identified with the work assigned to the deliverer in the popular conception. To some extent, that conception may have been

modified in his personal thought; but could he have found no point of union between it and his own ideal, he must have condemned himself to silence and obscurity, still working on with Joseph at his carpentry, without even lifting up his voice in exhortation or stretching forth his hands to heal. If the ideal that floated over him had been of any humble sort, he might have worked it out in humble way, anxiously waiting for the Messiah's kingdom, but never longing for its mystic crown. But such it was not. Rather, it was so grand, that, with his antecedents, he must have stood condemned at the bar of his own conscience, had he attempted to realize it in some individual way. He did not covet the responsibilities of the Messianic work. With all the modesty of the truly great, he shrank from them, and fondly hoped that he might be a follower in the Baptist's train. But his was to be the baptism of the Holy Spirit and with fire.

If, from the beginning of his mission, he could have seen its end, surely, he would not have identified himself with the Messiah's task. But what reformer ever saw the end of his work from the beginning? Did not Cromwell and Luther stand appalled at their own work? God does not call men to do this or that, but to do something great and noble; and often, when it is finished, the work of their own hands surprises them, though it be but the embodiment of his perfect plan. "Why, seeing that times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they that know him, not see his days?" Why, if not that blindness to the future is an essential element in the successful working out of its great problem? And, after all, had not Jesus as good a right as any one to decide on the attributes of the true Messiah, and by them judge of his own fitness for the Messianic work. As it is from great artists that art gets its laws, is it not from great religious souls that religion borrows its ideals? And may it not be said of Jesus, that from him the Messianic ideal received its finishing touches, and in him it was grandly realized?

ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THOSE who have been drawn by Dr. Noyes's translation to a more careful study of the language of the Testament, and to feel an interest in the questions of text and interpretation which it brings up, will welcome the further help they will find in the handsome companion volume prepared by Mr. Folsom.* His principles of translation differ sufficiently to give that part of his work a value of its own. Its style is a good deal more modern than the other, — with more, probably, to offend the feeling of those who prize the verbal associations they are wonted to, but for that reason more suggestive, often, to those who seek the sense behind the words. A translation, like our Common Version, which has been imbedded in the popular speech, and has colored all our religious phraseology, for nearly three hundred years, stands, in one sense, outside the range of criticism. It has to be assumed as a point of departure, — very much like an original classic, of which all modern versions are so many independent studies from different points of view. The great majority of the public will never care for a different "standard version" than the one they have got. Practically, the best way of dealing with a classic is to keep it, essentially, in the shape we have always known; and freshen it, not by altering that, but by accurate understanding of its points in detail. It is for the sake of the side-light they throw on the version already so familiar, that we feel most indebted to the new attempts at rendering, — not for the sake of the substitute they offer. And the existence of an excellent version, like that of Dr. Noyes, is a fresh reason for, not against, a similar study, by one who comes to the task with a purpose and training somewhat different.

The particular value of Mr. Folsom's volume, however, will be found not merely in his theory or his success as a translator; but, still more, in the independent material which he has combined with it. His introductory essay is admirable for the calm, modest, and

* The Four Gospels. Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf. With the various readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others, and with Critical and Expository Notes. By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

devout manner in which he gives the motive and principle that have guided him in his work. His notes are—as his pupils of former years will testify—the fruit of much faithful and honest study: we have ourselves been witness of the anxious and unsparing fidelity with which he has given them their final revision in the troublesome and costly correction of his stereotype plates. And it is a service for which the student of the gospel record will especially thank him, that he has endeavored to set forth the cardinal points on which the interpretation of it turns, so as to take just the shape, in the common mind, that it has to the scholar who examines the critical editions for himself. His table of Various Readings, prepared with much care, will give an intelligent reader a better view of the real questions at issue than volumes of dissertation; and this alone will fully justify, to teachers or learners in our numerous Bible classes, the preparation of the volume.

Its reverent and devout tone of commentary give this book a further and special value to most of those likely to use it; while the great beauty of its typography, and its convenient size, make it more than usually pleasant to handle and to read.

No writer of the ancient time has been more underrated and more neglected, than the Alexandrine Philo. His method of allegorizing has fastened upon him a contempt which he does not fairly deserve. He is really a clear, strong, and direct narrator, more intelligible and more trustworthy than most of those who have undertaken to tell the events in which their passions were enlisted, and in which they bore active part. Josephus has always been the standard authority in the story of the wars and persecutions of the Jews. But it is now coming to be recognized that Josephus was not only a supple time-server in his management of affairs, but an unscrupulous manipulator of the facts in his history. As between the two, no candid student will hesitate to prefer Philo to Josephus, as more accurate, more impartial, and even more sagacious.

This neglect of Philo, however, has been more marked in France and in England than in Germany. Nearly a hundred years ago, Gottleber published his ingenious "*Animadversions*" on the "*Legation*" of Philo. In the year 1800 appeared the "*Philonian Chrestomathy*" of Dahl. It is fifty years since Denzinger's "*Dissertation on Philo's Philosophy and the Jewish School in Alexandria*" threw new light on the origin of Christian orthodoxy. Scheffler's "*Philonian Questions*" treat of Jewish life and customs under the reign of the

later Ptolemies. Gfrörer discusses, in his two volumes upon Philo, the whole subject of the Alexandrine theology, and Daehne follows up this discussion more fully. In the last twenty years, there have been numerous articles in the German theological journals on this prolific theme.

M. Ferdinand Delaunay,* whose works upon the "Acts of the Apostles" we have already noticed in this Review, has attempted to restore the honor of Philo in the land where the rights of Jews have been so fully recognized. His solid volume is one of the most interesting and welcome of the recent contributions to theological literature. His admirable translation of the two most valuable historical works of Philo, the book "Against Flaccus," and the "Legation to Caius," quite vindicates his praise of the Alexandrine scholar. He proposes in subsequent volumes to continue these translations, and add to the historical works the treatises of doctrine and exposition. It was a happy idea to begin with the works which every one can understand, and in which there is so little of fanciful speculation. Hardly any thing is here to show in Philo a mystic or a dreamer. It is a shrewd man of the world, a practical philosopher, as well as an ardent patriot, who discourses of men and things he knows.

A well-written life of Philo, and a comprehensive and graphic "Introduction" prepare the reader for the narrative of the translation. But Philo's style is so easy, and his material so well arranged, that the introduction, interesting as it is, was, after all, not necessary. Both together give us a picture under lights a little varied, of the Jews in the reign of the first Roman emperors, — their numbers, their influence, their business, their relations to the aristocracy and the people, their way of life, their religious and political place, their patience, their hope and their bigotry. This picture is not that which has been usually given in the histories. It is quite time that the old idea of the insignificance of the Jewish people to Pagan nations and rulers in the age of the Herods should be greatly modified, if not wholly reversed. The most recent researches of scholars seem to show that no foreign people had more influence upon Roman opinion and manners in the time of the first Cæsars, than this widely scattered race of Abraham. The dispersion of the Jews, which was finished when Titus destroyed the Temple, had been virtually accomplished some centuries earlier;

* Philon D'Alexandrie, *Écrits Historiques, Influence, Luites, et Persécutions des Juifs dans le Monde Romain*. Par FERDINAND DELAUNAY, de Fontenay. Paris: Didier et Cie., 1867. 8vo. pp. xvi. 389.

and when Philo wrote, there were far more of his people speaking Greek than speaking the Syrian tongue, far more in the lands of Europe and Africa than in the small country of Palestine.

There are two interesting questions concerning Philo on which M. Delaunay gives a decided opinion, though he does not argue them at length. One is of Philo's conversion to Christianity, of which Eusebius has the legend. In the works of Philo we certainly find no evidence that he had any faith in Jesus, or, indeed, that he knew any thing about Jesus. He had a doctrine of the Logos, very distinct and positive; but he does not, like the author of the fourth Gospel, identify the Logos with the Man of Nazareth. In the preface to his translation of Philo's work on the "Contemplative Life," this question will be thoroughly treated; and it will be shown that Philo was in no sense a Christian or an apologist for Christianity. He knew less about it than Josephus knew, or at any rate he said less about it.

The other question, if Philo was acquainted with Seneca, the Stoic philosopher, M. Delaunay decides affirmatively. When the father of Seneca was prefect of Egypt, the young student lived for some time in Alexandria; and from the letters that he wrote, it is evident that he had been drawn to some of the ascetic practices of the Jewish people. Philo was as well known in Alexandria as Sotion was. That Seneca says nothing of the one, while he praises the other, does not prove that he had no intercourse with Philo. Seneca was a prudent man; and it would not be prudent to confess acquaintance with the teacher of a false religion.

C. H. B.

THAT Seneca was an acquaintance of the Jew Philo, seems to M. Delaunay a reasonable conjecture. That the more famous Stoic Marcus Aurelius was the friend of the more famous Rabbi Jehuda, compiler of the Talmud of Jerusalem, seems to Herr Bodek a fact capable of absolute demonstration.* The Talmud speaks of the intercourse of this great doctor of the synagogue, with an emperor, Antoninus by name. Now there were *seven* of that name: which of these is meant? On this question the authorities widely differ. The mediæval writers are undecided between Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. Jost argues for Caracalla; Cassel for Heliogabalus; Grætz for Alexander Severus; Frankel for Lucius Verus; Sachs for

* Marcus Aurelius Antoninus als Freund und Zeitgenosse des Rabbi Jehuda ha Nasi. Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte von Dr. ARNOLD BODEK. Leipzig, 1868. 8vo. pp. x. 158.

some later emperor; Rapoport for Marcus Aurelius. Rapoport is the grandfather of Herr Bodek, and filial piety predisposes this Rabbi to accept a theory which careful criticism fully confirms. In the first place, he proves a negative for all the other theories, and shows that Antoninus cannot be meant. Then he establishes the possibility, on chronological grounds, that Marcus Aurelius could have had intercourse with the learned Jew; then the probability, and finally reduces it to moral certainty. The whole argument is a very nice piece of special pleading, — so nice that the reader almost doubts of the conclusion.

Herr Bodek attaches no value to the fanciful Rabbinical story, that the mother of Rabbi Judah came to Rome with her infant son, where she found refuge and protection in the house of the mother of Aurelius, exchanging with this noble matron the office of nurse, so that the two infants were foster-brethren, and friends from the cradle. He is contented to believe that the acquaintance began in the late visit of the Emperor to Syria, and that he sought out the famous scholar whose name of "Rabbi" was more than a formal title, — was an expression of the deepest love and reverence of his people. So much of the volume is taken up with proving the identity of the emperor and the fact that he and the Rabbi were contemporaries, that the more important matter of their intercourse is condensed into a short chapter. Indeed, the traditions of this intercourse are not very full. The conversations reported about prayer and the times for prayer, about the relations of soul and body, about the responsibility of men for their deeds, about the origin of life, and about the spiritual life, do not illustrate very well the difference between the Stoic and the Rabbinic theories. The emperor's questions are answered by the Rabbi in the genuine Jewish style of parable; and the analogies of these parables are not more conclusive as argument than most analogies. The whole sketch of their interviews is in outline rather than in relief and color. The Jew did not convert the heathen, in spite of the good-will which he won by his grave wisdom and his broad charity. Herr Bodek does not pretend that the Stoic was induced to modify any of his views about God and duty and destiny, by the communications of the Talmudic doctor. That letters passed between them afterwards, he has no doubt, or that the friendship continued to the death of the emperor.

In the meditations of M. Aurelius, sentences may be found which strongly resemble sentences in the Talmud; but this by no means

proves that the Jewish philosophy suggested them to the Roman Stoic. One of the fruitful discoveries of our time has been the identity of the aphorisms of religion in nations the most widely separated. Confucius in China, the books of the Brahmins, the Greek sages, the Roman moralists, the Hebrew Rabbins, all speak doctrines which Christians have fondly believed were peculiar to their own religion. The golden rule is not merely a rule of the gospel. It is the rule of natural ethics, a law which is taught by the light of every soul. Mr. Farrar, in his beautiful essays on the "Seekers after God," gladly confesses that men have found Christian truth in other ways than through the Christian story, and the saving grace in other ways than through the church confessions. He admits the Stoics into the heaven of the elect, and ranks Aurelius with the chosen saints. It is a little singular that the discussion, how far Seneca and Marcus Aurelius were influenced by or inclined to the Christianity of their time, should find a counterpart in the discussion, how far these same philosophers were influenced by or inclined to the Judaism of their time. Mr. Farrar gives no heed to the intercourse of Seneca with Philo, or of Aurelius with Rabbi Jehuda, while he notices the Christian relations of his heroes only to leave them outside of the Gospel. It is much more probable that the opinions of the synagogue had weight with the Stoics, than the opinions of the Nazarene. Marcus Aurelius persecuted the Christians, as even Mr. Farrar has sadly to confess. He cannot quite explain away this blot upon the fair fame of his hero, which remains as ineffaceable, if not as damning, as the murder of Servetus upon the fair fame of Calvin. But the Jews Marcus Aurelius did not persecute. He gave them privileges and favors, though they helped him by no miracle of a "thundering legion." In his time the race of Israel had peace and quietness; and only a reasonable gratitude refers this to the influence of the great Rabbi.

C. H. B.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

A TREATISE upon constitutional law for the use of general students has been very much needed. Story and Duer both wrote especially for *law* students; and the number of years that have passed, and the important changes made in the Constitution and in its interpretation since their day, render their works hardly fitted to the needs of the present generation. Mr. Farrar's book,* again, is interesting as

* An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States. Especially designed for students, general and professional. By JOHN NORTON POME-

marking the extreme reaction against the doctrine of State rights, resulting from the war, but can hardly be regarded as furnishing a sound basis of opinion for students. But Professor Pomeroy writes expressly for the use of college students, whose needs he understands from experience: his views are decided, but not extreme; and he has the power of presenting them in terse and forcible language, so that the student will feel at every step that he is in contact with a mind of masculine grasp and thorough training.

We have said that Mr. Pomeroy's views are just and moderate; and yet, on the great question of nationality, we do not altogether agree with him. His view may be briefly stated as follows: that the Declaration of Independence was a *national* act,—the colonies acting as a unit; and that subsequently, by a sort of usurpation, the several States possessed themselves of a factitious sovereignty, so that the establishment of a national government by the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787, was simply a return to the original status of 1776.

This theory appears to us rather as a device to escape from an unpalatable alternative, than a natural inference from the acknowledged facts in the case. Mr. Pomeroy says, p. 39, "Grant that in the beginning the several States were, in any true sense, independent sovereignties, and I see no escape from the extreme positions reached by Mr. Calhoun." But no proof is offered of the necessity of this conclusion, except the inherent right belonging to every independent nationality, "of supreme, continued self-existence." This right, he adds, "can only be destroyed by overwhelming opposing force; it cannot be permanently parted with by any constitution, treaty, league, or bargain." But surely this is begging the point at issue. Why cannot a State surrender its sovereignty by merging it into another? This is what the several United States appear to have done; but as this again is the point in dispute, we do not see at any rate how it can be denied that Scotland did it in the union with England. Even Mr. Pomeroy admits that the States *exercised* sovereignty under the Confederation, and parted with it under the Constitution; it appears to us that the State which exercises sovereignty, is sovereign to all intents and purposes.

To our mind a great part of the difficulty in this question arises

ROY, LL.D., Dean of the Law School, and GRISWOLD, Professor of Political Science in the University of New York; author of "An Introduction to Municipal Law." New York: published by Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge, Riverside Press, 1868. 8vo. pp. 549.

from a desire to find in the acts and expressions of that epoch as clear notions of the nature of the government framed as we possess at the present day, — a notion which the men of that time had neither the leisure nor the disposition to form. They were making history, not criticising it; creating institutions, not defining them. They do not appear to have attempted any distinct statement of the nature of the new government. They did not look at the question as lawyers, who must reduce every thing to rule and precedent, but as statesmen who had a particular work to do, and set themselves about it without concerning themselves much with definitions. They even took pains to leave the written document, which was the only form of constitution which it was possible for them to adopt, as free to expand and develop as was possible in the nature of things.

Even if they had desired to reduce every thing to precise formula, it would have been impossible, situated as they were. At every moment of time, action was the one indispensable thing, and upon modes of action they could agree tolerably well; but there was no time when their abstract views were not so at variance with each other that any attempt to bring them to absolute uniformity must have resulted in destroying what unity there was.

The first steps towards resistance and independence seem without doubt to have been taken by the individual colonies; but when the Continental Congress was once established, it is true that it assumed extraordinary powers, and exercised almost absolute authority through the first years of the war. It unquestionably overstepped the strict limit of its delegated powers, and we see no reason why this should not be branded as usurpation, as well as the later powers of the Confederation; but it was a usurpation rendered necessary by the exigencies of the time. The Declaration of Independence was made, as Mr. Pomeroy says, while these high sovereign powers were in the hands of the Congress; but he omits to say, what we believe to have been the case, that the power of Congress itself was derived from the action of the individual colonies, acting together by agreement and concert of understanding, not as under any central authority. As we hold with our author in regard to the practical recognition of State rights under the Confederation, it is not necessary to follow him here. On the formation of the Constitution in 1787 again, we agree with him that a genuinely national government was the result; but while he believes that this was the resumption of a suspended sovereignty, we believe that the sovereign States actually surrendered their sovereign-

ty, and merged it in that of the new government. Of course we can offer no argument for this except the facts themselves as admitted by both. The sovereignty was *actually* possessed by the States in 1787, and in 1789 had passed into the possession of the new government; seeing that this act was, *in all appearance*, a real transfer of sovereignty, we submit that the burden of proof is against those who deny that such a transfer could take place, and that it is incumbent on them to bring forward some more cogent argument than a mere assertion that it could not. The doctrine that the apparent sovereignty of the States was a sham, is merely an inference from this unproved assertion.

In these arguments, as well as in his strictures upon Austin's views in regard to the sovereignty in the United States, Professor Pomeroy appears to us to make the mistake of insisting upon a theoretical definition of sovereignty, rather than accepting it as a fact wherever it exists; as Austin, for instance, in speaking of the relation of Frederick the Great to the Imperial Government, remarks in support of his sovereignty: "Being in a habit of thrashing its armies, he was not in a habit of submission to his seeming feudal superior." (Vol. i. p. 212.) It is the bane of our American discussions of political science, that they almost universally base themselves on theoretical and natural rights, rather than on facts as they exist. In the case under discussion, we hold that the sovereignty was *actually* transferred more than once during the transition from the colonial to the federal government. Mr. Pomeroy holds that it was in abeyance during a considerable portion of this time.

To return to the Convention of 1787, it is very clear to one who attentively considers the relations of parties, that it was not possible to define the new government with any precision, and that those must be disappointed who go to that instrument for unqualified support of either one theory or another. Both Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster had to be satisfied with inferences and probable argument, and so has Mr. Pomeroy; and, for the matter of that, so have we ourselves. And the reason is, that any thing more definite would have split the Convention, and left the country worse off than it was before. Its members were too wise to be willing to sacrifice the thing for a name.

There were two opposite parties in this Convention. One, headed by Luther Martin, wished to retain the Confederacy with little alteration; the other, led by Hamilton, would have liked to form a complete consolidation of all the States into one nation: the majority of the

members probably occupied middle ground between these two extremes. Of course, neither party had its way. A compromise was made which instituted practically the kind of government that was needed, but left questions of definition to be settled when they came up. The term *nation* was left in abeyance, but the *thing* was brought into life. An end was put to the interregnum or transition of sovereignty, and the various powers and functions of government were enumerated and organized. The practical result was accomplished, — a result on the whole satisfactory to the majority, although perhaps not satisfactory in every particular to any one. But any attempt to say, in so many words, either that the new government was a nation, or that it was a mere confederacy, would have inevitably led to the failure of the whole scheme. They called it, what it certainly was, a Federal Union; and left it for time and circumstances to determine its precise character.

It is at any rate apparent to any one who reads the debates in the conventions, that the Constitution was regarded as establishing a *new government* of the whole people, and was opposed on that ground. Luther Martin refused to sign the document for the reason that “the people at large” had no right to form such an instrument. It is further clear that the powers conferred upon the general government are sovereign in their nature; and that by this act the loose congeries of States was transformed into a vigorous nation, capable of maintaining its dignity and credit, both towards its own citizens and towards foreign nations. The founders of our government were wise. They laid a foundation upon which they trusted that a firm government must be built; and their hopes have not been deceived. The fine-spun subtleties of Calhoun have ever failed to convince the people of the United States that they are not a nation; nor do we believe with Mr. Pomeroy that our nationality depends on so weak a basis as the impossibility of a voluntary alienation of sovereignty. W. F. A.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

IF Letourneau’s “Physiology of the Passions” * does not prove any new theory of emotion and sentiment, it certainly classifies facts very carefully and reasons upon them ingeniously. The book is admirably arranged, and is interesting and fascinating from beginning to end.

* *Physiologie des Passions*. Par CH. LETOURNEAU. Paris: Germer Baillière, 1868. 18mo, pp. 230.

How far Letourneau is a materialist, we do not know; for his reasoning is quite consistent with a belief in spiritual substance and in personal immortality. He agrees with the materialists in rejecting the psychological method of studying the soul, and longs for the day when "metaphysics shall die." If the voices of scientific men could decide the question, metaphysics would seem to be already as good as dead, sent to the shades along with other follies and delusions, — alchemy, witchcraft, demoniac possession, and the rest. Metaphysics is now forced to excuse itself for asking a hearing, and has to take the humble tone of a suppliant. A few brave Hegelians continue to raise their voices, but these are only the voices of drowning men, who swim here and there in the vast abyss. *Physiology* now must demonstrate the soul, if its existence is to be allowed and justified.

Letourneau's work is in five books. The first treats of Life and of Needs, and lays out the plan of the subsequent books. He divides the *needs* of man into three classes, — *nutritive* needs of circulation, of digestion, of respiration; *sensitive* needs, — those that bring pleasure, as the generative impulse, and the exercise of the special senses, seeing, hearing, tasting, and the like; and *cerebral* needs, which are moral and intellectual. The moral needs diminish as years go on, and are far more pressing in youth than in age, and in the soul of woman than in the soul of man. Religious needs are classed as cerebral. They vary with impressibility and intelligence. There is no natural religion, unless we call fetichism such, which is the first religion of the child, and of the races so simple and so ignorant as to be no better than children. Naturally, infants are unconscious atheists. From this they go on to fetichism, polytheism, monotheism, and finally to pantheism or atheism, of which they are conscious.

The second book treats of the elements of Passion, of Desire and Will, and of Emotion. Letourneau holds with most of the physiologists, that, strictly speaking, there can be no free-will, that all acts are the inevitable results of predetermined causes. But he allows a *quasi* free-will in the control which many have over passion and in the balance of emotions. He defines the will to be "the power a making all the forces of one's being converge to a given end, when this power acts with an apparent freedom." The consciousness of freedom is as good as real freedom, in the practical work of life.

The third and longest book treats of the passions in themselves, nutritive, sensitive, and cerebral. The sixty pages which are given

to this topic are very instructive on the nutritive passion ; for instance, there are anecdotes of *polyphages*, of immense eaters, whose passion for food could never be satisfied. The grenadier Tarare could eat a quarter of beef in twenty-four hours, and could tear live cats to pieces and eat them. Devise L'Hermina, a French schoolmistress, could eat thirty pounds of bread in a day, and browse on grass like Nebuchadnezzar, without at all troubling her digestion. When she was dying, and could no longer eat, she would have her sister eat, that she might see at any rate what had been her highest pleasure.

The fourth book treats of the progress and changes of passion, how it dies, how it becomes insanity, how it becomes ecstasy. In this book, Letourneau has borrowed largely from the experiences of the Saints, — Augustine, Francis, Loyola, and Theresa. The physical conditions of rapture, as he states them, quite rob this heavenly state of its spirituality. St. Theresa is shown as no better than an insane dervish, and her visions and exaltations are the natural product of a brain crazed by fastings and penance.

The fifth book treats of Passional Physiognomy, of temperaments and their influences. In this part there is nothing new. The old division of lymphatic, sanguine, nervous, and bilious, is retained, making the apathetic, the active, the sensitive, and the passionate men. Morality depends almost wholly on temperament and circumstance. The ideas of Letourneau on this question of morality are well expressed in the closing sentences of his remarkable book.

“Notions of goodness and justice are not innate and bright in the human brain. They come only from education acting upon the individual and the series of his ancestors. They are not divine or necessary ideas : if they were, what use in your prisons and your hangmen ? Have we need of such stimulants to excite desires which are really innate and natural ? The penal code loudly protests against the philosophic fiction.

“Does it follow that we must not repress and punish where we are not able to hinder, that we must leave free field to all instincts which are hurtful to the individual and to society. Certainly not : we must punish, not in the name of a justice calling itself invariable, by reason of its divine origin, or of a conviction purely intuitive, and consequently infinitely variable ; but in the name of the much more modest idea of the common interest, of utility scientifically determined ; and we mean by utility all that can favor the simultaneous development of the individual and society, all that can raise the individual and the

race as high as possible from the *nutritive* plane, as near as possible to the intellectual and moral summit.

"To do this will require an immense revolution in ideas, and consequently in facts.

"The judge will be less hard and unyielding, when he bears no longer a divine sword; from a cruel priest, he will become a pitying healer. May this little volume hasten in some degree the coming of that happy era!"

C. H. B.

MISCELLANY.

"SAUL,"* by the acknowledgment of all its critics, is a "remarkable" poem. It is remarkable for its choice of subject; for the hard, literal fidelity with which it follows the Scripture narrative; for the immense expansion it gives to the details of it; for the boldness (rather than success) of its attempt to introduce supernatural machinery and *dramatis personæ*; for its vigorous and unconventional handling of poetic raw material, with the most severe and conventional rendering of its main topic; for its great felicity, often, in the use of Scripture language and imagery; for its energy and daring in the use of the dramatic form, and its apparent sympathy with the tone of the Hebrew story, along with a lack of dramatic or historic imagination which makes it valueless as an interpretation of the higher meaning. It is greatly hurt by its excessive length. Its poetic expression, which is often forcible, and its poetic thought, which is often fresh, need the pruning of a skilful and unsparing hand, to relieve it of much that makes its form rude and cumbrous. And, though in dramatic keeping, we do not admire such efforts of wit as this (p. 167):—

"Here's monkey's-cap. — Egad! 'twould cap a monkey
To say what I have gathered;"

"cap" being, as we are informed, Yorkshire for "puzzle" or "surprise." There is an obvious and painfully scrupulous study to keep the line of story marked out in the Hebrew record,—marred by imagery that speaks of Canadian woods, and not of the hills of Judah, and of pastoral pipes turned to the very modern service of smoking! These things show a mind capable and courageous enough to take its own view and say its own thought independently. But it was

* Saul: a Drama. By CHARLES HEAVYSEGE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

an error of judgment to attempt the treatment of a topic, which required kindred powers, developed in a larger way, to meet the hard task of interpreting a remote time and people, poetically, to the mind of our own time. It is no disparagement to the author to say, that his training is not equal to his natural vigor, and that his work is an attempt rather than a success.

Mr. Heavysege is an Englishman, from Yorkshire, who has lived in America some fifteen years; a resident of Montreal, who forsook the occupation of wood-carving for that of reporter to the daily press; and was drawn to literature by strong natural bent, rather than special cultivation. Besides this poem, he has published a small volume of Sonnets, a drama called "Count Filippo," and "Jephthah's Daughter," a poetic narrative, which last, in our judgment, is greatly superior to either of his larger works, — the simplicity of outline keeping him closer to the really strong points of his story. A few lines from this poem will illustrate the blending of real vigor and freshness of fancy, with lack of true imagination or dramatic insight: —

“ For it befell upon high holiday
In Gilead, whose quaint-built capital,
Old Mizpeh, filled her streets with all her throng,
When Jephthah, followed by his patriot host,
From Ammon vanquished and her cities spoiled,
Returned triumphant. Banners filled the air,
And martial music, and a roar of joy
From the wild, welcoming multitude, that stood
Dense as primeval woods, aspiring, spread
In carnival attire of brightest hues,
O'er balcony and beam, o'er tower and tree,
Thick as the blooms of spring on orchard walls;
And, climbing, clustered on adventured heights
Till nought was vacant: top of tallest pile
Was covered, and the nest of crow and crane
Invaded, whilst the grinning urchin sat
Astraddle on the gilded, yielding vane.”

Every word of this description is vigorous; but every image of it (except the last) is purely modern and conventional. Compare it, for instance, with Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," — in which there is not a picture that suggests a different landscape than the scene of the tragic tale, or a phrase that reminds one of a later date; or with the absolutely pure paganism of "Atalanta in Calydon." Mr. Heavysege has all the qualities that are needed to

make an admirable *Canadian* poet.* Let him take counsel of Mr. Whittier: give us an American poem of "Ottawa," fragrant only of pine woods; or reproduce for us such scenes of life among the Hurons as Mr. Parkman has told us of; and he will find a more cordial welcome and a heartier appreciation from his critics than these more ambitious efforts have received.

THE large number of readers with whom "Friends in Council" has been a favorite book will be glad to see it in a new, handsome, and permanent shape.* Without quite force enough for dramatic characterization, Mr. Helps has sufficient versatility, fancy, and cultivated observation to give very agreeable outlines of the persons of his dialogue; and the views he offers, in his graceful and thoughtful way, come with a sort of dramatic fitness from their lips. The shrewd, sarcastic, kind-hearted, but keen-tongued lawyer; the thoughtful, cultivated, humane man of letters; the man of the world, pessimistic and self-indulgent; the modest and somewhat bashful scholar; the amiable group of ladies, — do not, perhaps, interest us much as individuals; but they give the necessary relief, in a series of views which would be a little too quietly serious without them. There is some slight approach to humor; but the essays are much more strongly marked by good sense, right feeling, a conscientious thoughtfulness, practised observation, and a style which puts them very high among the better writings of the day. The points of view are those of refined and intellectual English society; but Mr. Helps's own special studies of the Spanish history, character, and people, stand out at intervals in very agreeable relief, and give a more marked value and interest to many of these pages. There is a certain tenderness, too, in his style of thought, which makes his essays singularly wholesome and attractive. Among writings of their class, there are very few which have a superior or equal claim on the attention of the public.

WE are acquainted with Mr. Osborn's dramatic series, of which five volumes are announced, and two already published, only through the two comedies whose titles we give below.* The first volume,

* Friends in Council; a Series of Readings, and Discourse thereon. New York: James Miller. Second Series.

† The Montanini: a Comedy; — also, The School for Critics: a Comedy, Being in continuation of the Fourth Volume of the Dramatic Series. By LAUGHTON OSBORN. New York: James Miller.

consisting of the tragedies Calvary, Virginia, and Bianco Capello, has been noticed, and (we should think) unduly disparaged by the newspaper press, to judge from a few specimens which the author cites in his own vindication. "The Montanini" is a pleasant romance, pleasantly and dramatically told, of the reconciliation of two patrician houses of Siena long at feud, by the generosity and noble love of one of the rival heads, who interposes to rescue the other from a malicious imprisonment, leading in due course to the betrothal of each to the sister of his foe. "The story is founded on the forty-ninth novel of *Bandello*," and seems, with good skill in dramatic dialogue, to be faithfully drawn and colored after the manner of the time, the fourteenth century. Of the tragedies, "Calvary" is especially daring, and inevitably offensive in its plot, handling with free hand the characters of scripture story; the plot turning, as we judge from the extracts given, on the love and companionship between Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene, for whom, in the straits of poverty, Judas sells his Master to purchase bread,—vainly hoping that he may be forced into a proclamation and establishing of his kingdom! The critics seem to have shown our author little mercy, and to have provoked the reply which the author has made, with bad temper and worse taste, in "The School for Critics,"—a travesty quite too coarse to be any thing but disagreeable to the reader, and a damage to the writer. Yet there is vigor in his style of treatment, and abundant courage, and a burst of wholesome honesty now and then. He cites at great length in his notes—which are the entertaining part of this comedy—the unflattering judgments of his natural enemies, the critics; and gives the passages in full which they have mutilated and disparaged. Instead of these, we copy the author's frank testimonial respecting his own works (p. 511):—

"I venture the assertion, without any hesitancy (because I speak after due comparison), that, whatever the defects of my pieces, there are not, in the whole range of dramatic writing, from *Æschylus* down, any series of *characters* that are better discriminated, more life-like, and more true to nature, than my own."

THE "Great Dean"—the poet, historian, preacher—has well given his last words to the sanctuary in whose service most of his days have been spent.* Admiring the structure beyond measure; laboring

* *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral*. By HENRY H. MILMAN, late Dean. London: Murray, 1868.

successfully for its greater usefulness as a place of worship; rejoicing in its becoming the shrine of renowned warriors, artists, and statesmen,—the close of his services has fitly been the detail of the antiquities of this great English Cathedral, with passing allusions to the leading events in English history, and brief sketches of the prominent personages in church and state. Through the mist of the Roman occupation of England, through the Papal despotism, through the struggles of the Reformation, through bloody persecution, through the great London fire, and the rebuilding by Sir Christopher Wren,—the graceful pen of the Christian historian glides on, sketching a single city church with the interest belonging to the progress of Christianity itself, making St. Paul's Cathedral a sufficient index of the church spirit of England during all these Christian centuries.

In this most acceptable monument to himself, as well as to his sanctuary, the Dean shows the great architect embarrassed, foiled, and disgraced, as modern church-builders so frequently are, by the interference of tasteless committee-men. Though the exterior was Sir Christopher's, except that he was not allowed the wide space he desired to display its fine proportions, the completion of the interior was taken from him, and given to an incompetent person by the name of Benson.

“Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And namby-pamby be preferred to wit.”

Another curious fact, besides this presumptuous interference with the plans of the greatest of English church-architects, is, that the history of St. Paul's resembles that of other old churches in the abuses of its hallowed precincts. At its west door, the lotteries were drawn during Queen Elizabeth's reign, as has since been the case in some churches at Rome. The church walls were lined with advertisements, not always the most decent; the nave and aisles were abandoned to thieves, ruffians, and the profligate of both sexes; the Common Council of London declares that “many of the inhabitants of London made a thoroughfare for fish, flesh, fruit, and other gross wares through the Cathedral” itself; and Queen Elizabeth had to forbid fighting within its walls by a special penalty. Well might the good Dean exult that of late the finer portion of the Cathedral had been adapted to evening service, and that crowds assembled regularly for united worship amid all that could impress the heart and inspire the soul.

F. W. H.

MANUALS of politeness and etiquette are a class of works which find ready sale, and which increase in number with the increase of wealth and luxury. The man who has made his fortune by traffic in hides or in pork, or by speculations in stocks, and has built his house in some fashionable city street, hastens to learn the ways of good society, and to fit himself for his proper place among the aristocracy. It is important for his sons and daughters to know the rules of courtesy and good breeding, that the advantage of their ample wealth may not be lost or wasted. Most of these treatises are catch-penny works, compiled by men who have small knowledge of fashionable life, much less of "good society," and who have got their information at second hand. Feeble wit, worn-out jokes, and thin moralizing, make the substance of their teaching. But the *English Handbook* which has now been twice republished,* is a work of altogether more value, as wise and solid as it is quaint and entertaining. It is not made up of scraps, but is the original thought and advice of those who know of what they speak, and are competent to advise. There are two authors of the book. A bachelor writes the rules and suggestions for gentlemen; and a mature matron tells her sex what they should put on and how they must behave. The book is written for Englishmen and Englishwomen; but, with allowance made for slight differences of custom, it is just as good for the Anglo-Saxon race on this side of the sea, or for any race in civilized society. Very few of its suggestions are out of place, and none are fantastic. The long title exactly describes it, and it shows the way of making one's self agreeable in the ordinary duties and relations of social life.

The greatest annoyances in life are in perplexities about common things. The sins that easily beset us are failures in propriety, violations of good taste and good breeding; and far more misery comes from these than from remorse for heinous wrongs. How to carve, how to salute, how to shake hands, how to talk in company, whom to invite to parties, how to dress the body, how to arrange the hair, how to wear ornaments, how to get along with servants, how to

* *The Habits of Good Society. A Handbook for Ladies and Gentlemen: with thoughts, hints, and anecdotes concerning social observances, nice points of taste, and good manners; and the art of making one's self agreeable. The whole interspersed with humorous illustrations of social predicaments; remarks on the history and changes of fashion; and the differences of English and Continental etiquette. (From the last London edition.) New York: Carleton, 1868. 12mo, pp. 480.*

walk, how to sit, how to cough, and how to laugh, — all these seeming trifles are the source of endless anxiety of mind. One who can enlighten us in these things is a real benefactor. And there are very few persons of either sex who cannot be helped by hints concerning these social needs and duties. None of us are sure that our demeanor and carriage are quite right, and that we have not habits which those around find unpleasant. No teaching of manuals, certainly, will make a perfect gentleman. There is a natural grace and refinement which lessons in etiquette can never give. But many bad habits may be put away by the advice of experts. No handbook can teach a nervous man to speak slowly, or make a very fat man light on horseback or in the dance. Yet the hints of this volume may guide any class in the modulations of the voice, and may save even the unwieldy from excessive awkwardness. .

In some things, the chief author of this manual departs from the traditions of English proprieties. He favors the beard, and thinks shaving absurd ; he denounces the stiff round hat ; he allows smoking in moderation, though not in the presence of ladies ; he thinks that wine should be sparingly used, not more than two kinds at a dinner ; he has no love for haughty exclusiveness, and thinks that gentlemen sitting next each other in railway cars or at table should speak with each other, and not wait to be introduced ; and the practice of "cutting" he abominates, except in extreme cases. He is not a worshipper of rank ; he treats all gambling and betting as vulgar ; and he does not make field-sports essential to the education of a gentleman. A gentleman ought, nevertheless, to know how to box, to defend himself, and to apply the persuasive argument of a timely and effectual blow, if the emergency calls for it.

C. H. B.

MR. TIMBS has compiled from the standard works of Natural History, and from the best known books of travel, some pleasant sketches of the habits of beasts and birds and fishes.* But his book is by no means made up of stories of animal oddities and eccentricities. Its title is a misnomer. Because animals belong to a class not very large in the number of its species, it does not follow that they are "eccentric." The rhinoceros is not eccentric, nor the hippopotamus, nor the ant-bear, much less the lion, of which Mr. Timbs has a good deal to

* *Eccentricities of the Animal Creation.* By JOHN TIMBS, author of "Things not Generally Known." Boston : Roberts Brothers, 1869. 16mo, pp. 352.

say. Nor are *humbugs* fairly to be reckoned with animal oddities. Mr. Timbs has a chapter on the mermaid, in which he investigates the history of this strange creature, neglecting, however, to notice the famous Feejie mermaid of the American showman. The conclusion that the whole story is a delusion should have ruled it out of the book. More suitable is the discussion on the Unicorn, which has a possible existence, though in the opinion of Mr. Weller, senior, it is a fabulous animal. Mr. Timbs is not always accurate in his statements, and has made some strange blunders; as on page 13, where, speaking of Montezuma's menagerie, he says, "To this South-American zoölogical garden of the sixteenth century no other of its time could be compared." One who writes about animals in all parts of the world surely ought to know that Mexico is in North America. Then, on page 145, he says that "the fleetest courser can scarcely ever run more than a mile in a minute, nor support that speed beyond five or six such exertions." It is doubtful whether he means that a race-horse can run not more than five or six miles in five or six minutes, or whether he can do his mile in a minute more than five or six different times. In either case, the statement is extravagant, and beyond any recorded facts, so far as we remember. It is rare sped for a horse to run two miles in three minutes. The story of the blackbird's poisoning the young which they were unable to release from their cage (page 218) is a hasty conclusion. Mr. Timbs is not good authority in archæology, and understands the habits of living birds better than he understands fossils or ancient sculptures. We shall not take his opinion as decisive, that man did not "coexist with Mastodons." In the chapter on Talking Birds, he barely mentions the "parrot," while he dwells on the notes of singing-birds, which do not "talk" in any sense. So in the chapter on queer fish, the famous Devil Fish of Victor Hugo's romance is quite left out of the account.

The Index at the close of the volume would be more convenient, if it were more skilfully arranged. While a whole chapter is given to "Penguins," that title is not found in the Index. The subject comes under the head of "Eccentricities." There is a picture of a "Seal" in the book, but no hint of a seal in the Index.

Yet, in spite of its mistakes and its fragmentary character, Mr. Timbs's book is entertaining. The engravings, of which there are eight, are excellent; and the volume is printed in that beautiful style which has given to Roberts Brothers their honorable place among the publishers.

C. H. B.

A SUCCESSFUL missionary's "Ten Years on the Euphrates" * is no more than Dr. Anderson or any missionary official might have done as well at the bureau in Boston. The most striking fact about Mr. Wheeler's success in Eastern Turkey is the sale in one year at Harpoot of over two thousand gold dollars' worth of Bibles, showing a native demand for the word of life more remarkable than the steady increase of missionary stations, and their growing independence of foreign aid. There is almost no information given of the country or its inhabitants, no description of scenery, no narrative of events; but a great deal of shrewd advice is given to missionaries against trusting to appearances, since the gift of medicines, still more of books, gathers a crowd who are really injured by being thus treated as paupers; while, with regard to the gift, the principle holds that what people pay for, they really value. Concerts of prayer for missions, he says, are falling into neglect. *live wholly with the heathen* Where missionaries break the costly home intercourse, they are said to sink to the level of the surrounding heathen. Common sense, knowledge of human nature, and freedom from fastidious tastes, are necessary to the successful missionary, not to say the gift of manufacturing dull books on interesting lands, which leave the reader no wiser when he has finished than before he began. F. W. H.

MISSIONARY SHERRING devotes a large volume † to a minute description of the holy city of Benares, because being the living oracle of the nation, presiding over the religious destiny of one hundred and eighty millions, its future requires study. Here Hinduism is at home, in the bosom of its friends and admirers, courted by princes and millionnaires, sustained by innumerable resources, embellished by thousands of temples and hundreds of thousands of idols, swarming with pilgrims, and crowned with the offerings of a superstitious devotion. Unhappily, he confines himself too much to the surface of things, giving us the dimensions of one temple after another in tedious iteration; the abundance of images, the superabundant filth, the manifest decay, the half-hidden traces of more ancient structures, marking them with a general uniformity. These shrines of one of the oldest religions are neither so vast, so beautiful, nor so worthy of imitation, as to require or repay this minute delineation. But very few and imperfectly illustrated are

* Ten Years on the Euphrates. By Rev. C. H. WHEELER. Published by the American Tract Society, 1868.

† The Sacred City of the Hindus. By Rev. M. A. SHERRING. With an Introduction, by Fitzedward Hall. London: Trübner & Co., 1868.

Mr. Sherring's views of the condition of Hinduism itself and its future. Judged externally, it was never so flourishing; making extraordinary effort to maintain itself against the inroads of European civilization under its priests, pundits, and princes; maintaining this immense city almost upon piety alone, gathering pilgrims by the acre, numbering its still occupied temples in its sacred city by the thousand. But beneath all this parade of piety is the increase of the thirst for knowledge as never before, the multiplication of debating societies, the predilection of young men for study, and the absolute freedom of thought; above all, the spreading sect of the Brahmos, who co-operate with the telegraph and railroad, the canal and the metalled road, in throwing India open to the quickening civilization of Europe. Few, indeed, study the Vedas now; Sanscrit is getting out of date; all classes are becoming scandalized by idolatry; Hinduism is held by a relaxing grasp; whenever the tide changes openly, when the warm imagination of the Hindu is turned to Christianity, and his heart vitalized by its influence, India will lead the rest of Asia in casting her idols away, will be the servant of a new civilization and the herald of a higher humanity.

F. W. H.

THE most curious as well as useful of the books by the author of "Self-Help," is the last,* the history of the creation of English manufactures through the persecution of French Protestants. It is strange to see England, as a merely pastoral country, importing all its clothing &c., until the Flemish artisans, exiled by civil war, and the French weavers, driven out by Romish persecution, built up the industry, wealth, and independence of Great Britain. Sismondi states that France lost nearly a million of population soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, though some of it perished miserably enough, a large share went to create the manufacturing skill of England. Wherever the French Huguenot settled, the neighborhood flourished: new industries were introduced, wealth flowed in; France experienced a permanent loss, while England obtained an independence of which it had not dreamed. It is singular that so many names of familiar articles have been derived from the seats of their production abroad,—mechlin lace, of Mechlin; diaper, of Ypres; cambric, of Cambray; tulle, of Tulle; damask, of Damascus; dimity, of Dami-etta; delph ware, from Delft; venetian glass, from Venice; cordovan

* The Huguenots: Their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By SAMUEL SMILES. London: John Murray, 1867.

leather, from Cordova; and millinery, from Milan. But it is amusing to find so many distinguished persons in the highest walks of life, whom the Huguenot persecution gave to England. As a necessary result the French revolution found "emptiness of pocket, of stomach, of head, and of heart;" found the Bayles, Claudes, saviors of a century before, replaced by Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot; found the God of the Huguenot's Bible exchanged for the Goddess of Reason, and the very clergy (who had exulted over the extinction of a worship different from their own) driven forth over the same roads to the same galley-slavery, or fleeing over the sea for refuge in the same English asylum. The Huguenots' descendants remain in the same localities where they originally settled. The industries they introduced still flourish, their horror at religious oppression continues unchanged; but their distinct worship has generally ceased, as was desirable. Providence, certainly, has never preached a more emphatic discourse on the crime of religious persecution than in the wretchedness which France experienced through the banishment of its most intelligent, productive, virtuous, heroic citizens, because of their heresy.

F. W. H.

THE manful, simple, consecrated life of the true missionary, Conant, has not waited five years in vain for a biographer.* His openness of soul, his downrightness of action, his sustained fervor, his perfect practicality, make this history one of the most valuable ever written for hard workers in new places. While we beguiled a late hour with this almost autobiographic memoir, Macleod's "Earnest Student" lay open on the table, suggesting a contrast which may bring two books into notice at once. With ten times the profession, there is not a tenth part as much practice of self-dedication in John Mackintosh as in Augustus Conant; and not a hundredth part of the genuine service to humanity. With abundant means, Mackintosh travelled much, studied hard, attended theological lectures till nearly thirty years of age, when he died of consumption; having distributed, meanwhile, religious tracts; talked earnestly, especially with Jews, on spiritual themes, written on behalf of personal religion to all within his circle, and made constant preparation for the ministry of the Free Church in Scotland; this told the story of his earnestness.

* *A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant.* By ROBERT COLLYER. Boston: Horace B. Fuller, 1868.

With far less ability and no money, with no social or college culture, this Western farmer threw himself into the least compensated, most incessant, and exacting work done under the sun; started one society with which his name is identified, and revived another, which will never forget his unpretending goodness, while one who knew him in the flesh remains; and all his labor was elevated and blest by being done to deliver others, as he had himself been delivered, from darkness of soul unto spiritual light, peace, joy. At last, feeling that his country's struggle demanded every kind of help, and knowing how much practical ability of various sorts his struggle with life had developed, Conant went down into the battle, not as a formal prayer-maker, but as a good Samaritan, preaching such practical sermons as upon the value of straw to the soldier, working with might and main for temperance, watching over the sick, bringing the wounded into hospital, cheering the dying under the leaden hail itself, there to fall at last in the Brigade Hospital of Murfreesborough, a willing sacrifice, an unglorified martyr. And this was Augustus Conant's earnestness. The biography is very much like the boy's tune, which "was so good that it whistled itself;" but the sermon at the close deserved to be preserved in this enduring form, as like Starr King's address at Colonel Baker's grave, a monument more enduring than marble, the outflow of an affection more eloquent than any words.

F. W. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III. 12mo, pp. 383. \$1.50;

It is Never too Late to Mend. A matter-of-fact Romance. By Charles Reade. 8vo, paper, pp. 242. 35c.;

Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," &c. 8vo, paper, pp. 139. 35c.;

The Malay Archipelago. The Land of the Orang-Outang, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace, author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negra," "Palm-trees of the Amazon," &c. 8vo, cloth, pp. 598. \$3.50;

Kathleen. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine." 8vo, paper, pp. 183. 50c.;

The Student's Scripture History. The Old-Testament History. From the Creation to the return of the Jews from the Captivity. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Classical Examiner in the University of London. With Maps and Woodcuts. 12mo, cloth, pp. 704;

For Her Sake. By Frederick W. Robinson, author of "Carry's Confession," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, paper, pp. 191. 75c.;

The Dodge Club; or, Italy in MDCCCLIX. By James De Mille, author of "Cord and Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," &c. With one hundred Illustrations. 8vo, paper, pp. 133. 75c.;

The Virginians. A Tale of the Last Century. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the author. 8vo, paper, pp. 411. 75c.;

Three Seasons in European Vineyards. Treating of Vine Culture, Vine Disease and its Cure. Wine-making and Wines, Red and White. Wine-drinking, as affecting health and morals. By William J. Flagg. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth, pp. 321. \$1.50.

Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide. For the family or the closet. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 396. \$1.75;

The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's edition. With a Portrait of the author, and a Biographical Sketch by Bayard Taylor. Vols. I. and II. pp. 1521. \$3.50. The same. Parts I., II., III., IV., \$3.00;

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepp. Author's edition. Illustrated with Fac-similes of the original German woodcuts. 12mo, cloth, pp. 377. \$1.50;

Problematic Characters. A Novel. By Friedrich Spirlhagen, from the German, by Professor Schele De Vere. Author's edition. 12mo, cloth, pp. 507. \$1.75;

Mental Photographs. An Album for Confessions of Tastes, Habits, and Convictions. Edited by Robert Saxton. Quarto square, cloth. \$1.50;

Italy, Florence, and Venice. From the French of H. Taine. By J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo, vellum cloth, pp. 378. \$2.50;

Thunder and Lightning. By W. De Fonvielle. Translated from the French, and edited by T. L. Phipson, Ph. D., F.C.S., &c. Illustrated with Thirty-nine Engravings on wood. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 285. \$1.50;

The Wonders of Optics. By F. Marion. Translated from the French, and edited by Charles W. Quin, F.C.S. Illustrated with Seventy Engravings on wood; and a colored Frontispiece. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 276. \$1.50;

The Phenomena and Laws of Heat. By Achille Carzin, Professor of Physics in the Lyceum of Versailles. Translated and edited by Elihu Rich, editor of Griffin's "Cyclopædia of Biography" and "Occult Sciences," late editor of "The People's Magazine," &c., &c. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 265. \$1.50;

Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All-Souls College, Oxford. 2 vols. Vol. I. Essays on the Science of Religion.

Vol. II. *Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs.* New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 727. \$5.00. (See *Christian Examiner*, May, 1868.)

No Sects in Heaven, and Other Poems. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. 18mo, cloth, pp. 90. \$1.25.

The Symbolism of Freemasonry. Illustrating and explaining its Science and Philosophy. Its Legends, Myths, and Symbols. By Albert G. Mackey, M.D., author of "Lexicon of Freemasonry," "Text-Book of Masonic Jurisprudence," "Cryptic Masonry," &c., &c. New York: Clark & Maynard. 8vo, cloth, pp. 311. \$2.25.

Aspects of Humanity, brokenly mirrored in the ever-swelling Current of Human Speech. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 55. With Appendix. 75c.

The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From verbatim reports by T. J. Ellinwood, "Plymouth Pulpit." First Series. September, 1868 — March, 1869. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 438. \$2.50.

The Four Gospels. Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf. With the various readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others, and with Critical and Expository Notes. By Nathaniel S. Folsom. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 476.

The Dance of Modern Society. By W. C. Wilkinson. New York: Oakley, Mason, & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 77. \$1.

Villa Eden. The Country House on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach, author of "On the Heights," "Edelweiss," &c. Translated by Charles C. Shackford. Part II. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 8vo, paper, pp. 327. 50c.

Leander; or, Secrets of the Priesthood. By Ernest Truman. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. 8vo, paper, pp. 76.

Woman's Suffrage. The Reform against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 184. \$1.50.

The Sacristan's Household. A Story of Lippe-Deimold. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," &c. With illustrations by C. G. Bush. 8vo, paper, pp. 158. 75c.

He Knew He Was Right. Part Second. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. 8vo, paper, pp. 335. 50c.

Five Acres too Much. A truthful elucidation of the attractions of the country, and a careful consideration of the question of profit and loss as involved in amateur farming, with much valuable advice and instruction to those about purchasing large or small places in the rural districts. By Robert B. Roosevelt, author of "Game Fish of North America," "Superior Fishing, Game Birds," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth, pp. 296. \$1.50.

The Habermeyer. A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains. Translated from the German of Henry Schmid. 16mo, cloth, pp. 379. \$1.50.

Stretton. A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Hillyars and the Burtons," &c. Illustrated. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo, paper, pp. 250.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 359.

Friends in Council: a Series of Readings, and Discourse thereon. By Arthur Helps. A New Edition. New York: James Miller. 2 vols. (These volumes, with their charming mixture of Dialogue and Essay have held their place in public regard for more than twenty years, and are well worthy of the reputation which they were first to establish, of their writer, as "the most delightful essayist since Lamb and Hunt, — everywhere exhibiting acuteness, humor, a satire which gives no pain, and a quiet depth of moral feeling manifesting itself in an earnest recognition of man's social responsibilities; while his style, in qualities of purity and clearness, can hardly be matched amongst his contemporaries.")

Studies in the Evidences of Christianity. By Stephen G. Bulfinch, D.D. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 274. (This volume is a sequel to the "Manual of the Evidences," but in fulness and style of treatment is an independent work. Its value is much increased by including, besides the more usual topics, a reasonably full account of German and Oriental systems; of Apollonius, "the Christ of Philosophy;" of Mormonism and Babism, as well as a discussion of Baur's views respecting the Apostolic period, and of the argument bearing on the Fourth Gospel. Its opinions are clearly defined; its pages bear everywhere the marks of careful and honest study; while its style of treatment is fair, candid, and courteous.)

Malbone: an Oldport Romance. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Oldtown Folks. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Walter Savage Landor: a Biography. By John Foster. In Eight Books. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

ART. I. — THE EARLY HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Lectures delivered in a Course before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, by Members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on Subjects relating to the Early History of Massachusetts. Boston: Published by the Society. 1869. 8vo. pp. 498.

THE founders of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay were men of sturdy convictions and resolute will, who came hither with well-defined aims and purposes. Yet, strangely enough, it has become matter of controversy what those aims and purposes were, and how far those single-minded and single-hearted men were true to their own idea of a Christian Commonwealth. It was with the view of presenting in a popular way a restatement of their avowed purposes and of the methods by which they sought to accomplish their objects, but with no wish to excite fresh controversy, that this course of Lowell Lectures was originally planned, and that the several lectures have now been printed, most of them in an enlarged form. The design was as praiseworthy as it was difficult of execution; and too much credit cannot be awarded to the Rev. Dr. Ellis, by whom the preparation of such a course of lectures was first suggested, and through whose zeal, energy, and perseverance as chairman of the committee of arrangements, the plan was successfully carried out. We need scarcely add that their preparation and subsequent publication afford new evidence of the value of the munificent gift

which was designed to furnish precisely such mental food to the citizens of Boston, and which has, from the first, been administered with rare ability and success.

The subjects selected for treatment all relate to the period under the first charter; and throughout the volume a certain unity of plan and a general harmony of views on the more important questions are apparent. But on incidental points there is considerable diversity of opinion, and each lecture is more or less shaped and colored by the personal tastes and habits of its author. Not only is there the variety of style which one would expect to find in the productions of any twelve gentlemen not under editorial supervision, but we find also two entirely distinct kinds of composition,—the popular lecture, and the elaborate essay. To the first class belongs the admirable discourse of Mr. Eliot on the “Early Relations with the Indians,” which, in the narrow limits of twelve pages and a half, presents an eloquent and altogether satisfactory account of the efforts to Christianize the natives; and to the second class belongs Judge Parker’s thorough examination of “The First Charter and the Early Religious Legislation of Massachusetts,” which, if it is not conclusive as to the intent of the persons by whom the charter was procured, at least leaves little room for doubt on the subject, and which fully justifies its claim to fill eighty-two pages. Between these two extremes, which may very properly be taken as types of two distinct methods of dealing with the subjects selected for consideration, the lectures or essays vary in length from nineteen pages to fifty pages, and not more than two or three of the lectures could have been read within the allotted space of one hour.

The key-note to the whole discussion was struck by Dr. Ellis at the very commencement of his first lecture, in a citation from Governor Winthrop’s “Model of Christian Charity,” written on board the *Arbella* on her passage to New England. After describing his companions as persons who professed themselves fellow-members of Christ, their great leader declared that the work which they had in hand was “by a mutual consent, through a special overruling Providence and a

more than an ordinary approbation of the churches of Christ, to seek out a place of cohabitation and consortship under a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical." It is this avowed purpose of the Fathers to establish here a Christian Commonwealth, "that ourselves and posterity may be the better preserved from the common corruptions of this evil world, to serve the Lord and work out our own salvation under the power and purity of his holy ordinances," which each of the lecturers assumes as the basis of his discourse, and seeks to illustrate with more or less of fulness.

A detailed examination of each lecture would require more space than we have at command; but a brief enumeration of the subjects will show the general plan of the course, and indicate in some degree the manner in which it has been executed. The Introductory, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, has, indeed, a wide scope, and might seem at the first glance disconnected from those which follow; but on a more careful reading it will be found to be entirely in harmony with them, and to present some important considerations in regard to the influence of the physical conditions by which the Fathers were surrounded, on their character and history. Such a discussion was altogether appropriate to the time and place; and no one who is familiar with Mr. Winthrop's polished and graceful style need be told how admirably he has here done all that he undertook to do. His discourse is replete with felicitous statements and illustrations, and opens up many suggestive trains of thought. The remaining lectures of the course, besides the two already referred to, are: "The Aims and Purposes of the Founders of the Massachusetts Colony," and "Treatment of Intruders and Dissentients by the Founders of Massachusetts," both by Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., of Charlestown; "History of Grants under the Great Council for New England," by Mr. Samuel F. Haven, of Worcester; "The Colony of New Plymouth and its Relations to Massachusetts," by Mr. William Brigham; "Slavery as it once prevailed in Massachusetts," by the Hon. Emory Washburn, of Cambridge; "Records of Massachusetts under its First Charter," by the Hon. C. W. Upham, of Salem; "The Medical

Profession in Massachusetts," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "The Regicides sheltered in New England," by the Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.D.; "Puritan Politics of England and New England," by Rev. Edward E. Hale; and "Education in Massachusetts: Early Legislation and History," by Mr. George B. Emerson. All are the productions of gentlemen thoroughly conversant with the facts and arguments bearing on the subjects assigned to them, and in each case the treatment is such as might have been anticipated from a knowledge of the special qualifications of the several lecturers. Among the best of the lectures are several to which the plan of this article will not permit further reference, although they deal with subjects of great interest. In the few remarks which we intend to offer, we shall confine ourselves to three or four points in the early history of Massachusetts, about which there are the greatest misapprehension and misrepresentation.

Perhaps the most important questions discussed in any of the lectures, are those relating to the transfer of the charter, and to the rights of the founders of Massachusetts under that instrument. These questions, indeed, underlie all the rest; and according to the answer which we give them, must be our estimate of the Fathers. If the transfer of the charter was merely a piece of successful trickery, and the government which was set up here was merely a successful usurpation, it will be impossible to vindicate the character of Winthrop and his associates. If the transfer of the government and the patent could not be done legally, the acts of Sir Edmund Andros and his dependants were not infringements of the rights of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and our ancestors had little just ground of complaint against him. On the other hand, if the founders of the colony had the rights and powers which they claimed to have, then the judgment against the Massachusetts charter did not differ in kind from the proceedings against the municipal and other corporations in England, the New-England Revolution of 1689 was as "glorious" as the English Revolution of 1688, and our ancestors had as good cause for imprisoning Andros, as the people of

England had for driving James II. from the kingdom. It is to a consideration of these questions that Judge Parker devotes a large part of the lecture to which we have already referred ; and in it he maintains these five propositions : that the charter is not, and was not intended to be, merely an act of incorporation for a trading company ; that it authorized the establishment of the government of the colony within the limits of the territory to be governed ; that it gave ample powers of legislation and of government for the plantation or colony, in the manner in which the grantees and their associates claimed and exercised the legislative power ; that it authorized the exclusion of all persons whom the grantees and their associates should see fit to exclude from the colony, and the exclusion of those already settled as a punishment for offences ; and that it authorized the creation and erection of courts to determine causes and render judgment, without any appeal to the English courts.

These propositions, which we have given very nearly in Judge Parker's own words, cover the whole ground ; and if they can be successfully maintained, the right of the founders of Massachusetts to transfer the government and patent across the Atlantic, to exercise plenary authority here, and to banish or otherwise punish Antinomians, Quakers, and all other persons whose presence they thought dangerous to the peace and well-being of the Commonwealth, cannot be denied. The question is not as to the expediency of their laws or of their proceedings under those laws, but it is as to their right under the charter to set up a popular government here, and to enact such laws as they deemed to be necessary for the protection of the community. The transfer of the charter, as we know from abundant evidence, was a deliberate and carefully considered act ; and it is beyond the possibility of doubt that the founders of the colony believed that they had a legal right to make the transfer. In the agreement executed at Cambridge, Aug. 26, 1629, and signed by Saltonstall, Dudley, Winthrop, and nine others, it was expressly stipulated as the condition of their removal to America, "that before the last of September next, the whole gov-

ernment, together with the patent for the said plantation, be first, by an order of court, legally transferred and established to remain with us and others which shall inhabit upon the said plantation." This agreement was the fruit of much previous consultation among the leaders of the enterprise, and was substantially in accordance with a proposition made by Governor Cradock at a General Court held about a month before, on the 28th of July, that the company should transfer the government of the plantation to those that should inhabit there, and not to continue the same in subordination to the Company in England. Apparently Governor Cradock's proposition did not include a transfer of the patent as well as of the government, and in this respect it fell short of the conditions required by the Cambridge agreement; but when the subject came up at an adjourned meeting of the General Court, on the 29th of August, the question was so put as to cover the whole ground and leave no room for doubt as to the effect of the vote, — "As many of you as desire to have the patent and the government of the Plantation to be transferred to New England, so as it may be done legally, hold up your hands; so many as will not, hold up your hands." A great majority voted in favor of the transfer, and the decision is so recorded. "Where, by erection of hands," is the language of the record, "it appeared by the general consent of the company, that the government and patent should be settled in New England, and accordingly an order to be drawn up." A few weeks afterward Winthrop was chosen governor; and at a little later period, Saltonstall, Johnson, Dudley, and all but three of their associates in the Cambridge agreement, were duly chosen to office in the company. Their acceptance of office, after the right and power of the grantees and their associates to make the transfer had been so long under consideration, affords strong evidence that the persons most interested in the question were satisfied the transfer could be made legally and effectually; and if any thing is needed to strengthen this evidence, it is found in the fact mentioned by Judge Parker, that the legality of the transfer was not officially called in question until July, 1679, nearly half a century afterward.

When we turn from the external evidence afforded by the actual transfer of the charter and the silent acquiescence of all parties in its transfer during nearly fifty years, to the evidence which we may draw from the provisions contained in the instrument itself, and also from the omission of certain other provisions, we are at once struck by the fact that the charter nowhere provides that the corporation created by it shall be established at any specified place, or that the powers conferred on the grantees shall be exercised in England. On the other hand, as Judge Parker points out, there are powers granted which it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for the company to exercise, except within the territorial limits of the colony. For instance, the corporation had the power to admit new members or freemen from time to time, as might be deemed expedient, who, when so admitted, were to enjoy the same right of attending the four General Courts and of voting for the various officers which the original grantees possessed. Now, it will hardly be maintained by any one, that the colonists were to be excluded from all voice in the selection of the officers placed over them, and that the affairs of the colony, which they had crossed the ocean to found, were to be exclusively managed by persons who had no personal interest in it; but if the meetings or General Courts of the company, as they were called, were to be held in England, it would have been clearly impossible for those freemen who resided in Massachusetts to attend them, and such persons would have been as much excluded as if there had been an express proviso that they should not be made freemen of the company. We must either accept this conclusion, or we must maintain that the true intent of the charter was, that the colonists might become members of the corporation, and that its powers should be exercised by them and their associates within the territorial limits granted to the company.

If, on the theory that the powers of the company were to be exercised in England, the difficulty in regard to the provisions respecting the admission of new members is great, it is still greater in respect to the choice or removal of the vari-

ous officers, and the administration of official oaths. The charter provided that once a year, at a General Court, to be held in Easter term, the Governor, Deputy-Governor, assistants, and "all other officers of the said company," should be chosen by a majority vote of the freemen "then and there present," and that immediately after such election the power of their predecessors in office should cease and determine; and there is a similar provision in regard to the vacancies created by the death or removal of any officer,—express power being given to remove any officer for cause. It was further provided, that, before entering upon the discharge of his official duties, every officer should take oath for the faithful performance of his duties in a certain prescribed manner,—the Governor before the Deputy-Governor or two assistants; and the Deputy-Governor, assistants, "and all other officers," before the Governor. The obvious interpretation of these clauses would seem to be, that all these officers were expected to be within easy access of one another, and not that three thousand miles of a stormy ocean should intervene between them. On the supposition that the colony was to be governed by a company established in England, and that only a portion of its officers were to reside in Massachusetts, Judge Parker very justly remarks, that in case of the death of an officer whose duties were to be performed in the colony, "it would take a month for the intelligence of the decease to reach the company in England, and at least a month or six weeks more, ordinarily a much longer time, for a notice of the new election to reach the colony; during which time there would be no regular officer to perform the duties." In view of so absurd and inconvenient an arrangement, we may safely adopt the express words of the charter, and maintain that it is to be "construed, reputed, and adjudged, in all cases, most favorably on the behalf and for the benefit and behoof of the said Governor and company and their successors." A similar remark will apply to the clauses about oaths, in the execution of which there would have been even greater difficulties and absurdities. "If the company remained in England," as Judge Parker remarks, "and the General Courts were held

there, all the officers chosen for the managing and despatching of the business of the company, who resided in the plantation, and most of them must be there, would have to go to England to take their oaths of office, before they could execute their offices; or the Governor would be obliged to be in the plantation to administer the oaths there, after notice who were elected; and after each annual election, the Deputy-Governor or two assistants must first administer the oath to him, before he could go to the plantation; or, if he were there, must go themselves to the plantation to find him and administer the oath there, before he could administer the oaths to others." It would scarcely be possible to conceive of a more awkward and cumbersome arrangement; and we are not justified by a single provision in the charter, in concluding that the persons who made the original draft were so unskilful as not to see that this difficulty must inevitably arise, if the powers which they sought to acquire could only be exercised by a corporation established in England. On the contrary, we are led, of necessity, to conclude that the true construction of the charter authorized its transfer to America, and that its framers anticipated the condition of things which afterward existed, when Winthrop and his associates entered into the agreement at Cambridge.

The powers granted to the company for the government of the plantation were, and were intended to be, ample. They are prefaced by an explicit declaration that "the good and prosperous success of the plantation of the said parts of New England, aforesaid . . . cannot but chiefly depend, next under the blessing of Almighty God, and the support of our royal authority, upon the good government of the same"; and for this end the grantees were made "one body corporate and politic in fact and in name," with various powers and immunities, very different from those which would have been necessary or expedient for a mere trading company. Among the powers thus given were an express authority to the grantees and the officers appointed by them "to encounter, expulse, repel, and resist, by force of arms and by all fitting ways and means whatsoever, all such person and persons, as shall at any time

hereafter attempt or enterprise the destruction, detriment, or annoyance of the said plantation or inhabitants, and to take and surprise, by all ways and means whatsoever, all and every such person or persons with their ships, armor, munition, and other goods, as shall in hostile manner invade, or attempt the defeating of the said plantation, or the hurt of the said company and inhabitants,"—in other words, to wage defensive war, whenever the company and its officers should think proper, and without other authority from the Crown; authority to make "all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes, ordinances, directions, and instructions, not contrary to the laws of this our realm of England," to establish all necessary forms and ceremonies of government and magistracy, to create such officers as they should deem needful, to order elections, and in general to do all things necessary for the religious, peaceable, and civil government of the inhabitants. The grant of powers so ample as these, which by necessary implication carried with them various inferior powers, furnished a solid basis for the claims of the founders of Massachusetts.

Next in importance to the questions as to the transfer of the charter and to the powers granted by that instrument is the question as to the aims and purposes of the founders of the colony, which forms the subject of Dr. Ellis's first lecture. It has been very commonly said, and even by writers of the highest authority, that the Fathers of Massachusetts came here to establish a refuge for civil and religious freedom; and because they enacted laws and inflicted punishments which tended to abridge what we call "liberty of conscience," they have been accused of gross inconsistency. To this view of their aims Dr. Ellis takes exception, maintaining with signal ability that their purpose was to establish a Bible Commonwealth, in which every man's conduct was to be tried by Bible precedents and laws, and especially by the Mosaic code, so far as it could be made applicable to their situation. To this statement of their aims and purposes there can be no valid objection. The liberty which our ancestors sought to establish here was a liberty regulated by law; and there can

be no greater fallacy than the notion that they meant to establish a home for all the uneasy consciences that might flock here. But we are not prepared to accept Dr. Ellis's statement that they left England to get away from an unbridled liberty of conscience. "They had begun to see around them," he says, "in their native England, the threatenings of some of the effects and results of just what we mean by liberty of conscience, and they shuddered at them. Their dread of those consequences was one of the satisfactions which they afterwards found in their exile. It would be much nearer the truth,—indeed, it is the truth itself,—and it would be truer to all the facts of the case, to the integrity of history, and to the right use of terms which get changed in their import and burden, to say frankly and boldly, that our Fathers came here to get away from, to get rid of, such liberty of conscience, as to them a hateful, pernicious, and ruinous thing, sure to result in impiety and anarchy." While we entirely agree with Dr. Ellis, that the founders of the Massachusetts Colony had not a particle of sympathy with the licentiousness of opinions and beliefs which he describes, we do not believe that those wild notions had become so widely diffused in England at the time of the Great Emigration that the desire to escape from them was the chief or even a principal motive of our Fathers in leaving England. If we read their motives aright, it was to escape from the prelates, and not from Levellers and Fifth-monarchy men in embryo, that they came here. With this exception, we find but little in Dr. Ellis's lecture to which we cannot yield a hearty assent; and many of his propositions are stated with a clearness, precision, and force which leave nothing to be added or qualified by a subsequent writer. Such for instance is this statement of the purposes of the Fathers: "Their lofty and soul-enthraling aim—the condition and reward of all their severe sufferings and arduous efforts—was the establishment and administration here of a religious and civil commonwealth, which should bear the same relation to the spirit and the letter of the whole Bible that the Jewish commonwealth bore to the law of Moses." It is precisely here that Dr. Ellis finds the key to all the vari-

ous movements of our colonial history ; and the whole policy of the founders, as he abundantly shows, was guided by this idea of establishing on these shores a Bible Commonwealth.

That such an experiment as they aimed to try here must fail was inevitable. "To construct a commonwealth out of a Church, as the honored and noble Winthrop so frankly avowed it," says Dr. Ellis, "and to administer all civil affairs by church-members, — that was the intent of the founders of this colony." For this purpose it was essential that the whole community should be composed of men of as deep convictions and as incorruptible principles as the Fathers themselves, that they should be able to exclude all who were not of like opinions with themselves, and that they should be allowed undisturbed possession of the territory on which they meant to try their experiment ; and they thought they had secured these conditions. Their charter gave them a perfect title to the soil. It gave them also the right to choose their own associates. It gave them the right to banish all who should attempt to annoy them in their work. But this was not enough. It is the tendency of all such enterprises to lose their hold on the hearts and minds of the younger members ; doubt and indifference creep in ; opposition arises from without ; and the attempt to preserve or restore unity of opinion only increases the difficulty. This our Fathers found very early. As Dr. Ellis pointedly says, "They could not create a State out of a church ; for a State grew up which would not come into their church, and which they would not have allowed to come into it. They could not administer a civil government by biblical statutes ; for those statutes have God, not man, for their administrator. That liberty of conscience which they themselves, and for themselves, had put under restraining subjection to their own covenants and religious limitations, was irresistibly exercised by some among them, and by a continual succession of new-comers."

How they treated these dissentients and intruders is a question only less important than the question as to their own aims and purposes ; and its discussion very properly forms the subject of Dr. Ellis's second lecture, — the third of the

course. After a brief restatement of some of the positions which he had advanced in his first lecture, respecting the dislike of the founders of Massachusetts for all special revelations and all eccentricities of opinion, followed by some remarks on the distinction which the authorities observed in their treatment of dissentients and of intruders, he proceeds to take up separately the cases of Roger Williams, of Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers, and of the Quakers. Each of these subjects is examined at length, and with marked fairness; though the treatment is not, on the whole, we think, quite so satisfactory as his discussion of similar matters in his first lecture. The account of Roger Williams, however, is especially candid and judicious, and is worthy of the more notice from the fact, that sympathy with Williams's principles and respect for his forgiving temper lead many persons to look only on the more attractive side of his character. If he was in many respects in advance of his contemporaries, and in his later years exhibited a rare magnanimity, we must not forget that he was of a very litigious disposition, and that it was impossible for other men to live at peace with him. It is true that he was young and impetuous when he first came here, and that much allowance must therefore be made for his errors at Salem and Plymouth. But age did little to chill his ardor and his love of controversy. His last publication was a controversial work against the Quakers, with the punning title, "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes"; and one of the last acts of his life was to row a boat from Providence to Newport, that he might hold a public disputation with three Quakers. He was, in fine, as Dr. Ellis remarks, precisely what he was called by John Quincy Adams, "a conscientious, contentious man"; and never having been admitted a freeman of the company, he was here only on sufferance. If he had been content to live here peaceably, and not have attacked the authority of the magistrates and vilipended the churches, he might have been one of the most honored and beloved of the colonists; but he had no gift of silence, and his banishment was merely the exercise by the magistrates of the right of self-defence against one whose continued

presence here they regarded as a perpetual source of danger.

It is well known that Dr. Ellis has made the early history of the Quakers the subject of special investigation; and in dealing with this branch of his subject he has illustrated his positions by numerous references to rare tracts and unpublished manuscripts. We cannot help thinking, however, that in his calm, careful, and candid balancing of the facts in the case, he has been too lenient in his judgment of these "intrusive, pestering, indecent, and railing disturbers" of the colony. There is no point in the early history of Massachusetts more clear than this, that the Quakers were the aggressors in their struggle with the lawful authorities of the colony, or, as Dr. Ellis well expresses it, that "they wantonly initiated the strife, and with a dogged pertinacity persisted in outrages which drove the authorities almost to frenzy; while with a stiff temper of audacity, as the authorities saw it, but of fidelity to holy duty, as they felt, they courted the extreme penalties which they might at any moment have escaped, except through constraint of their 'inspirations.'" They did not spring up within the colony, but they came hither unbidden, in the face of laws expressly prohibiting their entrance; and when sent away, under the authority of that provision of the charter which gave the company power to expel any person who should attempt to annoy the plantation or the inhabitants, they returned once and again, to pour out more scurrilous abuse on the church and the magistrates, and to indulge in more gross violations of decency. They were, indeed, ignorant, deluded, and self-willed men and women, whose heads were filled with crude notions, whose lips poured out foul-mouthed abuse on the leaders of the community into which they forced themselves, and whose conduct was such as no civilized society could tolerate for a moment. It is but a small palliation of their outrages against law and decency to say that their lives were pure; for their acts were such as people our houses of correction and lunatic asylums, and human laws deal not with motives, but with overt acts. As Dr. Ellis truly says, "Our Fathers cared little, if at all, for

the Quaker theology. They did not get so far as that in dealing with them. Not being inclined to accept the account which the Quakers gave of themselves as being under the peculiar guidance of the Holy Spirit, our Fathers dealt with them on the score of their manners, their lawlessness, and their offensive speech and manners." That our Fathers were justified in enacting and enforcing the penalty of death as a punishment for coming back after banishment, no one at this day will maintain; but there was no defect in their title to the soil, and in expelling the Quakers they were simply doing what we do whenever we expel an intruder from our premises, either in town or country. In banishing or imprisoning, they were enforcing well-known laws, which they thought were necessary to the safety of the community, which were upheld by the public sentiment, and which cannot be regarded as disproportionate to the offences of the Quakers against public peace and public morality.

Another subject about which a good deal of misrepresentation has gathered within a few years, is the history of slavery in Massachusetts, — how far it was legally established here, how it was regarded by the founders of the colony, and what was its character. For the thorough discussion of this much vexed question no one was so well qualified by previous research as Governor Washburn; and his exhaustive examination of it fully justifies his selection for the work. He has stated with singular clearness and force all the important facts and arguments bearing on the subject, and no one not persistently wedded to a different theory can withhold his assent to the conclusions here reached. That slavery existed in Massachusetts at a very early period is a fact of historical record; and that it was not a subject over which the colony could exercise much control is not less certain. "So far as negro slavery was concerned," says Governor Washburn, "their power to act at all was exceedingly circumscribed. They could prohibit neither the importation nor the sale of slaves without clashing at once with the interests and wishes of government at home." All that they could do was to regulate the *status* of the children of slaves born in the colony; and this they

appear to have done. The Body of Liberties, which was adopted in 1641, expressly declares that "There shall never be any Bond Slavery, Villinage, or Captivity amongst us, unless it be lawful Captives taken in just Wars, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves, or are sold to us,"—a provision of which the obvious intent was to exclude from slavery all persons born on the soil of Massachusetts. Whether any person ever sold himself into slavery under the second of the above provisions is not known; but there are some instances in which criminals were sold as a punishment, and a considerable number of captives taken in war were likewise reduced to bondage. But at no time was the number of slaves large. In 1680, half a century after the settlement of Boston, the number is stated by Governor Bradstreet to have been about one hundred or one hundred and twenty. In 1708 the number had increased, according to Governor Dudley's estimate, to four hundred and fifty. In 1745, when their number is supposed to have been the largest, Dr. Belknap thinks their proportion to the whites was as one to forty. From that time slavery in Massachusetts began to decline; and in 1763 the proportion had fallen to one in forty-five. At that time there were in Virginia five blacks to four whites. In 1780, slavery was virtually abolished by the adoption of the State Constitution; and after the final decision in the case of Quork Walker, in 1783, it ceased to exist,—having fallen under a public sentiment which had existed from the first, but had grown so rapidly during the struggle with the mother country, that Burke, in his speech on "Conciliation with America," enumerated it among the causes of the quarrel. As Dr. Belknap remarked seventy-five years ago, "It appears that slavery did exist in a small proportion; that the laws discountenanced it, and the public sentiment was against it; but that the evil was not eradicated."

These are the chief points in the early history of Massachusetts about which there has been the most controversy; and in respect to each of them we may say, that the more the subject is investigated the less ground will be found for criticism on the Fathers. So long as the controversy deals only

with their legal rights under the charter, the position which they maintained cannot be successfully assailed. When it approaches their purposes in coming here, we have their own explicit declarations as to their objects and aims. When it touches the expediency and justice of their laws and the penalties which they inflicted for the various infringements of those laws, we must be careful not to carry the ideas and principles of the nineteenth century into the seventeenth; but judging them by the opinions prevalent in their own age, and by the light which they themselves enjoyed, there will be no need to apologize for their undeniable mistakes, and for their failure to realize the true idea of a Christian Commonwealth.

ART. II. — THE CAUCUS SYSTEM.

Prize Essays of The Loyal League of Philadelphia. Published in 1868.

THE Philadelphia Loyal League published, a few months ago, four prize essays upon "The Legal Organization of the People to select Candidates for Office," in other words, the legalization of caucuses, as a means of securing the nomination of better and more competent men as candidates. The essays received considerable attention and some commendation at the time; but they soon passed from the mind of the public, and, as a practical remedy for notorious abuses, may be pronounced a failure. It could hardly have been otherwise. If caucuses were made legal bodies, and invested with legal powers, it is obvious that they would have the same relation to the people that the elections have now, and would themselves be controlled by preliminary meetings of precisely the same irresponsible character with the present caucuses. The only result would be, that there would be one more medium through which to strain the popular will: whether it would be purified and made more energetic by this, may well be doubted.

The need of reform is apparent enough. The people, who wish to be well governed, seem powerless and inert in the midst of corruption and misgovernment. We welcomed, last winter, the incoming of a new administration, which was untrammelled by party traditions, and would be able, it was hoped, to govern the country for itself, not in the interest of politicians. In this, we have been partially disappointed. The administration has been itself uncorrupt and sagacious; it promises good work, honesty and economy. But in regard to appointments to office, it has been too much under the control of politicians, and has disgraced itself by more indiscriminate removals and more unfit appointments than even the average of administrations have been guilty of. With what face can Republicans criticise the corruptions of Democratic administrations, when their own President has sent a city politician of the lowest type, who stands publicly charged with every crime, from debauchery and murder down to petty swindling, — distinguished by eminence neither as a civilian nor as a soldier, — to represent us at the proud and ancient court of Spain? General Sickles can hardly have been selected for Madrid in the hope that his presence, as a representative of republicanism, would turn the wavering scale in favor of the institutions of his own country. We have, ourselves, no knowledge whatever of the truth of the charges against him. But, for the credit of the government, and in the interest of public morals, they should receive some better answer than his seasonable services to the Republican party.

The difficulty is to get the community thoroughly aroused to the need of reform. The natural indolence and indifference of most men, in regard to every thing which does not immediately touch their private interests, all play directly into the hands of the politicians. Most men are conservative in matters of form: there are theories, too, that have a strong hold on the popular mind, and are a great obstacle to reform. The *laissez-faire* doctrine is held in a vague way by many who do not give themselves the trouble to ask what it really means, and what are its necessary limitations. Things will settle themselves in the long-run, it is held, by the unrestrained workings

of natural laws. But what if natural laws have no room for free working? It is the easiest thing in the world thus to throw off responsibility: it is not so easy to *define* the responsibility, to distinguish between those natural laws which will have their way in spite of us and those which may be neutralized by our neglect or opposition. No doubt, gold will flow to the country where its purchasing-power is greatest; prices will fluctuate with supply and demand; wages will be determined by the proportion of labor and capital: these are things that no legislation can control. But hostile legislation might prevent the freedmen of the South from becoming land-owners; although no positive legislation is required to make them such, in a country where land is cheap and abundant and population sparse. So in politics: laws cannot make men honest and intelligent, it is true; but they can provide institutions which shall give an advantage to rogues, rather than free play to honesty and intelligence. This is what we have done.

This indolent theory sometimes finds expression in Pope's oft-quoted lines,—

“For forms of government let fools contest;
That which is best administered is best.”

As well say that it makes no difference what steam-engine the manufacturer purchases, or what ship the merchant sends his goods in,—all depends on the skill of the engineer and captain. Most certainly the best ship and the best engine can do nothing unless well managed; but, as certainly, in the most skilful hands the worn-out boiler will explode, and the unseaworthy ship founder. Natural laws, and the habits and dispositions of the people, will do much; but, after all, the object—a good government—is not attained, unless the machinery is good by which the popular will is brought to bear upon affairs of state.

The machinery which we use now in this country, for the purpose of guiding the popular action and bringing it to bear upon the objects desired, and in the way desired, is the system of caucuses or primary meetings; further developed

into the larger institutions, of conventions, and standing committees of party-managers. And some machinery of essentially this nature we must have. It needs to be said with emphasis, that, in a democracy, *the government is vested in the hands of persons with whom it is a matter of secondary interest.* The first business of every man is to provide himself with the means of living: when this is done, he may look after the public welfare. In this fact lies the great obstacle to the successful working of democratic institutions. In our feverish modern civilization, the sense of strong personal interest in good government hardly exists. Our business-men—the very ones who ought to govern the country—feel, whether rightly or wrongly, that they cannot spare the time from their business, to attend to public affairs. All that they are willing to do is, once or twice in the year to designate those whom they wish to have attend to these matters for them. It is all very well to say that this ought not to be so; that they ought to be willing to sacrifice a portion of their profits to the public welfare. The fact is, that they will not do this. And, as a result of this state of feeling, we see that the citizens of towns which have reached such a size that the amount and the complication of business engross business-men unduly, have devised a form of city government designed to meet just this state of feeling, by relieving citizens of all duties except voting. Perhaps it would have been possible to secure this relief without surrendering the active participation in public affairs so completely. The main fact remains,—that the inhabitants of small places have the leisure to govern themselves, while the inhabitants of large places have not; or think they have not, which amounts in practice to the same thing.

The same policy is followed in regard to the entire administration of State and national affairs, which are exclusively intrusted by our people, through periodical elections, to persons who, for the time being, make it their business to manage them. In these concerns we all admit that the citizen can do nothing but vote for names,—except indeed in those rare cases in which an important statute is submitted to the

popular verdict. But we do not always recognize precisely what the power of this vote is. We fancy, when we drop our ballots in the box, that we are voting for such and such men. This is a mistake. We are not voting for the men—they have been selected before by other persons; all that we do is, to express our desire—or, more correctly, our command as individual members of the political corporation—that a particular ticket, representing a particular set of political opinions, shall be accepted in preference to its rival.

Nor is there any thing in this inconsistent with the true principles of democracy. The legitimate function of the people, in political matters, is, not to do the work of government themselves, *but to see that it is done*; to determine the policy upon which they desire the government to be conducted, and then put in power men who are pledged to carry out this policy. And—so far from lamenting that the people forego their apparent right and duty to select their own rulers, by doing nothing but vote for candidates presented to them—this fact may be accepted as an indication that they practically understand and accept the necessary limitations to their functions,—that all they wish to do at an election is to express their will, by voting for a particular ticket, that the party which it represents shall be in power; leaving to the managers of that party the task of selecting the men whose names are to stand upon the ticket. But it also follows that—as the people do nothing but put a party in power, and have almost no control over the manner in which that party shall administer the government—some plan ought to be devised by which the selecting of candidates shall be done with more care, skill, and sense of responsibility than at present.

The caucuses and conventions, which at present actually govern this country, are wholly irresponsible and in large part self-appointed bodies: yet it is they that actually govern this country,—the people only deciding by their votes which of two rival organizations of similar nature shall at any given time possess the governing-power. This system is in its

origin a perfectly natural, and in many respects salutary, outgrowth of the character and habits of our people, and indeed of the English race. It is the way in which all matters of general interest are managed. Public meetings are called, committees are appointed, reports are made, — in churches, lyceums, schools, reform movements, every thing is done by a handful of men of special aptitude for this work and special interest in the thing to be done; under the eye and with the approval of the mass of persons who are less interested or less energetic, but who are willing to pay their share of the costs when called upon. These men are natural leaders; at least, in all cases, they possess some of the qualities of natural leaders, which make them by a necessary impulse put themselves at the head of whatever is done.

It was in self-governing communities of the purest type of democracy that the caucus-system first sprang up. Here, as elsewhere, it was necessary that business should be prepared before being presented to the people for their action. The primitive New-England way of meeting a night or two before the election and "marking" for candidates is perhaps the best possible method wherever the same elements exist as there; that is, an honest, intelligent community, vitally interested in having the work done well, and personally acquainted with all candidates. A constituency so different in every other point from these, as the alumni of Harvard College, adopted this method spontaneously in selecting candidates for overseers.

It is evident that where these conditions do not exist, — where the constituency is heterogeneous, absorbed in private interests, or of a low moral and intellectual standard, — this nominating system cannot be expected to work well. People will not, in the long-run, put themselves to much trouble for any thing in which they have not strong and direct personal interest. And it is a good deal of trouble to make out a long list of candidates: requiring, if the work is to be done well, an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the qualifications required for the different offices, and of those possessed by the different candidates; as well as a constant watchfulness in

political movements, with a view to availability as well as competency. It is no reflection upon the public spirit of a community, to say that nine men out of ten will leave the whole responsibility to the few who are peculiarly zealous, or who have a special taste for managing such matters, or who have private interests of their own to serve; and it does not require much consideration to see that of these three classes the last, having the most powerful inducements for activity, will be the most active. Or, if it be not admitted that this will naturally and necessarily be the case, it will not be denied that it is so as a matter of fact; and that "primary meetings" are as a rule managed by those who "have an axe to grind."

It appears, then, that the failure of our caucus-system was inherent in the very nature of things; that when this system was borrowed from the small democracies in which it had its origin, and extended to large communities of a totally different character, it must necessarily be controlled by a bad class of men. It is quite analogous to the failure of the Roman constitution, which had answered well enough for a small Italian town of homogeneous population, but broke down when extended over the whole of Italy. It has been said above that as soon as we pass from the small municipalities where alone pure democracy is practicable, the only function of the people is to determine the policy of government, leaving the details of administration to public functionaries; and that these public functionaries, though nominally chosen by the people, are really appointed by party-leaders. We have seen, further, who these party-leaders necessarily are, and what motives necessarily govern them; and when we add to this the fact that they are utterly irresponsible, while actually controlling the whole administration of affairs, we may fairly wonder that we are not worse governed than we are.

That we are not, is due chiefly to the fact, that, as there are all degrees of public interest between the active democracy of a New-England town and the complete indifference of large cities, there are comparatively few places in which the management is left entirely in the hands of self-seeking politicians. Everywhere the people wish a good government,

even if they are too indolent to secure it; and almost everywhere there are enough persons of character and standing who are willing to take part in primary meetings, and who thus place some slight check upon the worse elements in their party. Particularly, as soon as the offices become of State or national importance, a decent regard for public opinion will almost always prevent any very bad nomination. It is in the indirect power which professional politicians have over better men than themselves, that the chief evil consists.

It is no ground for discouragement, that our present method has failed, and must continue to fail, to give us a good government. If we are a practical people, as we claim to be, we shall not cease examining and experimenting, until we have discovered the cause of the failure and the remedy for it. We have the very best materials for a popular government. We have a people at a remarkably high average of intelligence and morality, who believe heartily in democracy, and who earnestly desire a good government. If with these elements a good government cannot be produced, it will prove that democracy is impossible at the present stage of human progress. The present machinery is clearly not adapted to produce the desired end. It gives us, instead of a democracy, an oligarchy of party-managers. It is our first object to rid ourselves of this.

It may very naturally be objected that these same party-managers will have the rule under whatever system, since those whose aims are purely personal and selfish will, as a rule, work more intensely and unremittingly than the honest and public-spirited leaders. This objection would be fatal to all hopes of reform, if it should be found impossible to devise any better machinery than we have now. So long as political life affords the present facilities for dishonest gain, the rogues will throng to it, and will outwit and shove aside the honest men. So soon as the means can be devised, of taking away from party-leaders their present excessive power, there will no longer be the temptation to those who have only selfish aims. There are always men enough of zeal and earnest patriotism, who would be glad to labor in the public service,

but who are now pushed into the background by "the men inside politics." There are enough such now to redeem partially the name of politician from the infamy which has become associated with it in this country. For men of this stamp to work with success in the preliminary labors in question, no such immoderate power is needed as is now possessed by party-leaders.

We have seen the irresponsibility of political managers. We have seen that the very nature of an extended democracy makes it necessary that all details of administration should be delegated by the people to somebody, and that they must fall ultimately to these managers, subject only to incidental moral control or check. This moral control is very considerable in the case of higher officials; although almost nothing in the subordinate ones. Now this moral control is principally indirect, in the reputation of each party for the character and ability of its nominees. The direct check which the people can exercise upon nominations, by refusing to vote for unfit ones, is very slight, because whoever takes this course, practically aids the opposite party,—a responsibility which few are willing to take. The dilemma of voting for an unfit person, or helping the opposite side, is one of the chief sources of power to party-leaders. The irresponsibility of nominating-conventions is bad enough, but it would lead to no very serious evils, if there were any adequate check upon them at the polls. But the final result of our vicious system is, to make them not only irresponsible, but almost absolute masters of political action.

The great necessity, therefore, is, some means of reducing the power of caucuses and nominating-conventions to its proper bounds, by making it possible for the people to reject their action at the polls without at the same time throwing away their sole political function by suffering the party policy to go by default. For this, we must appeal in some way to the principle of Personal Representation, which has been so fully discussed of late years.

We use the term "Personal Representation," rather than "Minority Representation," because it expresses more accu-

rately the essential character of the reform proposed, as well as its practical advantages. It is true, it promises a more equal representation of minorities ; but this is for the reason that it proposes to represent persons, not places, and to take away the excessive power now possessed by local politicians and local majorities. On the present plan, a small majority in one district balances a large majority in another ; and at any rate, when a single member is to be chosen in a limited constituency, the decrees of King Caucus are inviolable. Do away with districts, and with local constituencies of all kinds — give the people of a whole State the power of selecting candidates without regard to artificial boundary-lines — and the result will be a more genuinely democratic representation, and in all likelihood a more able and efficient one.

Indeed, the principle of representation needs, for its logical completeness, to have its mode of practical application defined in some such way. We have outgrown the old methods, because the circumstances under which they grew up no longer exist. When Representation was first introduced, there was no thought of representing the *people* as a whole ; certain communities, distinguished for wealth and population, and by the possession of certain corporate rights and privileges, were invited — or rather commanded — to send some of their members to act for them in the granting of taxes. The mass of the people were not represented at all ; it was only the landed interest and the corporations that sent knights of the shire, or burgesses, to Parliament. In this point of view there was no injustice in whatever disparity existed in the representation of different boroughs ; for it was not the *citizens* of Bristol, Hull, or St. Albans, but their *corporations*, that were represented : and, as one corporation stood to another in a relation of independence and equality, it was not unreasonable that two boroughs, differing widely in wealth and population, should choose an equal number of members of parliament : just as the several states of the Union, differing in the same way and degree, have each two Senators in Congress ; — the Senators representing not the people, but the States ; just as the burgesses represented not the people, but the corpora-

tions. Further, the boroughs themselves did not contain within their limits the whole population of the country, and so represent the whole people indirectly; nor, for the matter of that, were all the boroughs represented in Parliament, but only a certain number of them, designated by the caprice of the sovereign. Even assuming, therefore, that the citizen was represented in his borough,—as he certainly was in a degree,—it was very far from being a representation of the whole population; and at any rate there was no conscious effort at such a representation.

Some rude approach toward equal representation was made, no doubt, even in the earliest times. The boroughs were rudely classified according to population,—being entitled to a number of members proportioned to the respective number of inhabitants. But, in the main, no systematic attempt was made at equality; and, in proportion as the nation grew, and new interests sprang up, the inequality became more and more glaring. Side by side with this growth, the democratic idea came into being; and it began to be seen, although only partially and imperfectly, that the people were of right the source of power, and that representation legitimately belonged to the people *as forming the state*, not as associated into corporations. As a reluctant and partial concession to this feeling, the English Reform Bill was passed, by which the most obvious inequalities in the representation were done away. Like all half-way measures, this destroyed whatever symmetry and consistency there was in the original constitution of Parliament, without replacing it with a more just and philosophical scheme. The former representation had been purely of the corporations, with very slight regard to their relative importance. Now, it was admitted that it was the people that were to be represented. But the people were *not* represented,—only a portion of them,—and that with hardly more regard to equality than before. But the English do not easily suffer themselves to be disturbed by logical inconsistencies in political matters, provided the object aimed at is secured. In this case the object was, to save, by a compromise, just as much of the old system, as the new spirit of innovation, which

must be satisfied, would permit: so, by a clever adjustment, they retained the principle of representing corporations, but modified it in details in consonance with the principle of popular representation.

In this country, too, we began with the representation of corporations; and this is still the practice in regard to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and perhaps others of the New-England States. It has, however, been almost universally superseded by the system of artificial districts of equal population, — a very convenient system, and one of great apparent fairness: that the fairness is only in appearance is shown by the gross disproportion that almost always exists, between the total number of votes cast by the several parties in any state and the number of representatives they respectively elect. It is a political trick as old as the times of Governor Gerry, of Massachusetts, to lay out the districts with a special eye to gaining an unfair advantage in this respect; but, however honestly the division may be made, it is a matter of course that the minority in each district is unrepresented, so far as political opinions are concerned, and the minority may be — often is, as at present, in Iowa and Massachusetts — of the same political party in every district in the state. Further, it is obvious that there is a constant temptation, in a district made up of an aggregation of counties or towns, to pass the offices round from one town, or county, to another; each claiming in its turn the honor of furnishing the member. All this is to the advantage of local politicians, but not of the constituency or of the nation. It is notorious that leading members of congress are frequently lost to public life by some insignificant county putting in its claim; and there is no question that the General Court of Massachusetts has deteriorated in ability since the district system was substituted for the corporate system, in 1857. It seldom happens now in the small towns that an old member is sent a second time, as was the almost invariable rule formerly. Consequently, every year it is found that the Legislature is principally made up of new men; all the advantage gained by one year's experience being thrown away.

Indeed, with the abandonment of corporate representation, all motive for the representation of localities ceases. The *people* are the state — not the territory ; and it follows that the people, not their places of residence, should be represented. It is not possible for a man to represent, in any true sense of the term, the chance aggregation of individuals who are lumped together, by some gerrymandering process, into a district. They have no collective will, no identity of interests and associations, no common history, and no power of making one ; for, at the next decennial census, the whole will be rearranged. Whatever feelings of unity may have grown up will be uprooted, and a new set planted, to undergo the same fate in their turn. Corporate representation, however inconsistent with our democratic ideas, had, at least, a logical basis ; district representation has nothing but a shallow convenience, and a deceptive appearance of equality. Real equality it is not ; for nearly half the population of a state or city may be left wholly unrepresented.

It is certain, however, that — whether it is a gain or not — the American community has outgrown, or is fast outgrowing, the sentiment of corporate representation, and is fixed in the desire that representation should be proportioned to the population, or as nearly so as possible. But the district system cannot be regarded as any thing but transitional. It is well that the old system was abandoned ; because it would have been a great obstacle to the adoption of a just and equal method. The towns being now no longer represented, it is admitted that the people — being the only source of power — should be the only basis of representation. And the evils of the present order of things are so manifest, and the dissatisfaction with it is so general, that there is reason to believe that the people will listen with interest to a plan like that of Personal Representation, which promises a scientifically accurate method of securing this equality. For, as rude and cumbersome, as wasteful of force and meagre in results, as were the first steam-engines, in comparison with those which are now made ; so are the early attempts at representative government, — and indeed its present forms, — when considered

as a just and adequate representation of any given community.

The shape in which this principle has been brought most prominently before the public is, in Mr. Hare's elaborate scheme for the Representation of Minorities; all the details of which are considered by many persons as essential parts of the general plan. They therefore reject it without any careful examination, as being impracticable; and probably Mr. Hare's plan is so, at least in our American community. But the chief objections to it are in regard to points which are wholly immaterial to the principle itself: that is, the provision for indicating upon the voting-paper the successive choice of the voter, to take effect in case the first choice should not need to be counted; and, as a consequence, the necessity of some process of distributing the surplus votes. These provisions add, it is true, to the theoretical completeness of the plan, but must, we think, be too complicated for a community so impatient as ours.

Another plan has been suggested by the Personal-Representation Society of New York, and presented by them to the Constitutional Convention of the State. This plan wisely avoids the difficulty indicated above, by falling back upon the common American practice of plurality-choice. The inequalities in the number of votes it proposes to obviate by the novel plan of giving the members of the legislature a vote in proportion to the constituency which they represent. This feature has a show of justice; and if no questions were to come up before the legislative body except those already familiar to the voters at the time the election was held, it would be hard to find any valid argument against it, except that of its complication. For if, "in all divisions," it were necessary to foot up two long columns of figures, each of four places, it would be a tedious process, much delaying legislation. For instance, it would add infinitely to the ease of "filibustering," if every call for yeas and nays or a motion to adjourn were to be determined in this way. Probably, what is intended is, that the canvassing shall be done by hundreds, not by single votes; but even this would be a tedious process,

and it would be no doubt better, practically, to give each member one vote for every time he has received the necessary quota in the election. But, after all, it is a question whether even this would be just in the long-run. There are comparatively few questions on which members vote from purely party considerations; and these are the only ones on which a member may fairly be said to be acting as an agent for his constituents, carrying out what they had in mind when voting for him. In every thing beyond this, we must choose competent men, and be willing to feel confidence that they will govern well. In State and national affairs the people do little more than decide in favor of a particular line of policy; they do not rule, but choose their rulers.

Then there is Mr. Buckalew's plan, reported with favor by a committee of the United-States Senate; which allows each elector to cast as many votes as there are members to be elected, but to "cumulate" them, if he pleases, upon one or more candidates: thus a voter in this State might divide his thirty-one votes between two, three, or thirty candidates. Either this plan, or the simpler one of allowing each person to vote for only one candidate, but to be wholly untrammelled by considerations of locality, would promise decided reform. For, party-leaders — who are men of cunning, but of very little real ability — would be bewildered and helpless when the power of *forcing nominations* upon the community has been taken away from them; and men of a better type would be found ready to do the legitimate and useful preliminary work of recommending candidates to sections of the States, groups of towns or counties, in proportion to the strength of the parties. We do not care to discuss these plans in detail: on the whole we prefer the last mentioned; but any of them is better than the method under which we are now suffering.

We welcome, therefore, all such discussions as those in the essays before us. Some of the methods it proposes, have, we understand, been actually tried with good results: all of them, no doubt, would give a measure of relief. But we do not believe, however, that any essential and permanent

reform can be brought about, except by depriving the caucus itself of power. So long as the caucus is absolute in a party, so long it will be ruled by the most unscrupulous partisans, and any attempt to replace them by better men can be only partially successful. For overthrowing the power of the caucus, we know no way and have seen no method proposed, except that of Personal Representation. Under this system, the voter is fully protected against unfit nominations, such as now too often disgrace every party. For "bolting" — which is simply the protest of independent conviction against the arbitrary power of the majority — would then be no longer either useless or unpopular. It would be recognized as the right of every voter. Suppose, for instance, that in a given State a given party could reasonably expect, by virtue of its strength, to choose five members of congress. It could no longer venture to nominate partly unknown, and unworthy, men; if but one of the five were incompetent, enough voters of the party could agree among themselves to throw him overboard and unite upon a suitable candidate. Thus, the strength of the party would be preserved, and the individuality of the

- voters respected; while at the same time the caucus and convention would continue to possess all the power which legitimately belongs to them. So long as they exercised their functions with discretion and honesty, they would be followed; when they ceased to do this, their recommendations would be neglected.

It is true that Personal Representation can apply only in cases where a number of persons are to be chosen, especially in the case of legislative bodies. Governors and mayors must still be chosen, as now, by a pure majority vote. But it is in the legislative bodies that the trouble lies: whatever evils may now exist in the election of executive officers would be remedied by improving the character of the Legislatures. Once rid of the rule of small politicians, the people may fairly be left to take care of the rest. No plan, to be sure, will give us a perfect government, or remedy all abuses, so long as human nature is itself imperfect. But a reform in the

part will speedily react upon the whole; and, if we can purify the sources of political action by making it no longer worth the while of greedy adventurers to make politics their profession, we need not fear but that larger concerns will be in good hands.

ART. III.—THE WORLD AND THE SOUL.

WE do not invite our readers to inspect any details of human prosperity and adversity, either from the material point of view or from the spiritual. We ask them to generalize the whole subject, and thus grapple, in its extremest dignity, with the problem of true profit and loss, or the world and the soul. In the case of all human beings, that problem lies for ever between the sum of things and the individual self; and every man, as fast as he lives, works out an experimental solution. Can any thing be more becoming to intelligent beings than also to work out a theoretical solution? Thus alone can men learn to live by principle and not at mere random. Gain the world and lose the soul; lose the world and save the soul; lose both the world and the soul; or gain them both,—one of these four must be done. Which of them shall it be? In addition to the practical answers given by the different lives of men, let us endeavor to think out a rational answer.

The awful text, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul," has been thundered from the pulpits of Christendom for fifty generations. The mystic horror with which it has been loaded baffles description. Suggesting every form of fear and agony, magnified by the scale of their duration to a terrific incomprehensibility that crushes the very power of emotion, the doctrine it is thought to teach has been the theological incubus of the Christian conscience. To the degree in which it has been believed, that doctrine has sat on mankind for ages, clouding the sun above, darkening the earth below, radi-

ating anguish between. By its arbitrary standard of award, decreeing an infinite doom for a finite dereliction, it has depicted a flaming abyss of woe awaiting us, with no way of escape save by a forensic artifice that overthrows the principles of reason and morality. It has thus introduced a distressing contradiction into our natural estimates of merit and blame. This supposed opposition between divine revelation on one side, and human logic and sentiment on the other; this dread looking for the endless perdition of the soul in consequence of too great love for the world,—could not but be prolific in discord and misery. Vividly believing the doctrine, who could keep his mind in healthy poise before the appalling illustrations preachers have used to enforce it?—such illustrations as the supposition that if a little bird were once in a million centuries to carry a speck of earth in its bill to some distant star, until the whole globe was thus removed, even then, the victim, writhing in his dungeon of fire, would be no nearer to his release than he was at the beginning!

Although the encroachments of sounder thought have undermined the popular belief in the whole system of ideas on which this superstition rests, it yet has authority enough to make the lives of multitudes of Christians inconsistent and unhappy. So late as the year 1864, the celebrated English scholar and divine, John Henry Newman, made the following deliberate assertion. "It would be better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation, in extremest agony, than that one human being should commit a single venial sin, tell one wilful untruth, or steal one poor farthing." Such an absurd enormity of sentiment no scientific or healthy morality can tolerate for an instant. God evidently thinks differently from John Henry Newman, since he chooses to have myriads of sins constantly committed rather than destroy the great frame of nature. And what a piece of impious arrogance it is for any man thus coolly to assume that a hypothetical figment of his brain is preferable to the actual arrangements of the Omniscient God! The notion is a result of premises fur-

nished by morbid dreams of ignorance and superstition. It supposes that the petty folly or wrong of an instant deserves to be repaid in everlasting torture; that God will balance our momentary aberrations of sin with his motionless infinitude of wrath. But in truth it is a blank irrationality thus to take purely relative and evanescent things out of their relations, and match them with the absolute fixtures of the infinite. Anger, unforgivingness, prisons, fetters, scourges, — all such imagery is utterly inapplicable to God, disembodied souls, the free spaces of the immaterial world. A human spirit, after the death of the body, chained in a dungeon of flaming gloom, is a conception wholly incredible to any mind sufficiently informed and unprejudiced to command respect for its judgment. Henceforth, then, be the horrible conceit that the soul which loves the world too keenly must go to a hopeless hell after death, no more regarded. Let no such thing be suggested, but something very different, whenever again we hear those tremendous words, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!"

Let that text suggest a truer idea. For if God never revengefully hurls us into a lake of brimstone, and then bars all exit, he does by regular methods of nature and grace uphold the unbroken sovereignty of his laws, and constantly bring into our experience the most solemn retributions of good and evil according to our deserts. Although endless condemnation to a torture-house be a fictitious horror; nevertheless, sin and virtue, loss and gain, salvation and perdition, are the supreme realities, of supreme moment to every one of us. It is these with which the impressive language of the text deals. Let us, therefore, for our guidance, try to pluck out the mystery of that language, and set its truth and its morals in a clear light.

First, then, in what sense can any man properly be said, even by a metaphor, to gain the whole world? Money is a symbol for all material goods. It is a talisman commanding the external means for the enjoyment of the uses of the earth. The millionaire of our time has a servant at his beck who more than realizes the wonders performed

by the slave of the lamp in the Arabian tale. What behest will not the genius of gold fulfil for its master, so far as the material conditions of gratification are concerned? It surrounds him with every luxury of art and society. It pours the fruits and fabrics of all climes into his lap. Without any violent figure of speech, such an one may be said to have gained the whole world; and all the preachers in Christendom may go on declaiming against his achievement, from now till the crack of doom, and never convince one sensible man that it is not — other things remaining the same — a magnificent blessing.

Furthermore: rank, honorable position, is a symbol for all the goods of society. He who has the prerogatives of social power in his hand, the honors of a nation at his feet, the control of its treasures, the appointment of its officers, the sway of its fleets and armies, intrusted to his keeping; who looks far around and sees no one in political place above him, but all underneath, looking up to him with obsequious service, — surely he may with emphasis be said to have gained the whole world; since the world contains nothing of public pomp, privilege, or pleasure, whose equivalent is not his. And this position, too, if rightly won and used, is a wonderful boon to hold. The desire for it is not to be condemned, but to be morally regulated.

There is another who, still more intimately and genuinely than either of the foregoing, gains the world. There is on the earth — God be thanked! — many a wise man, who, by the consecration of vast faculties to vast toils, has conquered the costly domains of human knowledge; mastered the treasures of history, science, philosophy, poetry, and religion; who, at will, sweeps the intellectual scale of humanity from end to end, in thought and feeling, subsidizing all its glorious resources; marshals the facts, understands the laws, reads the uses, sees the panoramas, recognizes the mysteries of the universe, all girdled in by the generalizations of his mighty imagination. Carrying as he does in his mind an incorruptible epitome of the outward creation, a spiritual picture and fruition of it, no one can deny that such a man has, in a

very striking sense, gained the whole world. The world is his, to contemplate in vision, to systematize in thought, to possess as boundless treasure indestructibly mixed with the fibres of his consciousness. Such a gain, so far from deserving to be despised or denounced, is a prize fit to fire a deathless ambition.

There remains still an additional final mode of gaining the whole world. It is by a sympathetic appropriation of all the use, sweetness, and glory of the world through an imaginative personal identification of ourselves with our fellow-beings, a disinterested enjoyment of the goods of other people as if they were our own. An unperverted, generous, loving soul, free from pride, arrogance, or corruption, counts no grandeur of the creation, no honor or boon of society, no achievement or blessedness of humanity, as foreign to itself. By right of eminent domain its self-surrendered will traverses and ideally reaps the benefits of all. Its glad, pure sympathies are a private focus through which the public harmonies of the universe, the costly properties of life, play, and pay a tax of joy as they pass. Thus the soul has an indefeasible usufructuary possession of the whole world. And in exercising this dominion, so far from yielding to a fatal sin, it illustrates its choicest and richest estate as a child of God here below.

We have seen, then, that man may appear to gain the world by wealth, by power, by knowledge, or by guileless sympathy. And this gain is an imposing good unless, — heed well the qualification, — unless it be neutralized by connection with some sin which turns it into a curse.

The next step in our subject is to determine the meaning of the other clause of the text. Dismissing, as the fiction of a sick brain, the idea of an eternal local imprisonment of it in hell-fire, let us ask, In what sense is it possible for a man to lose his own soul?

A man possesses his soul when he has the unimpeded and noble use of its offices; when it properly occupies its material seat in peaceful and happy work and play. We need not be told that this often fails to be realized; and that where it has

once been gloriously experienced, it often ceases to be so experienced any more. The first case in which a man may be said to lose his own soul is when the use and enjoyment of it are taken away from him; when the action of his being is perverted from its normal blessedness into misery, the royal order of his faculties gone, the harmonies and pleasures of virtue and health swallowed up in friction, discord, and woe. Obviously, he is no longer the lordly delighter in his own soul. Consciousness is then wretchedness, and he is its victim. Disease has wrenched the throne from him; and until the pleasurable use of his nature is restored to him, no earthly gain, even if it be the world, can avail him any thing. What good is light to the blind, music to the deaf, motion to the paralyzed, love to the hater, logic to the irrational? Worthless the gift of the whole creation, except to a soul fitted to enjoy it.

Again: man may well be said to lose his own soul when he is degraded from the authority of a rightful self-rule, into any vile bondage against which his better nature vainly protests and struggles. He who lives,—as how many a poor wretch does!—in absolute subjection to some low passion, bridging over the intervals from indulgence to indulgence with complaining desires or with drugged insensibility, cannot be regarded as the master of his own soul. The crown of liberty has been plucked off, and his royal crest brought down to the dust. Conscience has been pitched out of its throne in chains, and some foul usurper has vaulted into the seat. In this odious slavery of appetite or rage, the drunkard, the sensualist, the murderer, has lost his own soul. It is not the collective faculties of his poised and authoritative mind that governs the province of his life and enjoys the revenue of its good. The tyrannical passion that holds him in its gripe crushes the counter-impulses of his nobler self; and, in the degradation of his bondage, he cannot say his soul is his own. It is not his. It belongs to the insane passion that domineers over him.

There is another mode, besides, by the perversion of its functions into misery, and by the debasement of its liberty

into slavery, — a deeper and darker mode, in which the soul may be lost, — that is, by the ruin of its substantial conditions, and the consequent destruction of its essential glory. In consequence of a disastrous hereditary transmission, or terrible exposures of disease, or abnormal habits of life, a gloomy mist may creep over the reason, a slimy stagnation settle on the imagination, decay with rotten fingers seize on the ethereal network of the brain, and insanity and imbecility come slowly down to close the sorrowful scene of the dis-crowned and idiotic king of the earth. Of all the dismal spectacles humanity exhibits, none is so ghastly sad as the sight of one thus surviving the loss of his own soul, — the moving corpse of what he was.

There remains still one more method of losing the soul ; I mean by the annihilation or smothering of its moral essence ; not the wreck of its physical organs, but the gradual degrading of its vital worth and splendor of prerogatives into dead mechanical repetitions and ruts. By a low and narrow monotony of selfish habits exclusively indulged, by a freezing, starving penuriousness of thought and feeling, a man may become, no longer a real man, but a niggardly machine for grinding out some single product ; for hoarding money or securing some other base gratification. He thus simply ceases to have a soul. Instead of being a free spirit, he sinks into a fixed instinct. We cannot say of him, as we do of any strikingly admirable specimen of our race, He is a whole soul ! He is only a vulgar fraction of a soul.

The genuine possession of the soul, then, is the free and firm holding of the prerogatives of liberty, wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The forfeiture of this high and holy rule in slavery, misery, madness, idiocy, or vulgar routine, is, in the most true and awful sense of the words, the loss of the soul. And with that loss every blessed light is darkened that guides us on our way. Therefore let no one fear lest, in discharging the text of the shocking doctrine hitherto associated with it, we leave it without a most sound and terrible sanction of its own ; a sanction a hundred-fold stronger than the other, because, while that was a theory, this is an experience ;

while that was an incredible fiction, this is an undeniable reality.

Now we have clearly before us all the data needed for answering the question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Difficult and portentous as the question appears, uncertain as multitudes are as to the answer they shall make, no one ought to hesitate an instant to give it this decisive reply: It shall profit him nothing at all; neither shall it injure him any; for it is not the gaining of the world, but some sin committed in the process of seeming to gain it, that causes the harm. A few examples of supposed world-gainers and soul-losers will render convincing proof of these statements and make the conclusion clear.

To gain the world, that is, to command all the uses of the material and moral creation around us, is precisely what God has made and put us here for. As princely children of the Infinite Sovereign, we are born and trained to be kings of the world, holding it tributary under our feet to yield us all its powers and joys. But when we suffer ourselves to become slaves of certain mere symbols of the world, instead of solidly mastering the world itself; when instead of really swaying our own proper sceptre we sink under the despotism of what has no right to command us,—then indeed there is a miserable confusion, a fatal perversion, and our souls are truly lost in foolishness and sin and retributive misery.

Damocles on the throne, eying the hair-hung sword that glittered tremulously over his head, found no profit in the kingdom with which he was invested; for he was the slave of terror, every capacity of enjoyment gone. Sardanapalus, Tiberius, a thousand other imperial slaves of sensuality, each plunged in his sty of debaucheries, self-disgusted, insufferably satiated and wearied, was a more pitiful object than the poorest day-laborer in his realm. The peace and purity of his soul gone, his body left by exhausted passions like the crater of an extinct volcano, made the possession of the world a profitless mockery. In fact he did not possess the world, only a hollow emblem of it. Napoleon, in yielding to his

insatiable ambition, became the slave of the exacting situation into which his genius raised him; obliged incessantly to plot and counter-plot, to distrust and deceive, without one moment of sweet peace, one moment of ingenuous faith in men, one moment of innocent joy; and when his eagle heart broke on the lone rock in the sea, the last cry of his despair might have been, "I fancied I had gained the whole world, but it has profited me nothing! Wretched delusion, farewell!"

Coleridge, whose marvellous genius seemed intuitively to grasp the intellectual universe and use its contents at pleasure, fell under the dominion of opium. That accursed drug stole the natural man from his nature, unhinged and blasted his thrice-royal mind, devastated his life with an almighty blight, turned every friendly sympathy or appeal poured as oil into his wounds into oil of vitriol, and set a thousand ghosts gibbering after his remorseful steps, Aha, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen with thy glorious schemes! Thus the proud world-monarchy of his genius profited him nothing, because he did not keep his soul in tune, with duty as the key-note.

The topmost king among the nations to-day, who sees all the crowned heads of the earth ranged below his own, who has won his way to that dizzy eminence by all sorts of means, fair and foul, — especially by a transcendent ability to rule, — who sees the baseness and fickleness of the ungrateful crowds that eddy around the foot of the social fabric, who understands perfectly well the envious hate with which he is regarded, how fatal it would be to place any confidence in the selfish plotters around him, — with what eager relish, on any change of fortune, they would see him dragged through the streets like a dead dog, — so far as happiness and the choicest good of life are concerned, what a splendid bargain he would make if he could exchange conditions with a secluded, rich-souled poet, who, remote from the turmoil of politics, free from every galling passion, loves his fellow-men, enjoys the beauty of nature, adores his God, and leads a life as peaceful as a lily in a mountain-pond, as happy as a lark mounting from the dew to sing on the rosy edge of a cloud!

It is true that the prerogatives of the greatest positions give no sufficient compensations for what these terrible temptations, responsibilities, and devouring cares take away. And I verily believe, if the secrets of all hearts could be truly read by all men, far more would wish to come down from lofty seats than to climb up from lowly ones. And yet, let us not fall into the vulgar fallacy of underrating the prizes of wealth, power, and knowledge, nor into the more vulgar wrong of railing at them. Accurate discrimination is needed; for the exact truth alone is a safe guide. The enjoyment of the *uses* of the wealth of the rich, of the wisdom of the learned, of the authority of the powerful, of the love of the affectionate, of the devoutness of the pious, — this is the essential good, at bottom, really coveted by all; this is the genuine conquest of the world. If this be truly possessed, the outer symbols of it are unimportant. If these be not possessed, all those symbols—money, knowledge, position, fame, genius—are empty shadows or galling taunts. Surely, if we must choose between the two, it is better to be poor and happy than to be rich and miserable; ignorant and contented, than learned and repining; obscure and blessed, than illustrious and accursed. But it is best to be rich and happy, wise and contented, illustrious and blessed. Reconciliation of goods is superior to contradiction of goods. Better, infinitely better, lose the world and save the soul, than gain the world and lose the soul, if one must be elected. But, really, this is a false alternative. It is a sophistical antithesis, the result of careless and shallow thinking, which has confounded things often accidentally associated, but always intrinsically distinct. In the most absolute truth of the case, in the highest and deepest meaning of the thought, the asserted contradiction between the winning of the world and the saving of the soul is an impossibility. You must gain or lose both the world and the soul together. It is not possible for any man truly to do one alone. The proof of this proposition will form the fitting climax of this discussion, and yield the true moral of the subject.

A queen, full of grief and care, weary of the heartless round of pomp, sighed with envy as, looking from the palace win-

dow, she saw a milkmaid go by with her pail, blithely singing as she passed. At the same moment, the milkmaid, looking up at the gorgeous lady, enviously sighed, Ah, that I were the queen ! Now, in the truest sense of the words, neither of them had gained the whole world, though both had lost their own souls. That is to say, neither one commanded a rich fruition of the world in a peaceful enjoyment of her soul. The trouble lay not in the proud rank of the one, the world at her feet ; nor in the humble station, poverty and toil, of the other. The trouble lay in the fact that neither one had a contented spirit. To lose the soul, — that is, to be spiritually enslaved, tormented, idiotic, insane, or mechanized, — is to be also unable to enjoy the world. To save the soul, — that is, to perfect the rightful freedom of reason, the rightful supremacy of conscience, the rightful enjoyment of the functions of your being — is at the same time to possess, in the harmonious action of the soul, the noblest and sweetest use of the world. It is obvious, consequently, that the experience of gaining the world and saving the soul is a correlative process, of which one side necessarily implies the other. The miser, wretchedly gloating over his wealth, has not really gained the enjoyment of the world, only an idle emblem of it. Did he truly possess and improve the reality of it, the inevitable inference would be that his soul was saved.

The Christian, poor, suffering, exiled, but swaying the sceptre of conscience over all his lower powers, and trusting in God with serene submission, has not lost the world, only some of its baser pleasures. The truest and noblest empire of the world — the realm of virtue and faith — is pre-eminently his. I protest against the blasphemous shallowness of identifying all the worthlessness, all the sinfulness, all the wretchedness, all the transientness of experience, with the substance of the kingdom of time, and then crying with mock piety, Love not the world ! It is both wiser and more religious to consider the order of God's works, the benignity of God's ways, the solemnity of duty, the sweetness of friendship, the sublime loveliness of nature, all the delicious prizes of life, as the true substance of the world, and then call on

men to love it better. Those phrases of the New Testament which would seem to contradict this, in their real sense broadly taken, affirm it. They are loose, metaphorical expressions which have been mischievously perverted, exaggeratingly emphasized. It is certainly more philosophical and more devout to characterize that sum of things made by God which we call the world, from its intrinsic contents and divine design, — which must be good, — than from the *evil which happens to accompany it*. Therefore we may boldly say that the current precept, Hate the world as the foil of heaven, expresses a falsehood of superstition ; but the opposite precept, Love the world as the prophetic forecourt of heaven, expresses the truth of a deeper religion.

Every appearance to the contrary of this view is a superficial delusion. For example, it was the overweening ambition of Alexander, and not the world he seemed to have already conquered, that made him weep for more. The trouble was in his unsaved soul, not in his gained world. Had he really subdued the world to his mental use and profit, by the moderating of his desires to his condition, he had been happy. But his Macedonian phalanx yielded no genuine conquest of the world for his soul, only an empty token of its outward subjection. His inordinate greed of vanity was the fatal bane of all the good it touched ; but that good remained none the less good for those who could find it good.

There now lives a man, who, beginning his career as a penniless boy, at an early age had accumulated a fortune of millions. He then suddenly collapsed under a softening of the brain, and went to the insane asylum, a hopeless idiot, leaving a beautiful and beloved family to mourn for him in his princely home. It was not that he gained the unprofitable world, and it undid him ; it was that the overwrought intensity with which he pursued a symbol of the world was a violation of the laws of his nature, and the penalty was the loss of both the whole world and his own soul. So, too, a mastery of the scholarship of mankind, a vision of the entire circle of science and philosophy from the centre of self to the nebulous ring of the Infinite, is a sublime privilege, an inde-

scribable dignity and joy, to one who trusts in the benignant spirit and beneficent order of the LIMITLESS UNKNOWN, surrounding all that he can know. And if one endowed with this stupendous vision be a morbid and shuddering doubter, distrusting the providence of God, filling the unknowable with frightful spectres, his impious distress is not the fault of his too much knowledge, but of his too little faith; not the retribution for what he has won, but for what he has failed to win. His exacting and rebellious self-will has vitiated his very wisdom: the discord of his soul has poisoned the world.

Thus it is seen, that, without the previous saving of the soul, there can be no true gaining of the world, but only of some hollow symbol of it; such as wealth, rank, or opinion. For the possession and use of the reality, or of any solid equivalent for the reality, a healthy and vigorous soul is indispensable. Thus the false opposition, so perniciously supposed between the world and the soul, is exploded by the affirmation of the true identity of their claims in the actual coalescence of their enjoyment. The true conception of a divinely fulfilled life, therefore, is the picture, not of an impoverished and ascetic soul opposed to a renounced and hostile world, but of a richly equipped and happy soul exercising its prerogatives over the contents of a tributary world expanded to the utmost limits of consciousness. The present state is no less truly a work and gift of God than the unseen one to which we look forward in eternity. By a healthy and devout keeping of the laws of God here, then, men should seek to cleanse, edify, and furnish their souls, fitting them for the conquest and enjoyment of the world which is to come, through a preliminary conquest and enjoyment of the world which now is. He makes an ennobling sacrifice who foregoes cheap and mean indulgences for high and costly achievements, abandoning inferior advantages for superior ones. But he commits an injurious error who puts a fancied contradiction between forms of good where no real contradiction exists. And the grandest thing a man can do, a feat which will immeasurably profit him as long as he has a being anywhere in the universe of God, is to gain the whole world and

save his own soul. Nor let any one deem this double work a contradictory one. It is but the two sides of the same reality. For the only substantial mastery or enjoyment of the outer creation, either in this world or in any other, consists in the development and freedom of the self-possessed spirit.

The whole gist of the subject as we have presented it, in contrast to the prevalent ecclesiastical treatment of it, may be condensed into one crucial instance. Here is a man of the liberal Christian school, without any belief in the essential formularies of theological Orthodoxy, who has gained the whole world by his vast fortune, his generous culture, and his high social position. He has gained it without violating the strictest integrity or in any way defiling himself in the process. Has he thereby lost his own soul? He has retained the frank, untainted affections of boyhood, adding to them the firm principle, the sober wisdom, and the experienced faith of manhood. The love of his mother, long since a saint in heaven, is a fountain of holy feeling in his breast. He has kept himself unspotted from the temptations and vices which have borne down so many around him. A lover of men, a pure patriot, a generous patron of whatever is worthy and needy, the track of his past sparkles with good acts, like a pavement of diamonds. Are the poor laborers of his adopted city suffering from the high rents charged for inconvenient, badly ventilated, and filthy houses? He appropriates millions of dollars to build for them the most excellent residences, which they shall inhabit at the lowest interest of the cost. Has a large portion of his native country been desolated by war, ignorance, and misfortune? He devotes millions more to redeem and uplift it by the best means of education and refinement. Is an illustrious servitor of science in ill-health and desirous of a change of scene and work? He fits him out from his private purse, on a scale which kings and proud nations have seldom rivalled, for an exploring expedition to a tropical clime. Are the children of the good physician who ministered to his parents, left in poverty? He pays their expenses through college. He founds academies, endows hospitals and other public charities, in a spirit as unostenta-

tious as the munificence is princely. The hidden good he does is not less than the known, his daily life a galaxy of benevolence strewn with starry deeds unnamed. Genial in friendship, steadfast in trial, unaffectedly devout before God, his beneficence haloing him with a noble glory in the sight of the community, the benedictions of those blessed by his innumerable kindnesses envelop him with an invisible incense of love and praise as he passes. As to his future fate, he leaves it with meek trust in the hands of his Maker.

Now will any bigot dare to say, "There is no hope for this man after death, because he is a Unitarian, denying the blood that bought him"? God himself, through the everlasting validity of his laws, everywhere in silent execution, declares that the gates of salvation shall never be shut against such a man. By the intrinsic fitness of his character, harmonized with the divine will, his heavenly destination is assured. Is it credible to any rational mind that a man of this stamp, because by his honest merits he has won the world, and by his magnanimous purity and liberality made a noble use of it, shall hereafter be condemned to hear the words, "Son, thou hadst thy good things in thy lifetime, and now thou must be tormented"? No: instead of being thrust down to perdition because of his meritorious triumph on the earth, he shall on that account be raised to a double height in heaven, with the five mortal talents gaining five immortal ones, and winning from the Master the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Orthodox, in the average of their laity, will no doubt indignantly deny that their belief dooms such a man to hell. But the logical necessities of their unrepudiated creeds do thus doom him. And that is the doctrine which has been, and still is, currently preached. Will they assert that a man can go to heaven without any belief in the Trinity, in the plenary authority of the Bible, or in the atoning blood of Christ? If so, then they are theists like us, their faith grounded on the great ethical postulates of natural religion.

They ought either consistently to stand by their theory of a dogmatic and sacramental salvation, or else manfully to abandon it. They have no right to the illicit advantage of holding two contradictory views at once, — vociferating, when in their own conventicles, the narrowest and most shocking terms of superstition and bigotry; claiming, when they address a more free and enlightened public, to believe only in flexible and rational conditions of redemption open for all men. They will see eye to eye with us when they outgrow the childish folly of believing only in a verbal God of tradition, cast in the metaphor of a fickle human monarch, and acquire faith in the living God of benignant and unchangeable law. To the Infinite, time and eternity are one; the soul and the world, the obverse and the reverse of a serial act; and judgment no critical climax or crash, but a continuous process. The true possession of our earthly environment and the salvation of our personality are therefore identical.

ART. IV. — IS THERE A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA?

- I. *The Catholic History of North America*. Five Discourses, to which are added two Discourses on the Relations of Ireland and America. By THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, Author of the "Reformation in Ireland," &c. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1855. 12mo, pp. 239.
- II. *The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church*. By PETER H. BURNETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 8vo, pp. 741.

"THE Catholic History of North America" was published several years ago, and did not then attract much attention in either Protestant or Catholic circles. It contains some good things, and on the whole it is not an unreadable book. The public papers and other documents given in the appendix have an historical value, and several of them are very

interesting. But the author's conclusions and anticipations are, to say the least, illogical and ridiculous.

"I have announced to the public," he says, "for some time that I am prepared to prove in these discourses three propositions; to wit, first, that the discovery and exploration of America were Catholic enterprises, undertaken by Catholics with Catholic motives, and carried out by Catholic co-operation."

Therefore, according to our author's logic, America belongs by right to the Catholics, or rather to the Irish, owing to the fact that *the Irish have contributed more than their share* to increase the Catholic population in the United States.

"In kind, as in quantity," he tells us, "this [Irish] emigration was materially more valuable than any the colonial times had known. Its uniform poverty was its most useful quality. . . . The German villagers, who march in compact procession from the ship's side to the far West, do better for themselves, but not for the country. A steady supply of cheap labor, a force which could be freely moved from point to point of national development, . . . was the great want of this republic in the last half-century; and that want Catholic Ireland supplied."

Does it not follow that, to make up for the moderate wages they received, the Irish should, at some future time, become the owners and rulers of the land?

The next proposition which the author is prepared to prove is, "that the only systematic attempts to civilize and Christianize the aborigines were made by Catholic missionaries." Therefore, in the opinion of the modest and truthful historian, the Catholic Church is certainly the oldest institution in America, as it is in Europe; and is alone entitled to rule American consciences as it does those of half the Christian world! How the preceding statements can be made to agree with the following is more than we would venture to say.

"The first Irish emigrants had failed to implant Catholicity in British North America. . . . In retired spots of Maryland and Pennsylvania, a few had the happiness never to be totally deprived of the sacraments; but the vast majority, in the absence of church and priest, had fallen insensibly away."

We must remember that, during all that time, from the English to the American Revolution, and, afterward, before the great Irish emigration commenced, there were many churches already established in America; Protestant churches existing previously to the establishment of the Catholic Church by the Irish.

After having thus endeavored to prove that the Catholic is the oldest church in America, the lecturer proceeds to prove, thirdly, —

“That the independence of the United States was, in a great degree, established by Catholic blood, talent, and treasure.”

And therefore who can deny the Catholic Church the right of controlling American affairs, of assimilating to itself American institutions, and of alone possessing the American continent? The confidence of our author is so great, and the trust he puts in his own assertions so boundless, that at the very start, as if carried away by his faith in the “manifest destiny” of Catholicism in this country, he exclaims, —

“If I succeed in establishing these three propositions, as I believe I shall succeed, may we not hope that the offensive tone of toleration and superiority so common with sectarians will be hereafter abated; that more merit will be allowed to the ages before Protestantism, which produced all the oceanic discoveries; that a more respectful style may be used in speaking of Spain and Italy, — the two arms of European civilization first extended to draw in and embrace America?”

Next, a few words about the “Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.”

A very tortuous, dark, and dangerous path it must have been, since a bulky volume of more than seven hundred octavo pages was necessary to describe it. Neither the learning nor the ingenuity of a lawyer has been sufficient to give us such a description of it as to make us understand where it lies, or what country it passes through, or from what place it starts. The traveller seems to have set out rather late in the evening, and, after wandering a few hours through the darkness, to have got so bewildered that he

sought shelter in a Catholic Church which happened to be open. It was Christmas night. The midnight mass was just going on, and the whole performance deeply affected the wearied lawyer.

"He had never witnessed any thing like it before; and the profound solemnity of the services, the intense yet calm fervor of the worshippers, the great and marked differences between the two forms of worship, and the instantaneous reflection that this was the church *claiming* to be the *only* true church, did make the deepest impression upon *his* mind for the moment."

He gazed into the faces of the worshippers, and they appeared to him as if they were actually looking at the Lord Jesus, and were hushed into perfect stillness in his awful presence. That was the beginning. From that moment the "path" was fairly open before him. He entered upon it, and, as we think, got lost. Surely, it is not always safe to travel during the night, especially through unknown countries, without any other light than a wax taper. The book is a repetition of all those arguments which are generally urged by Catholic writers in support of their own faith. It is written with great calmness and moderation, nor is a single word met with that evinces the least bitter feeling against any one. In this respect it is truly a model book. The writer merely adduces, though in a very complicated manner, the arguments that have convinced himself, in the hope that they may produce on others the same effect. The work is evidently intended for Protestant readers. All expressions are carefully avoided that might give offence, and the most objectionable points are presented in their most plausible and pleasant aspect. Occasionally, the whole Catholic doctrine is not unfolded; that portion only being exhibited to which scarcely any Protestant would object. Catholic theologians usually reckon the opinions of the ancient Fathers as authoritative on matters of faith. According to our author, it is their testimony alone the Church accepts on matters of fact; to wit, *What were the doctrines held, and the observances kept by the Church in their day?* We can hardly believe this book was

written without the aid of some person more versed in the doctrines of the Romish Church, and more used to theological reasoning, than a man of mere legal education can reasonably be supposed to be. It evinces such a knowledge of ecclesiastical writers, and such a skill to make the best of every argument, as Mr. Burnett's "eighteen months' investigation, occupying all his spare time," could not possibly have given him. A friend who is versed in these matters once assured us that works written by competent writers are often published under the name of some influential layman by Catholic priests. May not the one before us be of that description? Be this as it may, the "Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church" is thrice as long as it should be. Let us hope that when any other lawyers go over to the Catholic Church, they may take a less intricate road, and edify us by a shorter account of their journey.

We said "*the Catholic Church.*" But we are by no means sure such a church exists, at least in this country. A church can be Catholic only in one of two ways. Either by professing principles adapted to all men, to all times, and to all places, and receiving into its bosom every one without regard to speculative opinions; or by continuing in the faith and practice of such churches as are by universal consent called catholic. The idea of any church being catholic merely because it actually exists everywhere is preposterous. Even if there were such an institution, mere ubiquity would not entitle it to that glorious designation. Vice in all its most abominable forms can be found everywhere: who ever thought of calling vice catholic? It is true the word originally means universal; but it was adopted into modern languages in a restricted signification, with reference to Christian principles and doctrines, or to the peculiar forms and usages of a Christian church. It is in this sense we understand it when we ask, "Is there a Catholic Church in America?" In the beginning of the Christian era, when humility was regarded as an essential characteristic of religious life, no particular body of men, professing to follow the doctrine and the example of the humble Jesus, exclusively claimed for them-

selves the right of being called "the Catholic Church." Every association of Christians, whether worshipping in a private house or in a public temple; every denomination of disciples, whether saying "We are of Paul" or "We are of Apollos;" every Church of Christ, whether in Jerusalem or in Rome, whether governed by James or by Peter, — all, without exception, considered themselves bound to live up to their profession, in the cherished hope of being acknowledged as members of the one invisible holy Catholic Church by the Supreme Shepherd Christ Jesus. Though they often differed in opinion on most important points, and some were more faithful than others; though certain doctrines, as taught by some, were by others rejected as heresies, — the notion of any one alone being, or having a particular claim to be called, Catholic, was never entertained. Only later, after Christ's spirit had left those ecclesiastical bodies; when divine charity was no longer the bond of union between the churches; when Greek subtilities and pagan speculations were substituted for the simplicity of the gospel, — then only were pretensions made to supremacy and infallibility, to apostolic descent and catholicity. Christian unity and union thus ceased for ever, and with them the sole conditions that could really entitle the Church of Christ to the honor of being truly in a spiritual sense catholic. This happened about the middle of the fourth century. After the church spirit had become sectarian, men established the necessity of believing in the visible "Catholic Church." No article of faith concerning catholicity of any kind can be found in creeds anterior to the celebrated "Arian Controversy." For more than three centuries Christianity had been steadily doing its blessed work of reformation among the nations that received it, and no one had ever thought of compelling all its professors into a single church to be confessed catholic under penalty of eternal condemnation. The idea of a visible universal organization, governed after the system of a temporal kingdom, is so utterly averse to the nature of true religion, that no greater objection could be made to Christianity, were it true that Christianity requires it. What is a help to one is a hindrance to another, and abso-

lute freedom is necessary to the soul in her aspirations towards God. Religion alone, being necessary to man, is necessarily one and catholic. The churches must, on the contrary, be many and local; for the simple reason that they are temporary means, subject to modification and change, which must cease as soon as the object of their institution is attained. Nor can any of them be adapted to the spiritual wants and to the character of all men. They are associations demanded by human experience to foster brotherly love, and communicate to the individual the moral strength of the multitude; but they are not necessarily a part of the religious system taught by Jesus. The church he intended to establish is no visible organization. It is the gathering of all men into a spiritual family; it is their union with God through faith and love. As long as his disciples kept this great object in view, they were one in mind, though belonging to different places and churches: when they changed that object for the devices of human ambition, confusion followed, and dissensions without number. Like the people spoken of in the biblical allegory, they said to one another, "Let us make ourselves a name, lest we be scattered upon the face of the whole earth." God came down and confounded their language, and they can no longer understand one another. A return to the original simplicity, and to the independence of each individual body of Christians, might restore that harmony in the Church which was destroyed by a foolish attempt to become catholic.

The name, however, was preserved. In the eleventh century, the two largest sections of the Church, the Greek and the Latin, arrogated each to itself the distinctive appellation of Catholic,—each utterly denying it to the other. From that time, both these two great bodies of Christians have so far lost the consciousness of their dignity, and the knowledge of their holy mission, as to make Christianity entirely subservient to human ambition, and degrade it into an instrument of oppression. Who can read their history, and not feel at once grieved and ashamed when thinking of the means they have constantly used to up-

hold their doctrines, and triumph over their opponents? There is scarcely an article in their creeds that has not caused more bloodshed than the most sanguinary war. The ignorance and inactivity of the Greek priesthood is now proverbial: indeed, the whole of that Church is at the present time, and has been for the last five or six centuries, in a spiritual apathy, very near death. The Latin Church is living and vigorous; if it decays in one place, it grows in another. But, though by far the largest in the number of its members, as well as the most widely spread institution ever known, its spirit is very exclusive, and its principles very illiberal. Notwithstanding all this, the Greek and the Latin are the only two churches to which the designation of Catholic has not been denied; and we are far from denying it to any church in America that is a branch or integral part of either. Indeed, it is only in this peculiar sense that a religious denomination can lay any claim to catholicity; for, as we have already observed, no visible organization can be catholic, in the true sense of the word. As for its primitive and spiritual signification having particular reference to principles and practice, the term no longer applies to any Christian denomination, either in America or elsewhere. Nor are there, we think, many of our churches that would battle for a distinction, which has long since become a byword to all the good, in every country and amongst all religious professions. The Episcopal sect is occasionally styled "The Church" by its friends, and sometimes lays claims to catholicity. But those claims have so weak a foundation, that we merely mention the fact as a curious instance of human weakness and self-conceit. Episcopal writers affirm that their Church teaches the same principles, and professes the same faith, with the one Catholic and Apostolic Church of the first four centuries after Christ. By comparing her Thirty-nine Articles with the Creeds of Christendom, during that age, any one may satisfy himself whether this assertion is true. Let it be granted, however: what then? Was the Church, in the third and fourth centuries, the same in regard to faith and practice, that it was through the first and second? Were not the

anti-apostolic doctrines, which now dishonor the Christian name, introduced precisely at the time when the Church began to call itself Catholic? Where was the notion obtained that a true church must be the same with that of the first four centuries? If the practice of establishing arbitrary rules, and drawing from them consequences favorable to an institution, were admitted as legitimate, it would be impossible to distinguish between what is to be approved, and what should be rejected. There is no religious sect which, according to its own principles, is not superior to all others. Consistency, in such cases, cannot be received as an argument for truth and right, any more than the flattest contradiction. When it can be proved that a Church must be the same with the Church of the first four centuries, in order to be the true and catholic one; when it can be proved that the Episcopal denomination, such as it exists in this country, really fulfils that all-important condition, then there will be no longer any doubt about its being, "The One, Holy, Catholic Church" of this continent. Meanwhile, we can but stand by our proposition: If a Catholic Church exists in America, it must needs be either the Latin or the Greek. And, as no Church pretends to any connection with the latter, our inquiry is reduced to this: "Is there a Latin, or Roman Church in the United States?"

Certainly, there is a religious sect which claims to be the same as the Roman Church, and styles itself "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic," after the fashion of the Church of Rome. It uses the Latin language in the performance of ecclesiastical ceremonies; it acknowledges the Pope as its visible supreme Head, and receives the Pope's Creed as its own creed and rule of faith. But, still we may ask, is that sect *one and the same thing* with the Roman Catholic Church? Does it really hold the same views, and profess the same principles? Is not its apparent submission to the bishop of Rome a mere pretext of its priesthood, in order to acquire in America the influence and power exerted by the Pope over Catholic Europe? Were we to judge from what is preached and published in this country by American "Catholics," we

should be compelled to say that their claims, even to such catholicity as that of Rome, stand on very slippery ground; that both their doctrines and their practice are in very important points at variance with those of the Latin Church. Let us take, for instance, the fundamental doctrine, the most important in the papal system, that of the Infallibility of the Church. The manner in which it is publicly taught and explained here would, we have reason to believe, subject to the mercy of the Inquisition whoever should dare to do the same in Rome. Dr. Daniel William Cahill's celebrated discourse, in whose praise so much has been written by Catholic editors and correspondents of newspapers, would not be tolerated in St. John Lateran, any more than a sermon from Luther or Calvin. Indeed, it is difficult to say which is more predominant in that remarkable production,—the arrogance of the priest, or the ignorance of the man; ignorance of every elementary principle of Roman Catholic theology, ignorance of which the meanest candle-snuffer of the Sistine Chapel would feel ashamed. According to the Irish divine, it is not only to the Pope teaching *ex cathedra*, or the Church assembled in *Œcumenico Concilio*, that infallibility belongs; but to every bishop, priest, or deacon, that may choose to speak from the pulpit in the name of the Almighty. "If God can deceive you," he says to his audience, "I can; nay, even in such case, I cannot;" and the blasphemy is applauded, called burning eloquence, and circulated in religious periodicals. Many a strange thing have we read in the works of Catholic writers, but we never saw the doctrine of Church infallibility carried so far. The Protestant principle of private and individual interpretation, with which we are reproached as the very worst of our capital sins, is absolutely nothing compared with it. "All priests are kings," says the Church of Rome, on the authority of Peter's "*Βασιλεῖον ἱεράτευμα*:" more than that, answers our doctor; they are infallible popes. There is another doctrine taught in America, which, we feel quite confident, is not the doctrine of the Roman Church, if her standard works can be relied upon as good authority in this matter. Corrupted as she is supposed to be, we do not

think she ever taught that *Disobedience to the laws of the Church evinces greater malice and depravity than disobedience to the law of God*. This maxim often occurs in American Catholic publications without meeting with the deserved rebuke, or even being noticed as an opinion in any way contrary to sound moral principles. It was once openly defended by one of the leading Catholic papers, and urged against Dr. Brownson in consequence of some very just and sensible remarks he had made in his "Review" on the character of the Irish people. The doctor ought to know, observed the writer, that the greater repugnance to violate a prescription of the Church, than a commandment of God, is a most noble trait in the Irish character; and it shows how deeply the reverence for that divine institution is rooted in their hearts.

These, however, are not our principal reasons for doubting the identity of the American and Roman Catholic Churches.

The Catholic clergy in this country reject with indignation the charge of not admitting the principles upon which our civil and political institutions stand, and of not recognizing; as belonging to all men those rights which we believe to be man's natural inheritance. Now, nothing is more certain than the fact that those very principles are condemned, and those very rights denied, by the Roman Church. Not to say any thing of the fundamental principles and well-known tendency of the papal system, the most explicit declarations and anathemas against them have proceeded from the Vatican. The sovereignty of the people; the legitimacy of revolution against oppression; the right of self-government; the freedom of conscience, of speech, and of the press; the inalienable individual right to liberty, knowledge, life, and the pursuit of happiness: all and single, at different times, have repeatedly been denounced as "scandalous doctrines, diabolical principles, infernal inventions, — blasphemous towards God, adverse to religion, insulting to the Church, subversive of order, offensive to pious ears, and leading men to dishonor and destruction." As such they have been condemned and anathematized, especially by Pius VII., Leo X., Gregory

XVI., and more lately by the “amiable and meek” Pius IX., who was not very fastidious in the choice of his terms to that effect. Shall we say that there are two measures, and two scales, by which what is wicked and damnable in Europe becomes good and praiseworthy in America? But even that miserable subterfuge is not left. The Popes unanimously declare that no one can follow such doctrines without forfeiting his title to the heavenly glory; and call upon all men, all over the world, — whatever their age or condition, their rank or dignity may be, — to disown, condemn, and anathematize those and other like principles, together with every one who teaches, approves, or connives at them, denouncing and delivering him to the competent tribunals, to be dealt with as is customary in such cases, notwithstanding the privileges and exemptions he may enjoy by birth or law, even though the privileges and exemptions had been granted by the Holy See, — under penalty of excommunication, *late sententie*, to be incurred *ipso facto*, without any other declaration, and of the indignation of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul. The Bulls are peremptory, sweeping, excluding no one under heaven. We confess we are unable to see how American Catholics can avoid or answer this dilemma. Do they agree with the Roman Church in her condemnation? Then they lie to the Church and their country when they affirm the contrary. Do they, in fact, receive those republican principles, lending a deaf ear to the Church of Rome? Then they are not one with her in doctrine and practice, any more than all Protestant churches are. No mental reservation can avail to extricate them from this position, or justify their conduct in either case. Either they are with us, and against the Roman Church: or they are with the Roman Church, and against us. The solemn oath of allegiance to the United-States Constitution, which they take in common with all our citizens of foreign birth, inclines us to believe them sincere in their professions of attachment to American principles and institutions.

In saying this, it is not our intention to insinuate that they play a double game, and must necessarily betray either party.

Similar inconsistencies are not uncommon. It is fortunate for society that men do not always act strictly according to the principles they profess to believe. The human heart often knows better than the human brain; and men are apt to follow the dictates of their affection in preference to the devices or suggestions of their understanding. Our only purpose is to state the reasons which have led us to think that the Catholic denomination in America has very little in common with the Papal Church, in regard to certain essential points of doctrine and practice. Her members may not be aware of it; they may honestly entertain the conviction that they are both good American citizens and faithful Roman Catholics. Laymen, particularly, who seldom meddle with and know little of ecclesiastical opinions, have the impression that all theology is contained in the Apostles' Creed, which they find is everywhere the same. The confession and the mass are for the great majority the whole sum of ecclesiastical practices for which they care; and, with regard to foreigners, their attachment in many cases to the Church is, we suspect, rather homage paid to an ancient institution of their native countries, than a clear sense of conscientious duty to the Almighty. American institutions are too great a blessing to them, to allow a preference for any other. The following facts are nevertheless deserving of consideration, as calculated to show that at least a large proportion of them have a vague feeling of their real position, although they may be unable to define it.

What we here in America call "the Catholic Church," is chiefly composed of foreigners from different nations; a comparatively small number only being of American descent. Not less than one-half of these foreigners are from Ireland; and, owing to the fact that the French and Germans do not allow themselves to be so easily priest-ridden, it is almost exclusively to the Irish that the interest in the Church is confined. Other foreign Catholics attend the mass, and have their children baptized by a priest, especially if married to Catholic women. If a priest of their own nation and tongue happens to minister to a parish, they contribute as far as

they can to his support in their usual way. But, as they have the impression that on the whole the institution is rather Irish than Roman Catholic, they keep aloof, and constantly refuse to join in the religious solemnities peculiar to that people. The reader may often have heard, as we often have, Irish persons say that other Catholics are not so good as the Irish; that the Irish are the most faithful Catholics in the world. Here, then, there are two facts which certainly are not without meaning. On one side are the Catholics from the European continent refusing to be assimilated with the Irish Catholics, and, in many instances, preferring to worship alone as independent societies, rather than commune with them in ecclesiastical matters. On the other, the Irish Catholics monopolize through their priests the government of the Church, under the pretence of being, as a nation, alone true Catholics, and with the conviction that God has constituted them the lords of this land. Now what does this mean? Can several millions of men be mistaken in judging of those things that stand nearest to their hearts, as the religious institutions under which they were educated undoubtedly do? No: the Germans, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, all equally believe and feel that if there is an American *Catholic* Church, it must be, in doctrine as well as in practice, in her ritual as well as in her prescriptions, *one* and the same with that of their native countries. So much the more so, as it is necessarily formed of elements gathered from all nations of the earth. No other idea of Catholicism can they conceive; and, not seeing it realized in the Church pointed out to them as the only Catholic Church, they refuse to acknowledge it. In their turn, the Irish also are right. Their religious belief, their moral principles, their ecclesiastical practices, practically and essentially differ from those of other European nations; and as they do not perceive that others do what *they* do, they very naturally conclude that the Irish are the best, if not the only, Catholics in the world.

It may be objected that the Roman Catholic Church never claimed to be *one* in so strict a sense. Uniformity in doctrine, and submission to the Pope, are the only requisites,

properly speaking, that constitute her character, and the only essential conditions for any church of communion with her. Every church has, and is allowed to follow, her own usages; and, in several instances, a difference in ritual and language is even permitted. Nay, it is a duty for such churches to observe their particular forms, and use the prescribed tongue, which they in no case whatever can change without a permission from the Supreme Pontiff. This permission is only granted when the *greater* good of the Church universal evidently requires it. This condescension, this adaptation of herself to the habits, manners, and laws of the various countries where her children happen to be found, is in conformity with her catholic spirit. If all the members of Christ's body are united to the same visible Head, and profess the same dogmas, it matters but little how they move, how they manifest their submission and show their faith, provided they do so with the sanction of the Church. This *Variety in Unity* constitutes one of the greatest glories of which she can boast. These, and other like things, might be objected. But such objections do not apply to this case. The question is not whether the Coptic or the Greek branches of the Catholic Church have any title to be considered as such; but whether what is called the Catholic Church in America is really one with that of the continent of Europe, which alone is known as the Latin Catholic Church. It does not claim to be an American branch, or to follow the Ambrosian rite: it claims to be the Latin or Roman Church, and to follow the corresponding ritual. If Roman, why does not her teaching agree with that of Rome? If she observes the Latin rite, why cannot Catholics recognize what they have been used to from their childhood? Is it not rather an Irish Church, than an American Catholic one? Has not the original American Catholic Church, founded mostly by French and English missionaries, been supplanted by an institution which is to all purposes Irish and anti-American? Is the affected love and subjection of that institution to the Bishop of Rome a valid title to absorb into itself all other Catholics, because of its numerical superiority?

Is it not rather a specious pretence to obtain an influence which otherwise it would be foolish to hope for?

A satisfactory answer to all these queries may be difficult, may be impossible. But surely a few more years will show that the Pope is rather an instrument than a cause; that he is as ignorant of what is done in his name in this country, as we are of the plans to be executed by the *Catholic Church*. The spirit and aim of the two institutions are the same. What one has already done, the other intends to do. But the sins of the daughter, though often a consequence of the mother's example, do not always turn to the benefit of the mother. Besides, the Pope at the present time has so much to do in watching his own interests at home, that he may be very willing to abandon the Church abroad to the care of others, and be satisfied with several millions of dollars to pay the enormous, ever-increasing debt of his wretched State.

ART. V.—THE CHINESE QUESTION.

WE may at last feel assured that the negro question is practically settled, and can no longer afford a legitimate bone of contention for our great political parties.

Many fondly flatter themselves that now the winds of political dispute must cease. Others, less confident, wonder vaguely if there can be any longer any thing for the country to quarrel about and divide upon. The politicians, fearful of losing their occupation, are taking up every semblance of a question, and blowing the empty bubbles in hopes of puffing them into "issues." Eight Hour laws and Women's Rights, Free Trade and Cuban Independence, Catholicism and Temperance, coal and cotton, are all eagerly drummed into the political field, and their meagre ranks made to raise as much dust as possible, in order to delude people into thinking them the embattled hosts of great armies. But, meanwhile, there has arisen, just above the horizon, a cloud that is a real one;

a most serious and vital subject of dispute and honest difference, threatening to cover every thing else from view, and effect a complete reorganization of parties. This is the Chinese question.

We have heard something of the Chinese in California for several years. But they have been so distant, and communication with the Pacific coast has had such obstacles, that we have not concerned ourselves much about them. But the Pacific railroad has made a great change in our relations with that part of our country. It has brought San Francisco within a week's journey of New York. It gives an immense impetus to the commerce and communication between our country and China. The Chinese have been employed in large numbers in the building of that great highway, and their efficiency as laborers has been published throughout the whole country. Some of the Chinese have already arrived at Chicago; and an immigration company has been formed in that city, which has contracted for the importation thither of fifty thousand. A convention of agriculturists from all the Southern States was held at Memphis on the 13th of July, at which it was determined to organize a Chinese immigration company for the South immediately, with a capital of a million dollars. The general introduction of the Chinese into all the Southern States is intended. The Southerners hail John Chinaman as the "coming man;" an industrious, submissive, reliable, and cheap laborer, to take the place of the uncertain supply of the hated freedmen.

The number of the Chinese that are already in the country is much larger than is generally supposed. The six great Chinese companies, to one or the other of whom most of the Chinese on the Pacific coast belong, have record of 65,000. The whole number is thought by good observers not to fall short of 100,000. According to this estimate, one in every four of all the adults on the Pacific slope is a Chinaman. Every town of that section of the country, from the gulf of California to Vancouver's Island, and from the Golden Gate to the Rocky Mountains, has its Chinese quarter. The immigration is swelling with immense velocity. Every immigrant

that comes will bring a hundred others, just as fast as word can return from him to his brethren at home of the ease and rapidity with which money can be made here, and as fast as Americans learn the excellence and cheapness of the labor which the Chinese can supply. A Chinaman will pursue a few "sapecks" to the uttermost parts of the globe as devotedly as an American will a dollar; and wherever our employers try Chinese labor, they find not only that they can obtain it at a price much less than other labor, but that it is also more steady and careful, and that it is capable of carrying on almost any occupation or manufacture in which it may be wanted. The Chinese in California have found their way into almost every manual employment. They grade railways, open roads, cut wood, and pick fruit. They tend cattle and sheep, and wash and iron clothes. They run sewing-machines, and weave cloth. They make first-class factory operatives, being preferred to any other kind by the superintendents of cotton and woollen mills in California. They act as firemen to steamers and stationary engines, paint carriages, repair furniture, make boots, shoes, and cigars. They make tin and wooden ware, paper bags and boxes, and label and pack medicines. Placer mining has, from the first, been one of their chief occupations. They tend vineyards, and cultivate market-gardens. Their patient care produces the finest vegetables for the Sacramento and San Francisco markets. They have become especially useful and expert in domestic service as cooks, lackeys, and men-of-all-work in the house, filling completely the place of servant-girls. They are anxious to learn every thing that can be of pecuniary advantage to them, and their patience and imitative faculty enable them to do so with surprising celerity.

The field and demand for the labor of the Chinese would therefore seem to be immense. The supply is unlimited, as China, from her swarming population of four hundred million, could spare us ten or twenty million a year, without parting with any but the surplus increase of her people; and the immigration companies are doing their best to bring supply and demand together. The Pacific may be six thousand

miles wide, and the Atlantic coast three thousand miles from the Pacific; but to the steamship or the locomotive this distance is no more than the crossing of the Atlantic to a packet. In six years we shall probably have four or five hundred thousand of the natives of the Celestial Empire among us. In a dozen years they will amount to one or two millions. The cities of the Atlantic coast, as well as of the Pacific, will each have their China town or "*little China*." Yellow hands, instead of black, will hoe the rice and pick the cotton in our Southern States. They will crowd out the negroes from the tobacco-fields, the Germans from the market-gardens, and the Irish from the kitchens and factories, as these have already crowded out the native American. They will lower permanently the rates of wages. Their votes will soon be sought by one or the other of our political parties, and they will be naturalized and brought to the polls by tens of thousands.

Such is the situation which we shall soon be in, if the Chinese immigration goes on in its natural course without governmental interruption. Though the cloud appears yet but little larger than a man's hand, it is soon to cover the whole sky. Is it a cloud that brings copious, gentle, and enriching showers to our huge unpopulated wastes, or does it bring upon us destructive floods and all the floating *débris* of a ruined country? Will this cheap labor be a real advantage to the country, or a delusive one? Will the influx of the Chinese improve, or degrade and disturb our social and political condition? Shall their immigration be permitted, encouraged, or stopped? If allowed to enter the country, shall they be admitted to the protection of the laws, and the rights of citizenship and suffrage? These are important questions which we must very soon decide, or find the Chinese element and influence, like that of the Irish and German, become already so strong that we have no longer the control of it.

The question with all its attendants and conditions is so new that it would be presumptuous at present to give an unhesitating and final answer in regard to it. But there are some of the points that will have weight in forming our conclusion, upon which it is possible to speak with a good deal of certainty.

The first point in the problem is the industrial question. As the Chinaman will work for much less than the native laborer or the European immigrant, living, as he does, so economically that he will lay up money on wages on which an American would starve, and as he is at the same time a much more steady, easily-managed, and industrious workman, he at once supersedes the white laborer, and lowers the standard of wages wherever he goes. This is called by many an injury to the country. Of course, they say it is an immediate benefit to the capitalist and the employer; but it throws many of our native laborers out of employment and reduces them to poverty; and this lowering of the rate of wages lowers the standard of living and comforts of the whole laboring class of the country. It makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer. It removes the intelligent, well-paid American laborer, who was formerly the boast of our country, to fill his place with the ignorant foreign pauper.

This view is certainly plausibly presented, but we do not think it sound. The ability of the Chinese to labor so cheaply is not owing to their more degraded mode of living, but to their carefulness and thrift. In neatness, cleanliness, and comfort of living, they will equal if not surpass the Irish whom they supersede, although the Irish may have received much larger wages than they. If by the lowering of wages, and contact with the Chinese, our white laborers would learn to live with Chinese economy, it would be an inestimable benefit to themselves and the whole country. Cheap labor produces low prices for every thing. Low prices will relieve our commerce and manufactures from the depression and stagnation in which our present high prices keep them, and will enable the pursuit of them to become once more profitable; business will revive all over the country; production will be increased; the demand for labor will be greatly multiplied.

The low prices produced by cheap labor will bring down the cost of living, and will add just so much to the purchasing power of a man's money. The laborer himself, therefore, will get the original reduction of his wages made up, to a large extent, by this increase in the value of his wages; and,

as the number of consumers of the products of labor is much larger than the number of the producers, the number of persons in the whole community benefited by cheap labor must exceed in number those injured by it. To professional men, salaried men, clerks, people with fixed incomes, employers, and others not engaged in rude kinds of manual work, — and in this class would come the great majority of native Americans, — the reduction in the wages of manual labor, and the consequent lowering of the prices of all things, would be an unalloyed gain, a direct increase of their incomes. This comparative increase of the rewards of intelligent labor, and diminution of those of manual and unskilled labor, is most certainly a proper, just, and desirable result. If we are to maintain a high civilization in this country, the premium of intelligent labor over unintelligent must in some way be made much more considerable than at present.

Cheap labor, as we have said, will invigorate and enlarge the business of the country. It will thus increase the demand for labor. Its action will be like that of machinery in manufacturing. As the introduction of that was thought at first sure to throw a large portion of the laboring class *out* of employment, but was found afterwards to increase the demand for labor, at the same time that it reduced the cost of articles of manufacture; so it will be with the introduction of cheap labor. Our native laborers, instead of being crowded *out* by the introduction of the cheap Chinese labor, will be crowded *up* into the grade of overseers, superintendents, employers, storekeepers, clerks, and so forth. A well-paid American laborer is, doubtless, an honor to the country; but when he becomes a better paid overseer or employer, does he become less honorable or more?

As a general thing, however, the fact is that there are no longer any native American laborers to be crowded out. They were crowded out some time ago in our cities and manufacturing establishments, by the Irish, German, and Italians. In the country and farming-districts, they still remain to a considerable degree; but, so far from fearing that they shall be crowded out, they are only too glad of any chance to get

out. The coming of foreign laborers, instead of being a source of alarm to the educated American laborer, is a source of rejoicing. It affords him a chance of rising above manual labor on the shoulders of the new-comers. With every additional body of laborers, just so many more opportunities are opened for a man of intelligence and familiarity with the country to "make a living by his brains." The day of that ideal American society, in which the farmer's hired man gave the lecture before the Lyceum, and the "help" in the kitchen wrote poems, when the cobblers studied French, and the factory-girls conducted a magazine, has passed away. It was possible only for a short period, in the first dawning of a higher culture and the flush of a new ambition, amidst the generous rewards of a virgin soil, and among a sparse population of simple tastes. When wealth accumulated, and greater luxury began to enter; when social rivalry was awakened, and the standard of comfort elevated; when silk dresses, pianos, and carpeted floors became social necessities; when the population became denser and competition greater, and the hands among whom the products of the soil were to be distributed more numerous; when the pressure of double work came to be borne continually; and especially when cultivated tastes became more fully developed,—that form of society could no longer sustain itself. The rewards, opportunities, and honor of manual labor, fell below what was necessary to maintain one's respectability in society. They were entirely inadequate for what the opened mind and refined taste of the educated American aspired to, and what his aroused ambition aimed at. The American laborer had then either to give up his aspirations for material comforts, social dignity, and intellectual culture, or else to find some more remunerative and congenial employment. Many at once yielded to this necessity, chose the latter of the two alternatives, and became our successful merchants, manufacturers, employers, inventors, bankers, and lawyers. Others have resisted it, and have attempted, by dint of incessant and exhausting exertions, to keep their daughters at the seminary and their sons at college, and their parlors equipped with piano and sofa, by the toil of

their own unaided hands. But the strain has been too great. It has shattered the nerves, disordered the stomachs, worn out the bodies, and made hard, weary, and joyless the lives of our native farmers and mechanics. They are finding this out, all over the country. They are abandoning manual labor, and crowding into the cities to seek some more lucrative and less trying occupation.

This desertion of manual labor by our native population has gone on much faster than the foreign laborer has come to enter it. For evidence of this, we need only turn to the fact which is familiar to every one who has ever remained half a dozen weeks in our country or suburban districts, that it is exceedingly difficult, often impossible, to get a man or woman to do any kind of farm, house, or mechanic work, at a score of miles' distance from our great cities, even at the best of wages. Here is a great gap in the ranks of our manual laborers, which needs to be filled. While this deficiency in their number, this difficulty of getting their assistance for rude, hard, and distasteful work, lasts, almost every one outside of our cities must perforce do a large part of such work himself; and too many will find country life an exhausting and odious drudgery, dissatisfying to the higher sensibilities and aspirations. The remedy is to introduce from abroad a full supply of cheap and reliable labor, — a laboring class which will be content to remain in the position of a laboring class.

We may feel regret at the prospect of such a change. We may long to retain and revive the old American ideal, — our old boast of native laborers, as intelligent, comfortable, and respectable as the rest of the community; but it is no longer possible, any more than that a mammal's structure should be as homogeneous and simple as a polyp's, or that a grown man should live on the same quantity and quality of food as he did in his childhood. The fact is, as we have said, that that ideal is already doomed; that our intelligent, native laborers either have been already crowded out, or are voluntarily abandoning manual labor faster than others can fill their place. However much we may prefer them, they will not stay: they are not to be had in any sufficient quantity. The

choice is not between the intelligent native laborer and the ignorant Chinese foreigner, but between the foreign immigrant from Europe and the foreign immigrant from China. The great want of our country at present is an abundance of cheap and good labor. Our capitalists and employers are suffering for lack of it. Our professional class need it, to lower the cost of living. Our farmers want it, to relieve them of their drudgery. Our native mechanics and laborers want it, to make possible their own rise to the higher stations to which they aspire. Our housekeepers, especially, want it in their kitchens. The East wants it in its mills and manufactories, so that they may be able to compete with European work. The West needs it, to develop its immense mineral and agricultural resources, and to fill its vast unpopulated territory. For the sake of the Union it is needed, that, by means of it, manufacturing pursuits may become as easy and profitable at the West and South as at the East, and thus the business interests of the different sections of our country be made similar, and one of our most ominous sources of dissension be removed.

We must get this supply of labor somewhere. As we cannot get it at home, we must get it by immigration from some foreign country. China offers us this supply, in abundance and cheapness exceeding any other source. In other respects, the supply which China offers seems equal to any kind of labor which we can obtain. The Chinese are exceedingly patient and persevering. They learn with great quickness, and, once taught how to do a thing, will do it every time in the same identical way. They are careful, tractable, and industrious; neither saucy, restless, nor ambitious; content without society, amusements, or church of their own different faith; satisfied in the country as in the city. They do not strike or demand eight-hour laws. They do not stipulate before going to house-service, for two afternoons a week and all their evenings, and hot and cold water in the kitchen, and no children in the family. Intoxication is very rare among them. In California, says Mr. Brace, —

"People everywhere speak well of them, and agree that they are the most industrious and steady of laborers; not as efficient, perhaps, as the Irish, but more regular and sober, and with a great talent for imitation. In person, they are the neatest of creatures. I have seen a whole gang, after a day's work on a farm, washing themselves all over with warm water, which they keep ready for their return, as carefully as a company of gentlemen; and I was assured that this is their daily habit. The common laborers are said to keep a horn instrument for cleaning their tongues every morning. They are always neatly and nicely dressed, and are much more agreeable coach-company than the Mexicans or Spaniards here, who are exceedingly 'odorous.'"

The Rev. Mr. Nevins, for ten years a missionary in China, who is the author of the latest and one of the best books on China and the Chinese, says that it is the testimony of foreigners generally, that the Chinese make excellent servants.

"During our residence of ten years in China," he says, "we hardly ever had occasion to dismiss a servant. In nearly every case, a strong attachment sprang up between them and us; and, in more instances than one, I have felt personally grateful for services and attentions which I could not reasonably have required, and which were all the more grateful because rendered spontaneously and heartily. We had so little fear of theft that our doors and drawers were often left unlocked, and servants and numerous visitors had free access to every part of our house."

A better combination of the qualifications for desirable servants and manual laborers we may challenge any other class or race among us to present. Certainly, neither the Irish, the Africans, nor our Anglo-Saxon laborers equal it.

But, granting the labor question to be decided, a more important one may overrule the decision, which, looking at this point alone, we might give. This is the question: "What sort of an element, in our politics and government, will the Chinese be? Will their influence on our society, our institutions, and our civilization, be a desirable one? Can we transform them into a homogeneous part of our body politic? Can we impregnate them with our American ideas of

education, liberty, equality, and progress?" This is a very serious question. It is equally difficult to answer, as yet. Were our government despotic or oligarchical in form, or were its suffrage restricted to those of American blood or native born, it would give us little cause for anxiety. But with our republican constitution, and our American idea that every one who steps on our soil becomes at once a full citizen, with the right of joining in the government of the country, it is a most momentous and difficult question.

Could we have kept this country as the exclusive home of our own native population, or of the Anglo-Saxon race; or could we have kept even the suffrage out of the hands of those of foreign race and birth,—it would undoubtedly have been infinitely better for the safety and success of our institutions and our civilization. But this ideal, like the ideal of the intelligent, respectable native laborer, is a thing no longer within our choice. The time when any such preservation of our native population from the admixture of a lower foreign ingredient was possible, went by long ago. It is already more than a decade and a half of years since the party formed expressly to resist the influence of our foreign element ignominiously failed in getting even an extension of the legal period of probation before a foreigner could vote. Americans themselves were the promoters of the influx of immense swarms of the poor of all Europe; and, almost as soon as they landed, put the ballot into their hands, and put out of their own the ability to control or stop their coming. This invading multitude still pours across the Atlantic to our shores. The lower classes of Europe will continue to send their hundreds of thousands annually as long as our huge tracts of unoccupied land invite the squatter, and wages here continue higher than there. If the Chinese are not allowed to enter the country, this condition and this European immigration will last for many years. If the Chinese immigration be admitted and encouraged, it will soon so fill up the country and lower wages, that the advantages of emigration to the poor of Europe will cease to be large enough to tempt them to make the long journey, and venture the risks, trouble, and

cost of the way. The real question, then, is,—not as it will be and is sophistically put,—“ Shall we alloy our intelligent native population with these ignorant and degraded foreigners?”—for it is impossible now to prevent its being alloyed with ignorant and degraded foreigners from somewhere,—but, “ Shall they come henceforth from Europe or Asia? shall we allow the lower classes of our population to be filled up entirely from the laboring classes of Europe, or shall we for the future take in a large proportion from Asia, and lessen the number from Europe?”

Much may be said as to this, on both sides. As yet, the Chinese have not come here to stay, and have had no desire to interfere in the government of the country. Not more than one or two out of their whole number have been naturalized, and none of them has ever voted. They come here only temporarily, for the purpose of laying up a small competence; and as soon as they have done so, return home. They have not fled from a detested government to make use of this as a base from which to operate against the authorities at home, and to assist themselves by embroiling us with a country that we ought most of all to be at peace with. They are not zealots in the cause of a Church in whose interest they will seek to control our local politics and to alter our educational system. On the contrary, they are remarkable for their religious tolerance,—perhaps, even, it may be called religious indifferentism. Their favorite maxim, according to the Abbé Huc, is, “ Religions are many, reason is one; ” and it is a rule of courtesy with them, when with one of a different religion from themselves, to praise his, and depreciate their own. They are not likely to double our taxes for the support of their paupers, and the repression and confinement of their criminals, or to make our streets unsafe with their drunken rows. The number among them that ever disturb the peace, depend on charity or the public, break the laws, or violate the rights of property or life, is unusually small, as compared with all other classes. The peace, courtesy, and endurance of injuries which Christians preach, the Chinese practise. In all these respects they are

far more desirable immigrants than those from that island of Europe from which has come the largest single supply of our present foreign population.

The difference in race between the Chinese and the rest of our foreign population may very possibly become a source of ethnic jealousies and dissensions; but it is possible, as well, that it may prove a useful balance to the excessive influence of our European element. We need certainly entertain no apprehensions of the deterioration of our stock from the amalgamation of the Mongolian race with it. The idea that the quality of a stock is lowered by admixture with another, has been found to be the very opposite of truth. It has been found that such mixtures of race are beneficial to both parties, and are even occasionally necessary with races, just as with families, to prevent them from decaying. The races which are at the head of European civilization—the English, German, and French—are those which are most mixed. The races of Europe which are the most backward—the Portuguese, Spanish, and Greek—are those which are most pure. The vigor of our own people is due in considerable measure to the great union of different races which is already found here. The qualities of the Chinese are very well fitted to be united with the American traits. Their mild, contented, polite, reverent, and rather phlegmatic temperament will be an excellent neutralizer to our brusque, over-nervous, hurrying, pushing, restless, and irreverent character.

In regard to that most important question, the state of morals among the Chinese, there seems to be a great deal of difference in opinion. Some describe them as a degraded race, deceitful, sensual, cruel, and cowardly. Others declare that in the practice of the Christian virtues they surpass Christian nations themselves. They are probably, in fact, as far from the race of liars and thieves which their depreciators would make them out to be, as they are from the ideal nation of mild philosophers with whom Voltaire took pleasure in comparing the Christians of his time. The Chinese among us, having been subjected to legal oppression, and to the unrestrained outrage of our worst rowdies, it is only natural

that they should resort to arts and acts of as bad a nature for defence and revenge. Those who have been the first to come to this country, and those who congregate at the open ports of China where Americans generally get their impressions of the Chinese, are of course in great measure the lowest part of the people, — adventurers, separated from the restraining influence of their families and of home society, who have come for a short period to engage in the general scramble for money. It is evident that they fall far short of affording us a fair representation of the character of the general body of the people, or of the character of the immigrants that we shall obtain in the future when they come in large numbers from the interior of the country. In respect for parents and the aged they far surpass us. Their standard of propriety, and of what the public taste requires in books for general reading, and in objects openly represented to be seen and admired by the young and old of both sexes, is also higher than ours. A nude representation of the human form is hardly to be found among all the innumerable idols and images of the empire. In their literature, as well as in their paintings and sculpture, there is a scrupulous solicitude to avoid all indecent and immoral associations and suggestions. "No people," says Thomas Taylor Meadows, who is an acknowledged authority on Chinese character and literature, "no people, whether of ancient or modern times, has possessed a sacred literature so completely exempt as the Chinese from licentious descriptions, and from every offensive expression. There is not a single sentence in the whole of their sacred books and their annotations that may not, when translated word for word, be read aloud in any family in England." The same propriety is observed in their theatres. Vulgar and immoral plays are proscribed by law, and are comparatively rare. They are found generally only in obscure villages in the country. In secret, however, there are done with them, as with us, things which are not to be spoken of. Among the middle and lower classes the habit of using obscene language is a common one. This is said to take the place of the profanity found in Western countries, and to be followed

from the same motives, and to about the same extent. Drunkenness, as we have said, is infrequent; but gambling, secret vice, and the use of opium, are said to prevail to an extent not known in Europe or America.

Infanticide has been charged with being a common crime among the Chinese. In some places, as about Fuchow, says Nevins, it is common, but in other parts of the empire it is very rarely that you find well-authenticated instances of it. It is confined almost exclusively to female children; and is due to the over-crowding of population in China, and the difficulty of marriage, which is absolutely the only means of support which a woman in China has. In this country, it would not be likely to occur at all. The extent of infanticide among the Chinese has been supposed very much greater than it really is, because of their superstitious practice, in many parts of the empire, of casting away, unburied, the bodies of dead infants. When Europeans see these dead bodies floating in the rivers, or lying on its banks, or by the city walls, or hanging from trees, they erroneously infer that they are the work of infanticides.

In regard to honesty, there is probably a considerable lack of it among the lower classes. When dealing with the petty traders, one must be on his guard if he does not wish to be imposed upon. In the large cities, especially the foreign communities, it is hardly safe to leave coats and umbrellas near the hall-door when that is unlocked. There is considerable corruption, peculation, and extortion among the government officials. But this is as true of New York or Washington as of Canton or Peking. Mr. Nevins says that he has travelled hundreds of miles in the interior at different times, and in different parts of the country, sometimes entirely alone, and has been completely in the power of perfect strangers, who knew that he had about his person money and other articles of value, but has always felt nearly as great a sense of security as at home; that he has heard the testimony of prominent merchants, who have had large business transactions with the Chinese, both in China and California, who have represented Chinese business men as very prompt and relia-

ble in meeting their business engagements; that Chinese agents are often sent into the interior with large sums of money, to purchase silks and tea, the person sending them having no guarantee or dependence but that of their personal honesty; and that he has known genuine "one-priced" stores in China where you are sure to obtain a good article at a reasonable price.

He adds, further, that he has met in China with some of the most beautiful instances of affection, attachment, and gratitude which he has ever known; and that he has made the acquaintance of not a few Chinese, whom he regards with more than ordinary affection and respect, on account of the natural amiability of their dispositions, their sterling integrity, and their thorough Christian principle and devotion. Mr. Brace fully corroborates Mr. Nevins in regard to the trustworthiness of the large Chinese business houses in California. The conclusion to which an impartial judge must come to, in regard to Chinese morality, must be, we think, the same as that of Mr. Nevins, — that, in the standard and practice of virtue, there is no such difference between China and Christian lands as to form the basis of any very marked contrast, or to render it modest or prudent for us to designate any vice, or class of vices, as peculiar to, and especially characteristic of, the Chinese.

In person, we have said that they are cleanly. Their houses, furniture, and settlements, however, are often, it must be admitted, very filthy and noisome. Many virulent diseases maintain themselves among them; and epidemics are more frequent and much more severe than among the inhabitants of this country.

Some races, it has been noticed, readily conform themselves to the usages of whatever land and society they travel or emigrate to. When at Rome, they not only do as the Romans do, but soon become transformed into regular Romans, and are no longer to be distinguished from the rest of the community. Other races, however far from home they may go, and however long they may stay, retain tenaciously their own national peculiarities. The French are an example of

the first; the English of the second class. The difference seems to be due to the greater imitative tendency of the French. The great activity of this faculty among them is shown by their superiority in all kinds of manufacture where great exactness and delicacy is required. Now, the Chinese are famous for this same imitative faculty; and it is natural to expect that it will tend powerfully to assimilate them easily and speedily to our institutions, if they come to settle permanently among us.

In addition to the predisposition which this faculty gives them to conform to our society and institutions, they have a considerable preparation for them in their own intellectual development, and educational and political system. Chinese who have been educated with Europeans, have shown themselves in no way inferior in mental ability. China has an extensive and valuable literature. She has been for centuries the centre of light and civilization to Eastern Asia. She has given a literature and a religion to the thirty or forty million of the Japanese, and to the inhabitants of Corea and Mantchuria; and by these and other nations and countries of the East is looked up to as an acknowledged leader and teacher. In Chinese literature may be found, in pretty clear outlines, the prototypes of almost every prominent form of European thought and speculation. Confucianism, for example, with its worship of ancestors and benefactors, and its doctrine of the insufficiency of the human mind to attain to any knowledge of spiritual or divine things, and our consequent duty to ignore them, and put our whole attention and labor upon earthly and material things, anticipated by three thousand years one of the essential principles of the Positive Philosophy, which is regarded by many as the final result of all Western philosophizing. In the writings of Confucius's great contemporary, the founder of the Chinese Rationalists, we find the main doctrines of that other "last word of philosophy," the transcendentalism of Schelling and Hegel; and also, at the same time, many striking parallels to the teachings of Jesus. In science and the arts, as well as in philosophy, the Chinese have anticipated us. They invented before

us the art of printing, the use of gunpowder, and the magnetic needle, the manufacture of paper, porcelain, china-ware, and silk fabrics. Of the modern sciences, — chemistry, geology, astronomy, the use of steam and electricity, — the Chinese know of course hardly any thing. But neither did we, four hundred years ago. At that time, the Chinese, in all the arts and knowledges and habits of civilized life, were certainly the equals, if not the superiors, of European nations. Since then, while we have advanced with unparalleled rapidity, they have halted in the path of progress. But this is only a temporary stop, a thing of the last few centuries only, and does not justify the charge which has been brought against them of ancient and native immobility.

Already they are beginning to advance again. The commercial energy and enterprise which they display at home, and throughout Eastern Asia, show that they are ready to enter into the path of modern progress as soon as they are assured of its advantages. Steamboats are superseding junks in the river and coasting trade of China. The Imperial government has given up for good, as it would seem, its traditional policy of exclusion. It has taken away from the provincial authorities the management of its foreign affairs, and assumed the control of them itself. It has taken men of the most civilized and progressive Western nations into its ambassadorial service, putting an American at the head, and by them has negotiated treaties with the leading powers of Europe and America, such as promise to bring China into free and equal and more intimate relations with them. Wheaton's "International Law" has been translated, and adopted as the guide of the Imperial government in its relations with foreign countries. It is reorganizing its army and navy, building gunboats, and adopting European arms and drill. It has abandoned the old system of farming out the collection of the duties, and has established a Marine Customs Service. In this both foreigners and natives are employed. The Inspector-General, at the head of the service, is a foreigner of marked ability. Liberal salaries, competitive examinations, and promotion according to merit, secure for it

the ablest young men; and it is said to be the most efficient and honestly conducted revenue service in the world. A university has been established at Peking expressly to teach foreign arts, sciences, and literature, under the superintendence of professors from Europe and America. The young men who will be educated here in European knowledge and ideas, will become influential officers at home, authors of Chinese works on the modern sciences, and translators of European literature.

A powerful stimulus cannot but be given by these means to free thought, inquiry, and material progress throughout the empire. In view of such reforms, was Mr. Burlingame at all extravagant when he averred that there was "no spot on this earth where there had been greater progress made in the last few years than in the Empire of China"? Under the invigorating influence of American institutions, society, and example, then, can we doubt their having both the desire and the capability to go forward in the march of modern civilization?

The Chinese government is an example, at once, of the intellectual and organizing capability of that people, and of their devotion to freedom and order. Their system of government and code of laws have elicited a generous tribute of admiration and praise from the most competent writers of Christendom. Mr. Meadows characterizes it as "at once the most gigantic and the most minutely organized that the world has ever seen." Whatever its abstract merits or demerits may be, it has certainly the testimony of successful practice. It has the evidence of the great fact that it has stood the test of time longer than any other government during the world's history, that it has bound together into one nation such a vast mass of people, and given to them such a homogeneousness of character and ideas as the world affords no parallel to, and that it has given that multitudinous population a degree of prosperity and comfort such as will excite our wonder.

The Imperial government of China, instead of being a despotism, as commonly supposed, is, as Rémusat, Huc, Nevins,

and other writers have abundantly shown, a strictly limited monarchy, — limited not only by the careful restrictions of a written constitution, but by the efficient power of a watchful public opinion, which, when the government fails in its duties, or stretches its prerogatives beyond the bounds of ancient custom, soon recalls it to its duty by the voice of a hundred thousand pamphlets, and the personal remonstrance of the chief officers and distinguished men of the nation; and which, in the case of gross abuses of power, does not hesitate to employ force, and eject the offending emperor from the throne. The idea that the people are the source of power, and that government is only a trust, was uttered by one of their most revered philosophers, more than two thousand years ago, and has become embodied in the thought and practice of the people. The people of China are accustomed to a great deal of self-government, not only indirect, but direct. The towns and villages of China elect their own local magistrates, without any pressure or dictation from the Imperial government in regard to their choice; and every man in the town is both capable of electing and of being elected. The Chinese are a people among whom the passports, espionage, and petty governmental interference of many European States nowhere exist; among whom, outside of the small handful of the Imperial family, there are no castes, no privileged nobility, no hereditary classes of any sort, nor any hereditary distinctions; among whom all offices and titles are open to every man by virtue of merit alone; and among whom a system of competitive examinations as the means of getting the best officers for the service of government, which Europe and America are just beginning to see the necessity for, has existed for thousands of years.

China is a land where newspapers and books are common, and where primary education is as universal as in the United States. Among the countless millions of that empire, there are hardly any, it is said, who cannot read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life. This is accomplished principally by private schools, voluntarily supported by the people out of their own purses, but free day schools are not

uncommon. In familiarity with the principles and practice of civil liberty and general education, and in the qualification resulting from this, for becoming desirable members of our republic, the Chinese would seem to be superior to the people of most European States.

There is one thing, however, which it must be admitted is a great drawback to all these qualifications. This is the great difference in religion between the Chinese and ourselves. Between a Christian and the follower of any form of Chinese religion or superstition, there is an incomparably greater gulf of thought, association, habit, and custom than between any of the different divisions of Christianity. This could not but create mutual prejudices, hostilities of feeling and act, and clashings of interest. While our national and state constitutions and laws seek carefully to maintain entire freedom and impartiality as to religious matters, and to keep state and church as separate as possible, still we are in fact a Christian nation. Christianity underlies our whole political and social system. It has determined the fashion of our civilization, our common-school exercises and instruction, our legislative and judicial proceedings and forms, and our days of labor and rest. On all these points, great difficulties may be created by the introduction of a large population, whose religious customs and associations have been formed outside the influence of Christianity.

Many hope that the Chinese by settlement in this country, and being surrounded by Christian influences, and becoming the objects of Christian proselytism, may become converted to our own faith, as our African population has been. There is certainly a hope of this. But it will be accomplished, if at all, with much more difficulty and slowness than the conversion of the negro race. This latter race came to us without any determinate religious faith, children in intellectual and religious and social attainment. The Chinese come as a mature, highly civilized people, with faiths and usages to which they are wedded by the custom of centuries. The efforts which have been made in California for their conversion have been only moderately successful. If they go over to Christianity

in any large numbers, it will probably be into the Roman Catholic Church. Incredible as it may seem, and difficult as it is to account for, it is a fact that there is a long and minute correspondence between the rites, customs, and objects of worship of the Roman Church and of Buddhism, the religion of the greater part of Chinese immigrants. Both religions have a supreme and infallible Head, celibacy among their priesthood, monasteries and nunneries, prayers in an unknown tongue; prayers to saints and intercessors, especially to a virgin with a child; prayers for the dead; the use of a rosary and of a cross; works of merit and supererogation; self-imposed austerities and bodily inflictions; chants, burning of candles, sprinkling of holy water; bowings, prostrations, religious processions; images and pictures, fabulous legends and relics. This extraordinary coincidence gives to the Roman Church a great advantage over every Protestant sect in the work of proselytizing the Chinese. Even if the Chinese become converted to Christianity, they will not then, in respect to religious faith, be as desirable a class of immigrants for our country as the Protestant immigrants from Germany and Scandinavia, whom we have lately begun to receive in large numbers.

Taking these different considerations on the one side and the other into view, some will doubtless find the preponderance on the affirmative, others on the negative side of the question. It is, as we have already said, a difficult question, which we are hardly in a position to give an unhesitating answer to; but if called on for a provisional decision, we should say that it seems to us, on the whole, that the Chinese promise to form as valuable an addition to our population, and to be moulded as readily into harmony with our institutions, and into a homogeneous part of our society, as the larger portion of our present foreign population.

But, whatever doubt may rest on this question in the mind of the candid inquirer, there are two things on which no doubt or difference of opinion ought to exist. These are, that if the Chinese come at all, they must, in the first place, come only as freemen, never in the semi-bondage of a coolie's

position; secondly, that as soon as they step the first foot on American ground, they must have their equal civil rights and the protection and redress of our laws and courts secured to them. It is a burning disgrace that this inoffensive, industrious, and law-abiding race are still denied this, on our Pacific coast, and are handed over by the laws themselves, without hope of redress, to unrestrained insult, plunder, outrage, or murder, by any white ruffian who wishes to gratify his envy, his greed, or his brutality at their expense. Such unbridled license to our worst passions towards any human being is far more corrupting to our institutions than would be the admission of half a million Chinese at once to the franchise itself. The annals of injustice bear everywhere this warning, — that oppression demoralizes and degrades the oppressor as much as the oppressed; that the contempt for law, order, and justice, which it fosters, the tribe of rascals, desperadoes, and brutes whom it breeds, soon turn from the original victim to rend and destroy its own ranks and the parent state.

ART. VI. — LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

WHEN, last year, the editor of this Journal was travelling in Europe, among many other leading representatives of Christian Liberalism whom he had the pleasure of meeting abroad, he made the personal acquaintance of the Dean of the Faculty in the Theological School at Strasburg, — Professor Bruch. A recent private letter to the editor, from this distinguished scholar and noble gentleman, presents the present position of Liberal Christianity so clearly and succinctly, that he has thought a translation of it would furnish the readers of this journal with as good a summary as they could anywhere find of the present prospects of Rational Christianity upon the European continent. The editor has thrown what he hopes may prove timely views of the history and prospects of Liberal Christianity in this country, into the

form of a letter to Professor Bruch, which, as it serves to bring European and American Christian Liberalism into connection, may possibly be of some interest on both sides of the water. Without farther introduction, we proceed to put this correspondence into our pages.

STRASBURG, May 6, 1869.

Christian Church of the Confession of Augsburg, in France:

MY DEAR SIR, AND MUCH RESPECTED BROTHER IN CHRIST, — I am blamable for not having long ago thanked you for the regularity with which, for a year past, you have seen the "Monthly Journal" of the American Unitarian Association, forwarded to me. I have found many things, in perusing this journal, which have interested me in the most lively way. I have seen proofs of what you told me when I had the pleasure of seeing you here, that the Unitarian body in America, so far from being in a state of decline, as many French religious papers had assured us, was, on the contrary, in full progress. I have also seen that American Unitarians were anxious to put themselves in relation with Protestants of the same faith in different European countries, and that during the last year there have been exchanges of fellowship between them and the Unitarians of Hungary, who are probably descendants of the Socinians expelled from Poland.

What has interested me most has been to notice the tendency of American Unitarianism to draw to itself those numerous enlightened Protestants, who, not being able to accept popular Orthodoxy, have felt themselves wholly alienated from the Church, and in danger of falling into complete apathy. Against this tendency among ourselves there has sprung up in Southern Germany, within three or four years, a society called the "Protestant Union" ("Protestanten-Verein"), which has already a wide extension. We have formed at Strasburg, for the Protestantism of the south of France, a similar society, which draws together a great number of clergy and laymen, and which publishes a journal, much circulated, called "Le Progrès Religieux."

The Protestant Union of Germany originated in the necessity of withstanding the policy of the Orthodox party; which, thanks to government protection, had become dominant in Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, and many of the small principalities of Germany. This party had succeeded in driving out of the universities in those countries all the professors in theology, of liberal views, and then gone on, in the nomination of pastors for churches, to manifest a complete

spirit of exclusiveness towards all who would not lend themselves to the support of Orthodox dogmas. In spite of the opposition which this society has met from the ecclesiastical authorities of the above-named countries, the Protestant Union has succeeded in establishing, even there, numerous auxiliaries. To exert an influence over the masses, it holds annually, in different parts of Germany, — and even in those parts where the strongest antipathy to it exists, — reunions, in which its most distinguished orators may be heard. The most active members of this society were Professor Richard Rothé, and Professor Schenkel, of Heidelberg. Unhappily, Rothé, who enjoyed an eminent position among German theologians, and who was universally loved for the nobleness of his character, was taken from us two years ago.

In the Orthodox party in Germany, as in the Lutheran Church in France, there has sprung up an extreme party of ultra-Lutherans, who insist, with an inexorable rigidity, upon the confessional creeds; and seek to break, wherever they can, the union which for forty years, in most parts of Germany, has subsisted between the Lutherans and “the Reformed;” showing towards the Reformed an implacable dislike, and aiming to carry public worship back to the forms of the sixteenth century. There is in this party a visible inclination towards Catholicism; and many pastors connected with it, like the Ritualists of England, have already been bold enough to introduce into public worship forms utterly Romanistic. Among the people, this party finds little countenance; but, as in England, it finds a good deal among the aristocracy; and it would not surprise me, if, on occasion of the approaching Ecumenical Council at Rome, a very great number of the German nobility should pass over into the Catholic Church. You will understand that it is against this party that the Protestant Union aims its directest efforts. It is also in their ranks that it finds its most relentless adversaries, who do not hesitate, with blatant voices, to pronounce it a work of Satan, and to threaten all who have part in it with a condemnation to eternal ruin. This party, however, is a shocking anachronism. The same may be said up to a certain point of all Orthodox creeds. The spirit of the age is entirely contrary to them. Tending in all its concerns to progress, and with an irresistible pressure, how can the age adapt itself to a stationary theology, which aims to petrify Christendom?

Unhappily, there is also among us liberals a party of ultraists, which, proceeding from one denial to another, has almost got far enough to abandon Christianity altogether; a party which dreams of

a church of the future, in which each individual may believe or disbelieve just what he wills, — completely forgetting what Jesus has said of a kingdom, a city, a house, whose inhabitants are divided against themselves, and which cannot stand. Quite recently this party has made a demonstration at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, which has produced a great sensation. A liberal Protestant society has been formed in that city, hitherto considered a rampart of Orthodox Protestantism; which announces in its manifesto the creation of a church, to which Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, believers, infidels, and even atheists, shall be equally welcomed. I have profoundly regretted that some of the champions of Protestant liberalism in France should have been so far misled as to give in their adhesion to such a monstrosity.

At Paris, Protestantism occupies the same position in which you found it on your late visit. The Reformed Consistory has continued to drive out of all the churches of the capital, the liberal pastors, and specially M. Athanase Coquerel. This compels the liberal people, who compose at least half of the whole Protestant population of Paris, and certainly the most enlightened part, to wander away from the official churches, and to organize congregations for their own edification. The schism is not yet complete; but a wedge has been driven which will inevitably end in schism, if the Consistory does not change its spirit and tactics. A split among the Protestants of Paris would doubtless be followed by similar splits in other parts of France. This would be an irreparable misfortune for French Protestantism; which, finding itself in a feeble minority, has great need of union, and a closing up of its own thin ranks. Meanwhile, the Liberals display a notable zeal. Their ablest orators are in constant motion, holding conferences now in one city, and then in another. We have heard many of them this winter in Strasburg. For we found it desirable to organize a series of public meetings in Germany and France, which have attracted great numbers of people, and have produced a deep impression.

In general, throughout the Protestant churches of the continent, as in the Catholic Church, there exists an unusual activity. Every thing seems to me to presage an epoch of change, from ceiling to foundation, in these churches, — a great religious crisis. Which of those churches will first find this crisis rending its bosom is a providential secret. It is at least possible that it will be the Catholic Church. I know that there are Catholic prelates in Germany who

are profoundly dissatisfied with the course of the Papacy of late, and with the spirit of it. If the expected council sanctions, as is probable, papal infallibility, the assumption of the Virgin, the anathemas which have been pronounced against the "Syllabus Errorum," it is possible that a movement may spring forth in Germany, in which a great part of its Catholic population, with their bishops at the head, may separate themselves from the Roman Pontificate.

I have not had time to speak of the *fête* at Worms, in which I participated. I know that there were American delegates there, and your religious journals have doubtless reported its proceedings. Never has a solemnity more magnificent or more attractive been celebrated in Germany; I doubt if any one will compare with it elsewhere.

And now, my much-honored brother, allow me, in ending this letter, perhaps already too long, to express once more, and more emphatically, the joy I experienced in making your personal acquaintance. It was also very pleasant to me to meet, six months ago, an acquaintance of yours. I mean Mr. Robinson, then American consul in our city. Remember me cordially to your son. May the Lord keep you and shower upon you his mercies! Receive the assurance of my high esteem and fraternal devotion.

BRUCH.

To Rev. H. W. BELLOW, D.D., New York, U.S.A.

WALPOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, U.S.A., July 23, 1869.

To Professor Bruch, Strasburg, Germany:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have been waiting to reach my summer retreat in the mountains of New Hampshire, before acknowledging your welcome favor of the 6th May. It has given me great pleasure and instruction, and calls for my warmest gratitude, that you should be kind enough to remember one who enjoyed so *brief* an opportunity of making your acquaintance. The best return I can make for your excellent review of the prospects of Rational Christianity in Europe, is to give you a succinct account of the past and present condition of our cause in America.

Unitarianism (the only scholarly and critical form of Liberal Christianity in America), although latent for a half-century before, really began its distinct, separate existence as a branch of the Christian Church in this country, only about the year 1818. About that time, Dr. W. E. Channing began his energetic controversy with the theo-

logians of Andover, the chief seat of American Orthodoxy. The theological dispute which then broke out, developed suddenly and rapidly a vast amount of *un-Trinitarian* and *un-Calvinistic* feeling in the State of *Massachusetts*, — the only part of the country where scholarship had advanced sufficiently to permeate any considerable part of the people with a critical and candid spirit.

It was accordingly in *Massachusetts* (specially in *Boston*) that many *Orthodox* churches practically abandoned their old confessions and connections, and allowed themselves to be called Unitarian. For five and twenty years the loosely related body grew rapidly; until, *thinly* scattered over other parts of the country, and *thickly* sowed in *Massachusetts* alone, it numbered, perhaps, two hundred and fifty churches. There, about 1840, it seemed, unaccountably, to come to a *stand*, and to spread no more. Great expectations had been raised of its growth in cities out of New England, — *New York*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, and specially in the larger towns of the *West*; but all these hopes were disappointed, and Unitarians began to doubt and distrust their own mission, and specially their power to sustain a great national movement of an ecclesiastical kind.

The truth is, the same upheaval which had separated them from Orthodoxy had all the while unconsciously been straining at the sinews and breaking the dogmatic chains of Orthodox theology and discipline within its own domain; until the old creeds against which Unitarians had violently protested, and out of which they had broken by main strength, had lost so much of their imprisoning power, and their galling weight, that the old reasons for revolution and change of ecclesiastical name and relations no longer existed. The Unitarian Reformation, like the Lutheran, lost head by the latent triumph of its principles. Orthodoxy became so mild, genial, *liberal*, and politic, that people were content to remain under its gentle yoke. Had the present state of opinion in the popular creeds of America been a half-century ago what it is *now*, we should probably never have heard of any Unitarian Church in America.

It is not ecclesiastical liberty for which any portion of the American people is now conspicuously contending; and the whole ground of the Liberal Christian movement is essentially changed. Such has been, for a quarter of a century, the influx of speculative and scientific light, that all the old questions between those who then accepted the Scriptures and a supernatural revelation with equal reverence, — questions concerning the person of Christ and the nature of the Atone-

ment, &c., — are now utterly lost in the more anxious and serious questions of our own day, touching the existence and providence of a personal God ; the possibility of a *verbal* revelation ; and the existence of a spiritual and immortal essence in the individual man. These questions, which have left the guardianship of theologians and passed into the hands of educated and thinking people of all nations and classes, have almost wholly superseded our old theological controversies, and made the disputes in which our Unitarian body arose appear trivial and insignificant. Meanwhile, positive and dogmatic faith has become everywhere loose and uncertain. The Christian Church, though flourishing and earnest and active, is working mainly on undogmatic grounds, animated by sentiment, practical usefulness, and the necessity for supplying the people with spiritual ideas and religious forms. Preaching, among educated people of all sects, has become moral and untheological, confining itself to the truths of natural religion, *flavored* with Christian associations, and supported by the example of Christ. Christianity is as dear as ever to the people, but not for the old reasons, or on the old grounds. A majority of Americans are Christians, and connected with Christian churches, and have a most solid and resolute purpose of bringing up their children in the church, without whose influence, restraints, and illumination, they sincerely believe public virtue and freedom would both die. They are, also, disposed to hold on to the old creeds and the old statements ; not from any warm attachment to them, or any considerable positive influence derived from them, but simply because they form a protecting crust about a precious, delicate, and volatile essence, which they dread to lose, if the vessel that has hitherto held it should be broken. This fear, more than any attachment to, or even practical influence from, Orthodox dogmas, sustains the large and powerful churches of Orthodox confessions in this country at this time.

But meanwhile, another, and perhaps the most characteristic portion of the American people, — say, a third of our population, — have lost their whole interest in dogmatic Christianity, in religious institutions, in forms of faith, and modes of worship. They are usually not active and open railers at Christian faith and its ministers, but real indifferents, and utter neglecters of all organized religion. Yet it could not be said that they are specially loose in morals, wanting in public spirit, or in any way degraded. On the contrary, they are often the largest readers, the most active philanthropists, the best citizens. And, at the present moment, there is a strife between two

classes of Liberals: first, the class that ignores Christianity as an ecclesiasticism or a dogma, and is really going back to natural religion for its warrant and base of operations; and, second, the *Liberal Christians*, who maintain the continuity of the Church, under all its reforms and restatements. Which of them shall get possession of this detached and free thinking body of our people, and organize them either into free religious associations, or into Christian churches?

Our Unitarian body has furnished the leaders of both these movements. Theodore Parker, whose disciples have gone much beyond their leader, must be considered as the head of the *Free Religious* movement; while Dr. Channing is the real founder and inspirer of the *Liberal Christian* movement. Previous to his day, the type of Liberal Christianity in America was English Unitarianism, with Priestley and Belsham for its expositors. This was just as critical, exegetical, and literal as Orthodoxy itself, and had all its weaknesses and want of adaptation to the new times, without its grim and passionate vigor. It was confined to a select class of scholars and refined people, and had no popular power in it. It survives; but, like an annuity for one life, will die with the generation now going off the stage, or certainly with the next. With Channing, the Unitarian body seemed first to receive "the Holy Spirit"! A living and present God, an immanent Deity, poured his inspiration into our cold and formal system, and lifted us above the dominion of the letter, and the freezing atmosphere of a negative and critical temper. It cannot be denied that Dr. Channing's influence largely contributed to the making of such men as Parker, Emerson, and their successors, and that his own spirit and direction were logically unfavorable to church institutions. He was really a mystic and a solitary soul, appreciating very imperfectly the solidarity of the humanity of whose individual representatives he was such a reverential lover and eulogist. It is only fair to add that the largest part of the aspiring young men of highest ability who have sprung up in our ranks since Parker's day, have been more distinguished for their free-thinking and rationalism, than for their faith in the *Liberal Christian Church*. They have been markedly disorganizers and disintegrators of all theological systems and institutions, and seem now to be of the opinion that something *better* than the Christian Church is about to take its place. And yet those of this school who were bred in the ministry have commonly found themselves held in it, by motives of habit and attachment, and by the difficulty of creating any new organizations with which to fur-

ther their own earnest opinions. There are, perhaps, few of our ministers whose names are known beyond their parishes, who have not been at one time or another decidedly touched with Rationalism; while hardly any representatives of Liberal Christian ecclesiasticism have understood themselves well enough to take a decided stand in favor of continuing the Unitarian body, as one in which liberty of thought and theological progress were to be united with positive faith not only in *Christ*, but in the *Christian Church*.

It is this fact which renders so remarkable the present revival of our *denominational life* as a Unitarian Christian Church. The *Unitarian Church* in America, having bequeathed its spirit to the free religionists, or Mr. Parker's school, was pronounced dying, if not dead. Its best and most grateful friends were constantly muttering its requiem and anticipating its funeral service. Ten years ago, its most intelligent disciples were saying, "It may last out our time." Orthodoxy was justified in saying that it was in a state of seeming decay. Our theological students had fallen off, our missionary spirit declined. Episcopacy, Catholicism, and Congregational Orthodoxy were running off with our devouter disciples. We were rapidly losing ground. We no longer dared to call Harvard College a Unitarian college, and at several elections of president the courage of nominating an active Unitarian minister failed. Our men of wealth ceased to leave bequests for denominational purposes. It became the fashion among our rich Unitarians to patronize Orthodox institutions with one hand, if not both, while our own colleges were left to suffer.

Something has brought this retrograde movement not merely to a halt, but has converted it to a "forward march"! Within five years, or more particularly since our late war, Unitarianism in its church form, as a Liberal Christian ecclesiasticism, has taken up a wonderful courage, assumed new vigor, rallied a new set of disciples, emboldened many of its lukewarm friends of days gone by, and begun to found churches in new territories, while putting out vigorous shoots within its old ground.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. The war, with earthquake power, shook the whole basis of popular superstitions, and made a new settlement both necessary and easy. Such a mighty wrench as the tearing of slavery out of our vitals, brought with it many other rooted prejudices. It accustomed the people to new ideas and great changes; set them a thinking; made them very suspicious of mere *use and wont*; revealed them to themselves; and taught thou-

sands, in hospitals and battle-fields, to see the difference between essence and form, spirit and letter, dogmas and faith. The effect on the Orthodox communions was something truly tremendous! It will be impossible for one generation to exercise much clerical guidance or priestly restraint over the American people. They have begun in all denominations to have a strong lay competition for the teaching function. Books attacking the extravagancies of Orthodoxy are immensely popular. Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Beecher's writings, and now Miss Phelps, of Andover (in a little book called "*The Gates Ajar*," of amazing circulation), are really scattering all the old dogmas, and giving the freest wing to speculation. The whole religious mind of America is therefore *in motion*, and it is comparatively easy to *guide* what is *moving*. Our influence was small, when there was a dead-weight of passive resistance to meet; and we nearly died of the indifference we encountered. But now that the public ear is open, and that Orthodox leaders are free-thinkers and free-talkers, it begins to be seen that, if *reason* is to be carried into religion, those who carry it there with most vigor and candor and success have the best right to be heard, and that Unitarians are no more to be dreaded than Orthodox Rationalists. Indeed, it may be truly said, that the boldest preachers now before the American people, and the most revolutionary (in fact, though not in principle), are in the *Orthodox* ranks. There is, so far as they choose to avail themselves of it, about as much freedom of opinion there as among us. And nothing separates a considerable portion of the Orthodox clergy of all denominations from our own, except custom and a prudent regard to appearances. I have heard a leading Orthodox clergyman and professor avow the opinion, that if the early Unitarians in Massachusetts, instead of acknowledging themselves heretics towards the popular creed, had only claimed to be *more Orthodox*, they would by this time have carried the whole state over to their own way of thinking! In places where Orthodoxy is most liberal and enlightened, avowed and organized Unitarianism finds its own existence hardest to maintain. Dr. Bushnell by his courageous dealing with Orthodox dogmas, and his rational exposition of the Trinitarian creed, has made it impossible hitherto to sustain a successful Unitarian church in Hartford, Conn., where he has lived and reigned for nearly forty years. Mr. Beecher, by his admirable liberalism under the Orthodox banner, has made a mild creed, with all the advantages of the old associations and the prestige of Puritan antecedents, and with most of the rights

and privileges of the Unitarian body, possible to thousands who eagerly read his weekly sermons now regularly published in many thousand copies, and adopt his elastic, indefinite, and mongrel creed. By means of his powerful personality, the Orthodoxy of America is unconsciously passing over, — as on a bridge, beneath which runs a river, hidden by night, — from the old domain of a restrictive, police-guarded, light-fearing, and submissive dogmatic faith, of which sacramental mysteries and theological contradictions were the characteristic features, — to the new territory of practical Christian faith, where thought is free, reason honored, and light welcomed, and where the people are invited to judge for themselves, and from their own immediate experience, and to test, by all known and demonstrated truth in other departments of thought, what is true, credible, essential in theological statements and Christian doctrine. There is, probably, no man living, who from his pulpit exerts as wide and decisive an influence as Mr. Beecher; and it is hard to say, whether he has prolonged or shortened the nominal ascendancy of Orthodoxy! By holding on to its catch-words, and being able without insincerity to profess some of its most characteristic dogmas, such as the Deity of Christ and the mysterious efficacy of his death, while rationalizing in the most unqualified way, and avowing the broadest and most liberal ideas, he has reconciled millions to Orthodox organizations and confessions, who might have been repelled, had not such a free interpreter of those creeds occupied in popular eyes the leading place in their church or party. On the other hand, he has undermined Orthodox dogmas and creeds so extensively by his free thinking and bold speech, his irresistible common sense and practical administration of religion, that hardly more than its appearance and shell remains in the minds of his disciples. It does not change the fact that they do not always or commonly know it, or that they might angrily and resolutely deny it.

The influence of Mr. Beecher in secularizing religion and the pulpit has increased the tendency, which the slavery and temperance questions had first provoked, to make political and social reforms legitimate topics of religious and Sunday discussion. The effect has been to mingle theological and practical ideas; to remove the barriers between the laity and the clergy; to create a popular tribunal for faith; to precipitate the ministry into the world, and to draw the people into the church. The most popular and influential ministers in America are as well known on the platform and in the lyceum as

in the pulpit. They commonly repudiate clerical dress and manners; mix freely in ordinary society, and value themselves as men and citizens quite as much as in being ministers. On the other hand, laymen are taking up what were long supposed to be ministerial functions. Extensive organizations exist known as Young Men's Christian Associations, whose objects are religious, though practical and not theological, in which clerical influence is not only subordinate, but usually somewhat carefully disowned, and through which the common-sense theology born of American experience is rapidly creeping into the Orthodox churches. It is true these Young Men's Christian Associations make occasional stands against avowed forms of Liberal Christianity; and their delegates in council at Portland, Me., have just now, under clerical inspiration, proclaimed a platform studiously and offensively exclusive of Unitarian fellowship upon equal terms. But the very necessity of such a declaration clearly enough shows the irresistible tendency to a practical union in faith and work of so-called Orthodox and so-called Liberal Christians. And if young Orthodox laymen may repudiate, they may also another year acknowledge and even encourage, fellowship with Unitarians. There can be no doubt that the action at Portland was highly favorable to the prospects of Liberal Christianity. Every thing that emphasizes lay influence is so; for lay influence in the Church in America is directly or indirectly liberal influence against Orthodoxy, and in favor of an uncreeded Christianity. The present struggle of the Methodists for lay representation in their church counsels, which is sure to succeed, is the inevitable liberalizing of their ecclesiastical methods and creeds; while the effort of the Episcopalians to procure a revision of their prayer-book points in the same direction.

I have thus far endeavored to explain the influence of the war, and of American life in earnest times, upon the ameliorization of theological opinion, and the prevalence of a mild and charitable, a rational and liberal faith, under Orthodox names and organizations. And you will think, perhaps, that this simply indicates a continued diminution of the necessity for any formal organization of Liberal Christianity as such, and a probable supplanting of the ecclesiastical function of the Unitarian Church. If the old established sects modify their creeds and discipline to meet public sentiment, what chances have new ones, or what necessity? None, it might have been said, ten years ago. And yet, although the tendencies of Orthodoxy are growing more liberal all the while, Liberal Christianity as such, as a

church and an organization, has taken a fresh start, and is becoming an earnest, a missionary, and a progressive body. And the reason is this. The era of *indifference to opinions is slowly passing away*. Erroneous and irrational statements of Christian faith are borne with for a long time, when free and rational interpretations of them are admitted. So much comfort and relief is found in this liberty of interpretation, and the cessation of clerical tyranny and ecclesiastical discipline, that nobody cares for a long time for the severity of the symbols themselves; and they stand unrepealed, and even revered as relics. But the time comes, when the inconsistency between creeds and the real views of those who profess them becomes offensive to candor, courage, and the sense of fitness and truth; when the value of old associations diminishes, and the importance of fresh and clear statements begins to reappear; when a large class of persons have not only got clear of their old dogmatic faith, but begin to realize a repugnance to it, and to enjoy and demand a distinct repudiation of it, and a new beginning on wholly distinct and plain grounds and statements. *It is not the old and born Unitarians who are best able to realize this want, nor is the old ground of Unitarianism the best field to illustrate it in. We begin to find our best missionaries in the Unitarian body to be men who come over to us from Orthodox churches, ministers converted to our faith, and with a sense we who were born in the faith do not possess, of the extreme value of a definite and even aggressive liberal creed. And we are discovering, in the newer and fresher parts of the country, — the more characteristic America, — a welcome for a definite liberalism, which shows us that, with one or two generations, the influence of the old creeds dies out upon our new soil, and all attaching associations decline. Not only is the soil left free for a new plant, but the American sense of the value of institutions comes in to demand that a free and rational spirit of faith shall take on a positive and instituted form, and that Christian churches shall exist, which, in an open and definite way, organize the large liberal ideas and hopes and belief of the people. This tendency, though not fully developed, is now clearly indicated.

The Christian instincts and spiritual affections and aspirations of the American people, in the more enlightened and liberal communities, have not yet become fully accustomed to the new soil and new climate and new culture into which they have been transplanted. Long accustomed to an artificial shelter, trained upon the trellises of fixed dogmas, and tended by official authority, it is easy to see how

long it has taken them to strike root in the exposures of the open air of religious liberty, without the support of established creeds and the guiding hand of an authoritative priesthood. But the native vigor of the plant of faith is beginning to triumph over its disadvantages. Deprived of its artificial supports, religious faith is beginning to feel and assert its natural strength. The Christianity in the blood and souls of the people, and which many had come to think had its sole existence in certain now discarded opinions and traditions, is proving its independent spiritual life by putting forth fresh shoots from the root which criticism and free thought had cut down to the stump. Natural religion, as it grows, discovers itself in a clearer and nobler form in Christianity, and drops the dangerous error, that nature and grace, reason and revelation, the human soul and Christ Jesus, are in antagonism to each other. Some of the liberals, by study of history and of other religions, and more still by experience, have learned that religion is necessarily a social principle; that it must have a *cultus*; and that religious forms and times and seasons, sacred days and sacred books, and persons exclusively devoted to its service, are indispensable to its uses and its nature. A certain wholesome reaction in favor of ecclesiasticism is manifest in all Christendom, and almost strictly in proportion to the dogmatic decay which exists. The increasing splendor of the Roman-Catholic worship, and the attractions of that Church for Protestants, especially in Great Britain and America, is one evidence of men's strong craving for external worship. The astonishing growth of ritualism in the English Church, and her American daughter; the reaction of Lutheranism in Germany, under Hengstenberg's leadership; the inclination towards a more liturgical form of worship in all the orthodox sects, with the enrichment in color and architectural decoration of the church edifices of all denominations, and the taste for more artistic music in church choirs, — all these things prove the irrepressible yearning of the religious mind of our age for visible and incorporated church institutions. Comte's well-known self-evolved ritualism, with more than the formalism and technicalities of Romanism, shows that even atheism is not free from religious necessities and the forms of worship. The free religionists in America, when not of Quaker origin, are not without their own tendencies to ritualism. It is hatred and dread of Romanism which has alone kept Protestantism so bare of visible symbols for two centuries. With the decay of papal power and the disappearance of priestly domination, ritualism must revive, and

Christian worship everywhere grow truer to human tastes and wants.

It is not too much to say, that, amid all these blind and unconscious tendencies, the only church in America that has studied the past and the future, that lives from its thought and knowledge, that consciously represents the freest and yet most religious tendencies of the age, is the Unitarian Church. It has the happy fortune of seeing its purely critical, negative, and destructive period, a quarter of a century behind it. What are new and alarming questions to other Christian sects, it has long ago disposed of and survived all their peril. It alone is wonted to the climate of absolute freedom. It has lived through drought and winter. Feeble as it is, it has passed through and outlived all the diseases which attack new religious developments, the moral and spiritual mildew and worm and blight. Fear, hatred, persecution, indifference, social ostracism, spiritual horror, ecclesiastical censure, all that time-established Orthodoxy could do to annihilate it, it has done; and, however injurious or obstructive to its rapid growth, it has not killed it. Self-criticism, self-distrust, extravagance, and idealism, impractical methods, and theories pushed to extremes,—the more dangerous foes to its life,—have proved no more fatal. The practical secession of many of its own disciples into what is called sometimes naturalism, and sometimes free religion,—its later and still more perilous enemy,—has not destroyed it, although it has been near seeming death under this affliction. But, with all these trials and drawbacks, the Unitarian Church not only lives, but begins to grow; grows where it would not grow for half a century; springs up spontaneously in new communities; increases in its old fields; takes on an active missionary spirit; is getting practical and earnest in its methods; begins to busy itself with settling Christian forms and usages upon its own foundations; honors its own name; is writing new commentaries or making new translations of the Scriptures, and preparing Sunday-school books and catechisms for its children; extending its scheme of theological education and recruiting new men to its ministry; draws the free men from other pulpits to its own; raises five times the sum it used to do five years ago for strictly denominational purposes; and circulates its literature with success not only among its own people, but more or less among the clergy and laity of Orthodox Christendom. Unitarianism distinctly recognizing itself as Christianity, and determined to maintain its historic antecedents, and to live from the gos-

pel root, is every day clearing away the obscurities and doubts and fears that long enveloped it. Above all, it is slowly obtaining a Christology of its own, and a systematic theology, which will furnish lucid, definite, and tenable opinions to those who know that religious sentiment cannot for more than one generation live divorced from religious opinion, and that the momentary, fashionable cry against dogma and creed, is certain to discover its own weakness the moment satisfactory dogmas and creeds come to invite the human mind and heart to their coveted embrace and repose.

It may even be said that although the free religious movement, which since Mr. Parker's day has been always ultimating itself, is now more distinctly and separately organized, and in hands more vigorous and gifted than it is ever likely to find itself again, yet its own candid leaders are not over-much encouraged with their prospects. Its earnest and gifted leader, judging from his writings, does not himself seem to believe in the possibility of organizing for any work, or building up any institutional body upon the simple foundation of the love and pursuit of moral and spiritual truth. Without a dogmatic foundation, either implied or professed, institutions of any kind are impossible. Accordingly and wisely, the honest men who have gone back to natural religion or further still, but yet have this vocation of public teachers, are rapidly discovering that, while eloquent individuals here and there may hold personal followers about them during their own lives, churches and congregations wither and die, when denied a Christian foundation and creed, implied in symbols, if not written in words; understood, if not expressed. I may be sanguine in my hopes, or purblind in my perceptions, but I believe that Rationalism openly divorced from Christianity can no more thrive in America than pure Deism or open Atheism; that whatever seeming success, and it has been alarmingly great, has hitherto attended the theistic party in the Liberal body, has been due to the Christian education and flavor of those who have led it, or to their identification with certain other noble reforms, popular and captivating in their spirit and direction. A theism denying Christianity and abandoning its traditions and usages, no abilities and no personal worth and purity among its representatives and advocates have yet shown themselves able to root in the American mind. And I believe that the tendency has reached its climax, and is already on the decline. With the whole force of the Unitarian body thrown into the Christian branch, I am confident that in five years it will throw off all that

cannot be absorbed, and without violating its own free principles. There seems to be a glorious future before the American Unitarian Church. I might tell you how large the percentage of growth has been within five years ; how great the promise in the North-west ; how rapid the increase in our sales of denominational books ; how insatiable the demand for able and earnest ministers ; how active our laity and our women ; how successful our local conferences ; and how promising our national conference. But all this you will learn better from the "Monthly Journal," which I rejoice to learn you receive regularly. I have already abused your patience with this long letter. Nothing but the desire to put you in complete sympathy with American Unitarianism could excuse it. Rejoicing in all you say of our prospects in Europe, I offer you the expression of my fraternal love, and am, in the bonds of the gospel,

Your obliged friend and brother,

HENRY W. BELLOWES.

To Prof. BRUCH, Strasburg, Germany.

ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

"PREPARATIONS" and "abridgments" of foreign works by American editors and translators are always to be distrusted, even when the principles on which the omissions and changes are made are frankly stated in the preface. When a narrow sectarian translates the work of a broader thinker, the chances are that he "improves" the original work to suit his own dogmatic prejudices, and that he leaves out the most liberal parts. We do not know that Mr. Lacroix has done this in the case of the work of Pressensé on the Church in France during the Revolution.* If we may trust his word, he has faithfully given "the spirit, the doctrines, and the judgments" of Pressensé's book, condensing only the portions "not so interesting to the non-French reader," and slightly enlarging other portions by the addition of historical and explanatory matter. An American Meth-

* Religion and the Reign of Terror, or the Church during the French Revolution. Prepared from the French of M. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ. By Rev. JOHN P. LACROIX, A.M. New York : Carlton & Lanahan, 1869. 12mo, pp. 416.

odist, perhaps, is not the best judge of what "non-French" readers of works of this kind prefer; and it would seem that the "elucidating" matter might have been more conveniently given in the form of notes, than by insertion in the text, spoiling the smoothness and clearness of the narrative. Possibly, these insertions have caused some violations of a good idiomatic style in the English work, which otherwise might be attributed to the diffuseness of the French author. Even with this allowance, there are several passages in which the exact sense of the original has not been given by the translation. In the very first sentence of the introduction, we read of France and Europe, "inspired with an *inexperienced* ardor for universal reform." A too literal rendering frequently betrays the translator into ungrammatical English. Occasionally, we find blunders which can hardly have been in the original, as on page 371, where the husband of Miss Patterson, "the youngest of the Emperor's brothers," is called *Joseph Bonaparte*; and on page 386, where we read "that the dictator of Brumaire was logically bound to *impose* on religion the same *claims* which he was forging for the whole body of the nation." We have not seen the original, but should judge from the context that it said, "fasten upon religion the same chains." The translator, too, invariably calls the French Abbé, "Abbot," bringing in so, not the original idea of a priest, but the idea of superior in a monastery, which Sieyès and Grégoire certainly were not. It is fair to say, however, that in this false rendering Mr. Lacroix may have been misled by the French dictionaries in common use.

The book itself is very interesting. After a rapid survey of the relation between church and state in the centuries preceding the Revolution, of the influence of the tradition of Gallican liberties, and of the writings of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, it shows us the gradual and steady progress of the idea of true religious liberty, until it was crushed by the Cæsarism of the great Napoleon, and the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, was made only the vassal of the state. The sympathies of the author are, as we might expect, with the Abbé Grégoire, and the party, who, while defending the right of private judgment, and of free prophesying, make no concessions to the irreverent and infidel spirit of the age. He sees in this party the saviours of religion in all that stormy time of the Girondists, the Terrorists, and the Directory. They maintain the rights of faith against the excesses of atheists, and the follies of the philanthropists, and enable the Church, when the storm has passed, to recover

its lost ground, and to come back to its former possession. That Rome is in religious possession of France to-day, is due, not so much to the resistance and the martyrdom of recusant priests, who would not subscribe to the constitution of the nation, as to the more patriotic wisdom of those priests and scholars who consented to the will of the people, yet held firmly to their hereditary faith in the truths of the creed and the Bible.

If the closing chapter of the book has not been improved by the American translator, it is certainly very bold writing for a subject of the third Napoleon, and shows that the strict censorship of the press cannot shut the mouths of all critics of the imperial rule. What Pressensé says of the acts and spirit of the uncle is equally exact in showing the acts and spirit of the nephew. The attitude of the despot who could respect all religions as a matter of state-craft, with an equal contempt for their spiritual claim, is precisely the attitude of the present sovereign of France. The position of the churches in France is certainly a great deal better than it was two centuries ago, even with the protection of Protestants by the Edict of Nantes. Catholic, Protestant, and Jew can live side by side, and have their rights guaranteed by the civil code, and their hands held back from fratricidal warfare. Yet the servitude of the Church to the Empire is as galling to Catholic as it is to Protestant. It is humiliating to be confined to metes and bounds, and to take a charitable stipend from the hand of the master. The spirit of propagandism has no chance where religion is under the supervision and control of the state. In France, as in England, the only class that are content with the present religious position, are the Liberals, who are able, under the protection of the secular power, to have free utterance of their heresies and their speculations.

A thorough and impartial work on the actual condition of religious faith in France, and the relations of religious parties, is greatly to be desired.

“SACRED Archæology,”* in the language of Mr. Walcott means all the appendages of the priesthood and the rituals,—knobs and bosses, choral pauses in the psalms; pocularies, or “consecrated

* Sacred Archæology: a popular Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Art and Institutions, from Primitive to Modern Times. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D. London: L. Reeve & Co., 1868. 8vo, pp. xvi, 640.

drinking-cups;" "pargettings," "the ornamental plastering on walls;" "grave-diggers in the catacombs; torch-bearers;—every thing, and every man, in fact, that has had any thing to do with matters ecclesiastical. Paradise is sacred; "Hawpulling Towels" are sacred; "Pultog Holes," apertures for scaffolding left in church-walls, are sacred: we have the holy sponge, the holy brush, the holy spoon, the holy voice-tube, and the holy pouch. This archæological dictionary is one of the first literary fruits of ritualism, and is a sign of the time. It shows us to what this reaction is tending, and what kind of puerility and folly it would fasten upon the churches. A great deal of singular and quaint learning is compressed in this goodly octavo; but the strangest thing is, that a sensible Englishman should find pleasure in bringing such stuff together. We have more than two pages about the *cope*; three pages about the mitre; more than two pages about the pall; and the account of the Rood Loft, concisely written, fills three full pages. None of the articles in the volume are tedious, and there is no sentiment to dress out the facts. There are nearly two thousand titles of separate articles and notices; and the information is drawn from a great variety of sources, English and foreign. The spirit of the work is good, not harsh or controversial. Mr. Walcott deprecates the "desecration of sacred and solemn subjects by the unchastened language of human passion." He therefore has no severe rebuke for the iconoclasts, when he mentions the broken images, and no sad lament over the good time gone, when he tells how pious customs have died out, such as head and feet washing, before the "Competentes" received baptismal unction. The only practice which stirs his mild wrath, is the practice of *restoring* ancient churches, which in his view is more dangerous than the ravages of armies, mobs, or fanatics. He invites the suggestions of critics, whether hostile or friendly, and is prepared to welcome their word. The verdict of the critics will be, that the book is very good of its kind, but that the kind seems to have lost its value in an age of reason and light.

C. H. B.

"THE Tripartite Nature of Man"* is a fascinating book. Its style is clear and flowing, its arrangement scientific, the learning is

* The Tripartite Nature of Man,—Spirit, Soul, and Body; applied to illustrate and explain the doctrines of Original Sin, the New Birth, the Disembodied State, and the Spiritual Body. By Rev. G. B. HEARD, M.A. Edinburgh: J. & T. Clark, 1868. 12mo, pp. xxiv., 868.

ample, the argument ingenious, and the enthusiasm of belief is delightful and almost contagious. The writer believes and therefore speaks. He writes from a conviction, deep and earnest and mastering, that he has found in this theory of the threefold nature of man the solution of all philosophical difficulties, and the real harmony between the science of the soul and the dogmas of the Bible. There can be no question that his exposition of Paul's psychology is more correct than the distortions of the commentaries. It is impossible to bring this apostle into the company of the dualists, who see in man only body and soul, flesh and spirit. It is not so easy to demonstrate this of the other New-Testament writers, or to show it as the view of Jesus. Indeed, Mr. Heard does not pretend that Jesus taught in so many words the later doctrine of Paul, but only that he gave a deeper meaning to the word "soul" than the old Hebrews gave, and so prepared the way for the apostolic doctrine. This "trichotomy" was one of those views which he merely hinted, but reserved for the spirit of truth to teach more fully. Yet as we read the conversation with Nicodemus in the light of our present knowledge, we seem to see that Jesus was speaking of the latent spirit, when the rabbi understood him as speaking only of the psychical soul.

In spite of its beautiful enthusiasm and its reverent use of the Scripture language, the book is unsatisfactory. It assumes that the Orthodox scheme of theology and salvation is true; that God is divine, that man is fallen and depraved, that physical death came through his sin, that the atonement of Christ is vicarious, that punishment is eternal. It will allow no analogy between the threefold nature of man and the threefold nature of God. The one is a philosophical theory, perfectly intelligible and reasonable: the other is an ineffable mystery, above all reason. Man is "three natures in one person," God is "three persons in one nature." The tripartite man in no way helps us to understand the mystery of the Godhead. As a criticism of the notion of a double nature in man, soul and body wholly distinct, the argument of the book is sound. But who will base now a scientific psychology or theology upon the literal legend of Genesis, which is so self-contradictory?

And as little satisfactory to physiologists will be the speculations of the book about the resurrection body, that it will have a nervous system, senses without circulation; that it will share all the functions of the first body, except those of propagation and nutrition. The view here given of the physical body, and the

intermediate state of the soul, and the final union of the *pneuma* with the regenerated *soma*, — for Mr. Heard makes a distinction between the *sarx* and the *soma*, — is certainly much in advance of average orthodoxy. But it is also much less spiritual than that of Swedenborg, whom Mr. Heard stigmatizes as a fantastic dreamer. Indeed, for spiritualism of any kind he has a pronounced contempt. His pneumatology is not spiritualism. Neither the psyche nor the pneuma can exist without a body. And an inconsistency of the book is, that it allows the absence of all body in the intermediate state, and shows only two of the three elements able to get along comfortably in mutual help without any third element, — able to prepare themselves in this bodiless purgatorial state for the future reunion with their former body.

This book of Mr. Heard's, though simpler and more straightforward in its method of reasoning, belongs to the class of which Dr. Bushnell's works are the best known specimens, — of works which show the weakness of the views which they oppose better than the soundness of their own view. The "trichotomy" really makes Orthodoxy no more rational than the dichotomy. The essential difficulties of the scheme remain, whether we suppose that man has two, three, or five natures. The utmost that the trichotomy accomplishes is to show apparent value in a few physical analogies, and to add another factor in the work of redemption. It really *explains* nothing in giving three instead of two unknown quantities, in adding x to x and y .

C. H. B.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the volume of Lectures reviewed in another part of this Journal, the Massachusetts Historical Society published a volume of their Proceedings, from April, 1867, to March, 1869,* which will be read with nearly equal interest, and is not less deserving of a permanent place on the shelves of every historical student. Its interest is mainly biographical, and the larger part of its contents consists of memoirs, prepared in accordance with the practice of the Society, to preserve in its published Proceedings some account of the lives, characters, and writings of its deceased members. The me-

* Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1867-1869. Boston: Published by the Society. 8vo, pp. 519.

moirs thus included in the volume before us are a very full, elaborate, and carefully prepared account of the life and various literary labors of President Sparks, by the Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., based partly on personal knowledge and partly on the private journals and other unpublished writings of that eminent scholar; two charming memoirs of Judge Story and President Felton, by the Hon. George S. Hillard, than whom no one could have executed the task more gracefully, or from a more intimate familiarity with their personal and intellectual traits; a brief but sympathetic sketch of the life and writings of the Rev. Dr. Jenks, by the Rev. George W. Blagden, D.D.; an excellent account of the life and judicial services of Chief-Justice Shaw, by his associate on the bench, the Hon. Benjamin F. Thomas; and a very admirable memoir of that pure-hearted and large-minded merchant and scholar George Livermore, by his intimate personal friend, Mr. Charles Deane. The peculiarly close relations which existed between them, and a judicious use of Mr. Livermore's private papers, which were placed at his disposal after his friend's death, have enabled Mr. Deane to produce a biography which leaves almost nothing to be desired, and ought to be separately printed as a just tribute to one of the best of men and most indefatigable of historical students. If its plan, and the purpose for which it was prepared, had allowed a fuller account of Mr. Livermore's religious life, the memoir would have formed a very acceptable introduction to the series of Unitarian biographies so long contemplated by the Unitarian Association. It is due to the character of Mr. Livermore, and to the services which he rendered as a member of the Executive Committee of the Association, that some sketch of his life should be included in any biographical series thus prepared; and of such an account Mr. Deane's memoir must be the basis.

Besides these papers, the volume also contains an interesting and valuable Essay on the Seals of Massachusetts, by Mr. Thomas C. Amory; a thorough and satisfactory report on the Hutchinson Papers, by the Rev. Dr. Ellis; an important and hitherto unpublished letter of Nathan Dane to Daniel Webster, on the Ordinance of 1787; and numerous other letters and documents of historical interest and value.

Like all the volumes recently published by the Society, it is beautifully printed; and it has a very full and accurate Index, the want of which in the volume of Lectures on the Early History of Massachusetts must be regretted by every reader.

C. C. S.

THERE are many persons of moderate means, who will be glad to know of a descriptive treatise upon Pompeii, in the English language, sufficient in detail and illustration to meet all the ordinary wants of a scholar. Mr. Dyer's work * before us is, to be sure, less complete than Overbeck's; and the wood-cuts, although numerous and excellent, are not at all equal to the German. But as a whole the book leaves little to be desired. It will give a very satisfactory notion of this city of the dead, even to one who has never been there; and the maps, plans, views, and restorations afford ample materials to any person of imagination, for reconstructing it quite accurately. We are inclined to think, however, that even so truthful representations as these would lead most persons to expect greater completeness than really exists, so that they would be sadly disappointed by the ruin and dilapidation of the original. Somehow, pictures, from their smoothness and neatness we suppose, almost always carry the imagination a little beyond the rude original. And we fancy that this is still more the case with the restorations of Pompeian edifices, of which quite a number are given, after Mr. Dering. Perhaps no feature of the volume is more valuable than this; but however correct these restorations may be in details, they convey an impression of much more spaciousness and grandeur than we conceive to have existed in this provincial town, or than the actual dimensions of the ruins would suggest.

The work of the editor is exceedingly well done. Mr. Dyer had already won a high reputation by works of a similar nature, in his articles in Smith's Dictionaries, — particularly that upon the city of Rome, — which are among the best of their kind. This reputation he has not forfeited, even by his late quixotic attempt to undo every thing that has been accomplished by Niebuhr and his followers. If he has failed as an historian, he stands in the front rank of antiquarians. He has consequently made of this account of Pompeii a nearly complete treatise upon Roman antiquities, — so far, that is, as the externals of life are concerned. The construction of temples, theatres, and amphitheatres, — embracing accounts of the drama and the glad-

* Pompeii: its History, Buildings, and Antiquities. An account of the destruction of the city, with a full description of the remains, and of the recent excavations, and also an itinerary for visitors. Edited by THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews. Illustrated with nearly three hundred wood engravings, a large map, and a plan of the Forum. Second edition. London: Bell and Daloy, York Street, Covent Garden. 1868. 8vo, pp. 579.

iatorial shows, — houses, baths, &c., is well and fully described here ; and these special chapters are quite worthy to form part of a complete treatise upon antiquities. In this view the lack of an index, which would at any rate have been very useful, is unpardonable.

When we say that the editor's work is well done, however, we must add that it is not always possible to tell whom we are praising. Mr. Dyer "edits" the treatise published originally by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," about thirty or forty years ago ; and in order to bring it down to the present date, and at the same time keep it within reasonable limits, he has not only added, but omitted, transposed, and recast, to such an extent as to make it his own ; and one reads along with great satisfaction, thinking it is all the time Mr. Dyer's book, until he comes of a sudden to a footnote, signed *Editor*, correcting some statement in the text ; but shortly after, with no indication of a change of authorship, there will be references to recent publications or recent discoveries, showing that here Mr. Dyer is the author. This is worse than an inadvertence. Whoever, indeed, works over a book in this way, makes himself responsible for all the original matter that he retains ; and the book as a whole, no doubt, represents Mr. Dyer's views nearly as well as if he wrote every word himself. But it is only *nearly* as well. That the unity of the work is injured by this confusion in authorship is something : the chief objection is, that the reader cannot feel the same confidence in what he sees before him that he would feel in statements that rested unequivocally upon Mr. Dyer's authority. Views cannot but change in thirty years ; and there may very easily be expressions in the original which the present editor would not care to alter, but which he would not have used himself.

One slight criticism we may make upon the proportions of the parts. For a guide-book, for which use this volume is well fitted, there is none too much space devoted to the descriptions of the individual houses ; but the great majority of readers would gladly exchange a few of these for some more details upon points that illustrate the private and municipal life of the people, particularly the *graffiti*, for which it is rather aggravating to be only referred to rare and expensive foreign books. What Mr. Dyer gives us upon this head is well chosen and most acceptable ; we only wish there were more of it.

Among the especially good things in the book, we will mention the account of the *vela*, or canopies, of the amphitheatre (p. 222) and

the remarks upon the manufactures of the ancients (p. 356). Whether the original author or the editor should have the credit of these we do not know: it must be admitted that the substantial unity of the work is so perfect, that its best features might be easily attributed to either.

W. F. A.

THE class of religious biography to which Mr. Fox has just added the life of one * who was making an era in the history of our Sunday-schools, is exceedingly small: not that many things of this sort have not been attempted, but that the work has been badly done, false in its spirit, and evil in its influence. Many of these biographies hide all that is most valuable in their subject, — his or her failures, weaknesses, and indiscretions; many others are written with the purpose of glorifying a particular creed, of course exaggerating its influence over an individual life, and denying its contracting, sometimes paralyzing, power over other minds: sometimes, the idol-worship is so excessive that one catches hardly a glimpse of a well-known friend; as, in the Sunday-school libraries, religious children are always beautiful as angels. The worst perversion of the opportunity of doing good by cheering the Christian with an inspiring example, is when a covert assault is made on some obnoxious sect, and facts are misstated, and insinuations are made to prejudice the public against those who cannot be heard in self-defence. It need not be said that the memoir of the secretary of our Sunday-school Society is tainted with none of these faults, is generous in spirit, honest in statement, and free from man-worship; that the labor of love is performed with wise reference to the thousands of children who reverence Mr. Walker as a spiritual father; that, therefore, it will take its place alongside of the memoir of Henry Ware and his wife, as a silent builder-up of Christ's kingdom. One of the best things about it is, that, except in his year's labor for the Sunday-school Society, his life would pass for a failure, and had more than an average of disappointment, being baffled in the attempt to establish a bureau for our religious literature. But, in the spiritual sense, there was no failure at all; there was constant discipline, marked growth, a beautiful unfolding of character, and a conscious ripening for that home into which he entered too soon for us, but not for himself. Many are the excellent words he has spoken, like those to one reduced from affluence,

* Memoir of James P. Walker, with Selections from his Writings. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1869.

"I know it is unpleasant, but a man can never be quite sure of his manliness until he is stripped of the moral support of respectable belongings, and obliged to make shifts to get along. If he can do that with self-respecting dignity he may thank God for putting good stuff into him." But the best word of all was his life, so contented, loving, hopeful, diligent, prayerful, brave, that it quickens in every sympathizing breast the consciousness of immortality.

F. W. H.

THE prolixity of Coleridge's biography of Keble; * his constant apologies for the introduction of personalities; his frequent diversions to side-topics; the occasional use of unmeaning letters, — make one desire, for the author of the "Christian Year," such a biographer as George Herbert found in Isaac Walton. Still, through all imaginable imperfections, the beautiful spirit of that English Greenwood makes itself felt, — consecrating every chapter; blessing every event; making the whole impression like rich cathedral music heard from afar. Not only satisfied to live away from the homage his talents, learning, piety, might have readily found, Keble devoted himself to the poor. When unable to preach, he gave all his strength to pastoral visiting. When absent from his parish with his sick wife, he cared not to preach in others' pulpits so much as to minister in the humblest homes; especially caring for the children of the flock. His preaching was not eloquent, learned, popular; but, in almost tearful humility, in childlike simplicity, and motherly tenderness. He undervalued his pulpit efforts, so that it was hard to persuade him to print. He shrank from all display; and never liked to be hunted out as the great Christian poet. Still, upon the occasion of an American gentleman's desiring, at the close of the church service, a bit of ivy cut by his own hands from his church-wall, Keble was amused, and answered the request with a liberality that must have cheered many distant homes. Coleridge speaks almost judiciously of the holy influence of Keble's famous book, representing it, truly enough, as putting the tasteful reader into that state of feeling in regard to himself which his conscience approves, and, towards his fellow-beings and his Maker, that in which he would desire to be; soberly hopeful as to himself; loving, grateful, and reverential to his Maker. But, a vast deal more ought to have been said of some of the most beautiful lyrics in the language; of hymns which are peculiar

* Memoir of the Rev. John Keble. By Right Hon. Sir J. T. COLERIDGE. Oxford: Parker & Co., 1869.

favorites wherever known, and spiritual musings which kindle a flame of cheerful devotion in unnumbered hearts. There was wanting, however, something of musical taste, something of large acquaintance with mankind, something of the vigor of a progressive faith, to save his hymns from being, at times, wearisome and monotonous. Keble's death came on as he was reading the scripture-lessons to his sick wife. Coleridge, speaking of Keble's repeating the Psalms after his sister was dead, at her bedside, intimates that she might still hear the words, with enlarged apprehension and more unmixed delight. Besides the "Christian Year," in several editions, and the "Lyra Innocentium," Keble published the "Psalms of David," in English verse; "Ecclesiastical Adoration;" "Argument against Divorce;" two "Tracts of the Times;" "Letter to a Member of Convocation;" "Catholic Subscription to the xxxix Articles;" "Life of Thomas Wilson;" "Academical Sermons;" "Prælectiones Academicæ;" "Sequel of the Argument against Divorce;" "Women Laboring in the Lord;" "Pentecostal Fear;" "Litany of our Lord's Warnings;" and "Selections from Hooker on the Sacraments."

F. W. H.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MAJORCA has not come within the circle of ordinary European travel, nor found a place in Bradshaw; yet has the attractions of a contented, courteous, unsophisticated, patriarchal population; of a delicious climate, exceedingly varied scenery, a superb cathedral, and the magnificent cave of Artá.* Captain Clayton was charmed by the courtesy to strangers, the moderation of hotel charges, the actual absence of suffering and crime. Madrid pleased him far less, with its scorching heat or biting cold, its miserable misgovernment and stagnation of business, its forlorn position, and general poverty. But its gallery full of real gems, such as sixty-four pictures by Velasquez, forty-six Murillos, forty-three Titians, ten Claudes, sixty-two Rubens, and ten Raphaels, collected from the Escorial, La Granga, and El Pardo, charmed him beyond measure. And yet, with all this inspiration at its capital, art is dead in Spain; the English are the chief admirers in the royal museums; silence broods over these wonders of art; the instinctive reflection is, regret that so peerless a collection lies not within reach of most of those whom it would quicken and cheer.

* The Sunny South. An Autumn in Spain and Majorca. By Capt. J. W. CLAYTON. London: 1869.

The Escorial was too gloomy for this lively officer; decay confronted him everywhere; the grim statues and fading frescos harmonize too well with the burial purpose of the vast pile. Gerona, however, capped the climax of desolation, — every thing crumbling and passing away, without any hope of change, any desire to resist the process of dissolution. But every part of Spain is forlorn as can be: an exceedingly fertile country produces very little to-day; a once enterprising people lie as if palsy-stricken; the mightiest of monarchies can hardly cope with a rebellion in one of its islands; an intelligent race presents hardly a specimen of living literature. Captain Clayton doubts about the resurrection of this buried glory; he magnifies the tyranny of the Jesuits, the craft of the priests, the superstition of the people. In evidence of the brutality of the people, he tells of a seven-years-old girl whom the yells of the audience drove, against her will, up the tight-rope of a theatre, and then jeered and hissed when she succeeded. He did not witness the provincial juntas governing themselves after the queen's flight, showing their capacity for independent jurisdiction; he has not faith enough in republican principles to see this impoverished government working its way, through repeated disappointment, not at once to the stand-point of a prosperous republic, but to some constitutional form of monarchy, which will certainly educate the nation for something better in the future.

F. W. H.

IN the *Yo Semite Book*,* the most thoroughly American and most interesting work of the kind, Professor Whitney furnishes a minute guide to that wonderful scenery which he has spent several years in studying and making known. In 1864, Congress granted this gorge to California, to be held for ever for the recreation of the nation. Its true name, Alwahnee, is now merged for ever in that of an Indian chief, Yo Semite, or Grizzly Bear. Its distance from San Francisco, in a direct line, is one hundred and fifty-five miles, nearly half of which can be travelled on wheels. Ten days are necessary for the trip, including three days for the survey of the valley. The distinguishing features of the place are, the gigantic cliffs on either side; the vast height of the vertical walls compared with the width of the opening; the small amount of debris at the bases of the mountains; and the magnificence

* The *Yo Semite Book*: a Description of the Yo Semite Valley and the adjacent Region of the Sierra Nevada, and of the Big Trees of California. J. D. WHITNEY, State Geologist. New York: 1868.

of the waterfalls. Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, the highest European cataract, has a vertical descent of one thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet. Voring Foss, the grandest, falls eight hundred and fifty feet, but can only be seen from above. The Bridal Veil, in the Yo Semite, has a descent of nine hundred feet. The Virgin's Tears, on the other side, about one thousand; and the Yo Semite Fall, two thousand six hundred feet in all. In fact, there are five grand cataracts in this limited space, the highest far surpassing any other in the world; and each of the others, in the water-season, abundantly repaying a visit.

The big trees lie in eight groups; one of them numbering three hundred and sixty-five, and another six hundred. One set has four trees over three hundred feet in height; the "Mother of the Forest" is sixty-one feet in circumference, without its bark, at six feet above the ground; and several trees in the Mariposa Grove are nearly ninety feet at the ground. A hunter stumbled upon them first in the year 1852. His story was not believed. At last, the reality was found to exceed his description; and now the travel of the world is slowly turning towards what has lain hid until modern facilities of locomotion bring the prize within reach. It is well that some one is charged with the business of watching over these precious memorials of the past. It is well that they are no nearer to the great mart of Pacific commerce. It is well that so young a State as California has entrusted to a thoroughly competent person (the head of the Mining School at Cambridge) the business of revealing its natural treasures to the world at large. The twenty-eight photographs, the great charms of the book, are perfectly beautiful: indeed, the book exists for their sake. F. W. H.

ALTHOUGH his "Last Rambles" * are not a recent experience, it is one which Catlin has a peculiar right to tell, having devoted his life, talent, and fortune to an expiring race. Some pleasant stories of hunting rattlesnakes, ostriches, and kangaroos, are given as a sauce to the banquet; then Catlin enters a stout protest against the idea of the Indians having come from any other continent to this, — insisting that they were created here, and at the time other races were created. One hundred and twenty tribes have given him their distinct traditions of the deluge, and their peculiar theory of creation; the Maerdans believing they were created under ground; the Choctaws that they were created crawfish; the Sioux that they

* Last Rambles among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. By GEORGE CATLIN. London: Sampson Low, 1868.

were made from red pipe-stone ; and at least half the tribes, that man was put together in a rocky cavern. If this patient student of Indian traditions is right, these aborigines cannot be immigrants from Asiatic lands, least of all the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Mr. Catlin is very severe upon our government for heaping such unutterable wrongs upon the helpless proprietors of the soil. He encountered a gathering of Apache women and children, who were starving because United States soldiers had killed the warriors, destroyed the villages, and turned out these helpless ones literally into the wilderness to perish.

Everywhere he describes the buffaloes, upon which the Western Indians depend for subsistence, as being killed by wholesale for their skins,—insuring in no distant future the extermination of whole Indian tribes by famine. Then the unsparing hostility of the new settlers, especially the gold hunters in the Rocky Mountains, who introduce deadly diseases among the savages, furnish them with the worst kind of whiskey, and murder not a few with hardly any provocation. It seems hoping against hope to expect Indian agents who will do any thing but outrage every instinct of justice in the red man ; frontiersmen, who will not help the savage to become more brutal by the worst vices of civilization ; a particle of that fatherly regard for its weakest children, which is the nauseating pretence of our national rulers. No wonder that Catlin speaks kindly of his generous hosts. Fourteen years of his life have been spent among them, sometimes just after they had been outraged, when they were smarting under robbery, and maddened by spoliations ; yet everywhere the same friendly welcome, the same ready aid, the same truthful counsel has been given. His theory that the Crows are the original Aztecs we ought to mention as receiving the sanction of Humboldt, from the resemblance of Catlin's portraits to those presented by the ruins in Yucatan and Palenque.

F. W. H.

“GRETIR the Strong,” * the second greatest saga of Iceland, is a simple prose narrative, interspersed with bits of poetry, in commemoration of an Iceland Hercules, who kills his first man by mischance, is obliged to flee from the island, delivers Norway by feats of strength from the malicious berserks, slays a braggart who insults him ; and

* Story of Grettir the Strong, translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKER MAGNUSS and WILLIAM MORRIS. London : Ellis. 12mo. 1869.

so rushes on in a career which makes him an outlaw with a price upon his head, the object of innumerable plots, at last the victim of witchcraft along with his youngest brother. After this cowardly murder, public opinion turns against his murderer, who is driven into exile, enlists as a soldier in Norway, and thus expects to escape the vengeance of Grettir's elder brother. But the short sword of his victim betrays; he is slain at once; a married lady of wealth and rank buys out the slayer from his dungeon and his doom; she falls in love with him, and they are married. Finally, they expiate their self-indulgence by monastic life at Rome, where their days end in blameless devotion. This ancient specimen of Icelandic art is surpassingly simple, sometimes beautiful, touching, and eloquent: it is filled with historical detail, and through its rare completeness will be the most treasured of these ancient poems. The moral, though never obtruded, is distinctly enough seen. Like every hero of the Samson sort, Grettir finds his marvellous strength, unattended by common sense, a curse rather than a blessing. Destiny seems to drive him on from outrage after outrage, to exile, hatred, fear, despair, an early grave. Having no self-command, he is never out of trouble. Hardly one of his victims but was happier than himself. His family and friends were injured the most by his rare physical gifts. The story seems only an exaggeration of what may often have occurred in the days of those fierce sea-kings. Their rugged isle nourished rugged natures, which, not content with battling the elements, made themselves renowned by bloody adventures on sea and land, kept up a state of chronic warfare at home, and yet live before us, after eight centuries, in grand proverbs, noble thoughts, generous purposes, and heroic achievements.

F. W. H.

THROUGH his acquaintance with the native tongue, his perseverance in exploring every part, his study of nature, and his hopefulness of spirit, Professor Pajkull's summer trip has done Iceland some justice, even in a translation.* He finds the importation of brandy on the increase, the clergy imbibing freely, seven quarts to a man being the annual consumption of the whole island. The people, as well as the clergy, and especially the physicians, need education; the want of ventilation in their low huts, the prevailing filthiness of living, and

* A Summer in Iceland. By C. W. PAJKULL, Professor of Geology at the University of Upsala. London: Chapman, 1868.

the lack of intelligent medical treatment, causing the population to be decimated every little while by epidemics. Besides this plague of wasting disease, volcanic eruptions sweep away many a farmer with his herds, devastate the fields, and expose the survivors to fever as well as famine. Nor does this complete the chapter of woes. Denmark has systematically neglected, and a long time oppressed, its distant dependency; so that, a few years past, the natives were nearly obliged to freeze as well as starve, and population decreased rapidly. Now, however, every thing promises better, though French coasters still steal the Iceland fish, though the commerce of the world is shut against the Iceland merchant, and the ruling country continues ignorant of the island's great want. The Protestant Reformation expelled the Catholic priesthood, threw education back, and has ever been regarded as a national calamity. But the monopoly of trade, which the Danish government sold for its own benefit, has sometimes threatened the hardy islanders with extinction, driven many to emigrate, and caused the death of not less than nine thousand persons in three years' time. The partially occupied land permits no pleasure-travel. Streams must be forded, deserts crossed, vast lava-beds stumbled over, terrible storms faced, and the meanest lodging accepted thankfully. Still it pays. So much that is curious is to be seen at the Geysers, so many grand prospects are to be enjoyed, such a strange people invite one's study, that an adventurous traveller like this scientific professor is more than repaid for his hardships and perils.

F. W. H.

IN "The Polar World," * a careful scholar already known by three publications of a similar kind, has furnished a full history of all that has been done, discovered, and experienced, in the Arctic or Antarctic seas. He has given, in fact, an encyclopædia of the geography, natural and political history, native tribes, commercial enterprises of the Polar regions. But his purpose of crowding into small space a vast fund of valuable information has not made the narrative tedious, or deprived the reader of many a thrilling adventure. The terrible experiences of Castren and Middendorff, of Wrangel and Steller, of Hudson and Franklin, mingle with the cheering successes of Parry and Kane, to make a narrative abundantly varied and altogether satis-

* *The Polar World.* By Dr. G. HARTWIG. London: Longmans, 1869. 8vo, pp. 548.

fyng ; while fuller accounts of the native inhabitants are given than any one book has yet attempted ; and those accounts commend themselves as truthful, avoiding poetical eulogy, and yet showing the favorable side of aboriginal character.

It shows the power of our nature to transform the dullest scene, that the miserable Fuegians — to whom a nail is a great gift, whose hunger sometimes drives them to consume their aged women, who occupy the very lowest grade in humanity — are yet attached to their wretched desert, contented with this poor semblance of living, and strangely fond of keeping up this wretched struggle for existence. Those whom Captain Fitzroy carried to England, and educated, fell back at once into savage life, retaining only the language they had acquired ; while the attempt of Captain Gardiner to establish a mission among people who have hardly a trace of any religion, resulted in the missionaries' death by famine. Fortunately, these most southern Americans are exceedingly few ; only the coasts of their island being inhabitable, and that not long in the same spot, because the limpets, or sea-eggs, which make their food, are soon exhausted, and they must move in their canoes to some other pasturage. It requires so little invention to knock a limpet from the rock or gather an edible fungus, or tear up a putrid whale, that their faculties are not developed at all. No arts are practised among them, no progress possible, except by removal to a more favored region ; and yet every visitor finds them not only contented but happy in this forlorn condition.

F. W. H.

ALGERIA presents poor material for bookmaking. The general desolation of the country, the filthiness of the inhabitants, the unchangeableness of Arabic customs, have been exhausted by more picturesque writers than Dr. Naphegyi ; * still, a very lively book and one certain to be popular has been made of some unusual perils, some romantic stories, and the slightest possible mixture of instructive incident. The practice of his profession probably raised him at times out of utter destitution, made him valuable friends, and sent him onward in his vague pilgrimage. At least, this is the only mystery about these adventures.

The gathering of coral in the Mediterranean is the only point that smacks of novelty, and this proves neither peculiarly interesting nor

* Among the Arabs, by G. Naphegyi, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1868. 12mo.

profitable. After narrating this, and some Bluebeard stories from Moorish annals, the ingenious doctor darts off suddenly into the midst of Polish or Mexican life, and vaults back again without ceremony into the heart of the desert, leaving upon the bewildered reader the same confused vision which the kaleidoscope gave to our childhood, but investing himself everywhere with peculiar skill in captivating the affections of Arab and European, male and female alike.

F. W. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Newcomes; Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. By William Makepeace Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Adventures of Philip, on his Way through the World; showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, paper. pp. 267. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland: or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe. The Bubbles of Champagne; Hombourg and Baden-Baden; a Tramp in the Bernese Oberland; The Foundling Hospital of Paris; a Chamber of Horrors; the Closerie de Silas; the Quartier Latin, &c. By Edward Gould Buffum, author of "Six Months in the Gold Mines," &c. 12mo, cloth. pp. 310. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Stretton: a Novel. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Hetty," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," &c. 8vo, paper. pp. 144. 40 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

My Daughter Elinor: a Novel. 8vo, paper. pp. 257. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Elements of Astronomy: designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, and author of a "Course of Mathematics." 12mo, pp. 250. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Famous London Merchants: a book for boys. By H. R. Fox Bourne, author of "English Merchants," "English Seamen under the Tudors," "A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney," &c. With twenty-five Illustrations. 16mo, cloth. pp. 295. \$1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Cord and Creese. By the author of "The Dodge Club." With Illustrations. 8vo, paper. pp. 199. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Foul Play: a Novel. By Charles Reade, author of "White Lies," "Love me Little, Love me Long," "It is Never too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," &c., and Dion Boucicault. 8vo, paper. pp. 148. 25 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Philosophy of Teaching: the Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sauls. 8vo, cloth. pp. 60. \$1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners, with diagrams and suggestive pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Com-

parative Philology in Lafayette College, author of "Method of Philological Study of the English Language," "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language," &c. 16mo, cloth. pp. 86. 40 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Hetty. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Stretton," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," &c. 8vo, paper. pp. 69. 25 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. With several hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing and Parritt, chiefly from original sketches by the author. Royal 8vo, cloth. pp. 1073. \$7.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Cottage Piety Exemplified. By the author of "Union to Christ," "Love to God," &c. 16mo, cloth. pp. 316. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M.A. In two vols. 8vo, cloth. pp. 892. \$6.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Paper from over the Water. A series of letters from Europe. By Sinclair Tousey. 12mo, cloth. pp. 204. \$1.50. New York: American News Co.

The Dead Guest: a Mysterious Story. By Heinrich Zschokke. Translated from the German by George C. McWhorter, M.A. 8vo, paper. pp. 109. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Lost Manuscript: a Novel. By Gustave Freytag, author of "Debit and Credit." Translated by Mrs. Malcolm. Complete in one volume. 8vo, paper. pp. 259. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Views of Life: Addresses on the Social and Religious Questions of the Age. W. T. Moore. 12mo, cloth. pp. 351. \$1.50. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Jeremiah and his Lamentations. With Notes, critical, explanatory, and practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. "Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me?"—Acts viii. 30, 31. 12mo, cloth. pp. 431. \$2.25. New York: Appleton & Co.

Diomedes: from the Iliad of Homer. By William R. Smith. 8vo, paper. pp. 52. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Latin Reader; consisting of Selections from Phædrus, Cæsar, Curtius, Nepos, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Pliny, and Tacitus. Prepared by William F. Allen and Joseph H. Allen. Boston: Edwin Ginn.

A General Vocabulary of Latin. Prepared by Joseph H. Allen. Boston: Edwin Ginn.

Studies in Philosophy and Theology. By Joseph Haven, Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Andover: W. F. Draper. pp. 502.

The Office and Work of the Christian Ministry. By James M. Hoppin, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Yale College. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo, pp. 175.

Villa Eden: the Country-House on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by C. C. Shackford. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 8vo, pp. 549.

Cipher: a Romance. By Jane B. Austin. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo, pp. 175.

A Compendious Grammar of Attic Greek, with copious Exercises. By Charles D. Morris. New York: F. J. Huntington & Co. pp. 330.

American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Part 19. Moses—New Testament.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

ART. I. — THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

WHEN a sagacious physician examines a patient who is struggling with various forms of disease and exhaustion, he looks earnestly to see what powers remain unshattered, on which to build his hopes, of recovery. He knows that many maladies may be overcome and much depletion repaired, if the vital forces only remain and can be brought into vigorous action.

The present condition of the South affords a similar object of study. There are many and grievous evils, there is terrible waste and dilapidation; we look eagerly to see what forces still remain unimpaired, which may restore the body politic to soundness and health. Our own observation has been mainly confined to the Atlantic States; but from personal observation there, and much intercourse with certain classes of the people, we do feel that there are signs of new growth, and indications of vigorous life, enough to make us hopeful for the future, if not over-sanguine in the present.

The colored ministers, in their churches, pray for the "reconstruction" of their people's souls instead of their "regeneration." We hope the word, driven out from the Church, will find its way into politics. It is the regeneration of the South by its own internal life, not its reconstruction by outward forces, that can alone make it again a power among the nations.

The first thing to be considered is the condition of the land. Everybody knows that the land at the South, instead of being allotted in homesteads to every man, was held mainly in large estates. Under the ruinous system of slavery, these large plantations were poorly cultivated, and a condition of debt was almost universal. When it was not convenient to sell slaves to raise money, the land was mortgaged to meet the need. Deteriorating in value by neglect and the change of times, it will not sell for the amount of the claims upon it, and hence it is extremely difficult to purchase land in South Carolina or Virginia and get a clear title to it. The only security is to buy at a sheriff's sale when the land has been taken for taxes, or the owner has gone into bankruptcy: then the purchaser is secure. By the wise law of the legislature of South Carolina, which puts a very heavy tax upon land, many of these large estates will be thus brought into the market, and will be cut up into small lots, and bought by real working men. The great desire of the negroes is to own land and build houses; and, under all their disadvantages, they are doing this to some extent. The more favorable crop of last year gave them a little money to invest in land, and, should the present good auspices for the crop prove true, there will be still more done another year. On the sea islands of South Carolina, where the land was taken possession of by the Government and sold to the negroes, almost every family has its ten-acre lot and its cabin upon it. Although the people here were of the lowest class of plantation hands, this circumstance has given them a secure basis, on which they are slowly building up a superstructure of comfort. As the cotton crop has been very poor ever since they had possession of their land, until last year, the spring just past is the first in which there has not been actual famine upon the islands. While cotton is and will be the great staple production of these islands, it is a very uncertain crop. It requires constant and watchful care for many months, and so much labor in picking and cleaning that it is often difficult to secure the fall crop when it is very abundant. But these people, working on their own land for their own poor subsistence, are

patient, steady, and industrious: they are learning wisdom from the hard experience of the last three years, are planting corn enough for their own support, and are slowly learning the secrets of agriculture. For although the field hand had helped raise cotton all his life, his dull mechanical toil had given him no insight into the reason of what he did, and when left to himself he often made great blunders, and did things at the wrong time and in the wrong way. We all know, too, the Southern method of taking every thing off the land and putting nothing back. The worn-out lands were abandoned, and the planter emigrated to fresh fields. The "land was tired," they said. They are beginning to find out that it is only hungry. The Southern papers are filled with advertisements of fertilizers, and discussions of their value, and the air is redolent with odors of guano. No doubt they are cheated with an abundance of worthless compounds, and will find their dreams of fourfold harvests quite illusory: but the ground is like the mind, it is a great deal better to stir it up and put something new in although it is not of the very best quality, than to let it lie clogged and choked with its own inertia. These two things—division of the land into small lots within the means of the working classes, and improved agriculture—are grounds of hope for the South. The work is already begun, and though it will have a vast amount of opposition and stupidity to encounter, it is bound to go on.

Having got the land, who are the men to enter in and possess it? What is the physical force, and what the labor, which the South has to rely upon? When we look at a pine-tree in the spring, and see the old needles turning brown and dropping off, we know that the new growth is not in them; but at the very end of the branch we find a fresh green bud full of life and vigor, which contains the hope of the new year. So is it with the Southern States, especially the old commonwealths of Carolina and Virginia, which we cling to as members of the old band of thirteen, and hope to see again in their right place among the leaders of Western civilization. The old men and old families have the remains of wealth and culture and graceful manners, it is true; much that was fair

and pleasing to eye and taste will go under with them for a time, but go they must. "We need several first-class funerals," said a witty judge, "before we shall come out right." An old Southerner mourns, "We shall never again live, as we used to, the old merry life." He is right: they never will. The old hospitality, apparently so generous and free, since it welcomed the stranger to a merry round of dinners and suppers and balls and huntings, — really so selfish and mean, since it was all paid for out of the sweat of other men's labor, — will, thank God, never come again. It was not only the slave, whose toil every day, and whose agony when sold, paid for these things, but the whole system of trade was rotten. The Commissioners of Bankruptcy are among the few men who have made fortunes at the South since the war. A leading man in Maryland, member of Congress from his district, lately went into bankruptcy, and his grocer's bill was unpaid for sixteen years. But times are changing. In the town of Darlington, S.C., is a colored man, who, by his own work since the war, has acquired a pretty property, and has bought a very nice house there. He was a slave, but had fortunately been taught the blacksmith's trade. He set up a carriage-yard, and his old master soon brought him his carriage to mend. It was much injured, and the bill for repairs amounted to about seventy-five dollars. The owner called for his carriage, found it mended promptly and well, and said he would send his horses to take it away. The blacksmith presented his bill. "I have not the money about me now," was the reply. "But your carriage cannot go out of my yard till it is paid for," responded the sturdy mechanic. "You wouldn't serve your old massa so," replied the owner, "to keep his carriage from him; can't you trust me?" We can imagine the grim smile on the old slave's face as he replied, "I can't help that, sir; I can't let it go without the pay." The indignant gentleman was obliged to borrow the money and pay the bill before he could have his ride. Nothing could have made him feel more keenly that old times were passing away.

The old men and women look tragic and worn out. Utterly

out of relation with their times, feeling wronged and ill-treated, and yet quite unable to convince the world of it, they go about with weary, sour faces, and hug the memory of their own past grandeur as their only comfort. Many of the most influential secessionists are said to be hastening their own dissolution by immoderate drinking, and to be fast breaking down in mind and body. The colored police have had a good restraining influence upon these gentlemen. It is such an utter and hopeless degradation to be arrested by a negro, that this great fear overcomes even the passion for drink; and the Southern gentleman is careful to preserve his equilibrium, at least till he is safely housed, lest some watchful "darkey" should have a chance to lay his legal hand upon his sacred person. The women, generally, look sickly and sad. Young ladies, in the bloom of youth, have a certain fair beauty which soon fades: they seem just about fit to sit in the shade upon their "joggling boards," and gossip and do fancy-work all day long. Of course, there are honorable exceptions. Some ladies of old families are quietly earning their living in various ways; accepting the situation with simple dignity, and doing their best to bridge over the vast gulf between the old and the new. We saw one such teaching in a colored school, supported by the city of Charleston, who commanded our respect by the fidelity with which she performed her duties, as well as our admiration for the refinement and beauty of her appearance.

This class generally, like the old pine needles, will serve only to make a soft carpet of tradition and romance, in which poets and young men and maidens may delight to dream, and which will perhaps protect and nourish some fair flowers of beauty; but it will never again be the great active leading power in the State. It cannot command the working population, and will not meet the exigencies of the times.

Crushed between the upper millstone of aristocracy and the lower millstone of slave labor, was a small middle class at the South, — not the degraded poor white, but a working class. We saw specimens of this class, but have no data for determining their number; they were attached to the Union,

and some even of the women had an enthusiasm for the North. We found a picture of Boston a most welcome gift to such a person. They rejoice in the new order of things; and although they are under entire social ostracism so far as their "secesh" neighbors are concerned, yet they are finding their places in the new dispensation, and in the solid comfort of returning prosperity can afford to receive the cold words and looks of those who have lost all but their pride. Members of this class, of sensitive natures, and entangled in their family relations with those of rebel sentiments, suffer keenly. We have no conception here of what it still costs many a Southern white man to be actively loyal; but we saw sturdy sheriffs of the different counties who gloried in their loyal past, and were quite ready to execute the will of the Government.

These men will aid in the work of regeneration: they will fill the offices requiring plain common sense and real work; and their daughters will teach in the new public schools. But we found, also, a plenty of Enos Crumletts, weak-jointed and sallow-faced, looking out for a speculation on a small scale anywhere. One of these told us "he went into the rebel army, although he knew it was the wrong side, because he was too conscientious to tell lies to get rid of the draft as his neighbors did, and he should lose every thing if he stayed out." He did not seem to consider the lie he acted in going into the army. But, when we condemn this weakness, we must remember the tremendous pressure that was brought to bear upon them. "I never read of any thing equal to it in the horrors of the French Revolution," said a Union gentleman. These men can probably be relied upon for the small roguery and dirty work of the new administration!

Below these are the miserable worn-out dregs of civilization, the "poor whites." It requires one's faith in God and humanity to have any hope in them at all. Physically corrupt from poverty, filth, and disgusting habits, there seems little basis on which to build up any intellectual or moral power. The children show their low organization in the form of the head, while scrofula has set its mark upon nearly all

of them. What is to be done with this part of the people, is the same hard problem with which social science is grappling in every part of the civilized world. That something may be done, is proved by the results of individual labor among them in the spirit of religious faith and love. The work of Miss Amy Bradlee, at Wilmington, N.C., proves that they are not hopeless as individuals, whatever they may be as a class. Without corporal punishment, she has brought her schools into order and obedience, and has called out in her pupils a power of moral self-restraint which we believe will stand them through life. Yet her scholars show, by their very physical organization, out of what a slough of evil and want they have come. Even after two or three years of training—so that she and her friends say, “Oh, if you could have seen what they were in the beginning!”—they are still far more degraded in appearance than the children sent from our police court to the Reform Schools. It was amusing to see the hatred of the negro in full force here. The boys scouted the idea of schools for blacks and whites together, and laughed in our faces at the idea of colored teachers. There was, however, one honorable exception. One little fellow stoutly maintained the right of the negro to education, and the fact that the colored schools were ahead of the white. We believe Mr. Buckle’s theory should come into play here, and that the food of these people must be changed before there is any hope of their having better muscles and brains, on which moral organization largely depends. They live almost entirely on “pork and collards,” and often have not enough of that; and where this diet is not corrected by active out-door life, it must produce scrofulous and feeble constitutions.

Emigration from the North and elsewhere is another source of hope. The “carpet-bagger” truly enters in and possesses the land, to the infinite disgust of the old inhabitants. The eagle, with the carpet-bag in his claw, is the design on his congressional ticket; and he means it as a sign that he is a member of the Universal Yankee Nation, and can make himself at home everywhere; he is kind hearted and philanthropic, working for the good of his fellow-men, but having

a keen eye to his own interest also ; he knows that the negro has the balance of power, and he means to win it for himself ; he is not fastidious, and can eat bacon and greens in a negro cabin, or fare sumptuously at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, with equal readiness ; he can pray and preach and sing, and make speeches all the week through ; he is moral and temperate, and preserves his health and good humor, in spite of all the fret and fume of the chivalry. The shafts of their hatred fall harmless on his armor of proof : the more they hate him, the more he feels his own importance and the power that he wields. He goes to the State legislature, and puts into office the black men who voted for him, or into Congress, and does not hesitate to press their claims upon General Grant. This is a favorable specimen of the carpet-bagger. The old Southerners hate him most cordially ; hate him for his virtues as much as his defects, and hate him, most of all, for his success. What cares he ? he makes money and gets office, sees New-England institutions springing up about him, and is content. The old South Carolinian finds his new townships named for Sumner and Wilson and Whittemore and Snyder (a colored man), and has to pocket the unendurable insult as he can. It is like an application of cantharides : it may be a good counter-irritant, but it makes him almost frantic now. These men, and other Northerners of a finer stamp, are doing an immense work in the South. It is to them that the admirable constitutions of the reconstructed States, and the provisions for a public school system, are largely due. Of the swarm of cotton speculators, Jew pedlers, and others who are to be found everywhere, we need not speak. Governed entirely by self-interest, they will help carry on the trade of the world, but will not guide it morally or intellectually.

Nearly half of the population remain to be considered ; viz., the colored race. In all the mournful complaining of the old South, we must remember that this half is utterly ignored ; but they are now, and must be in the coming future, emphatically the "people of the South." Judging from the physical appearance, both of adults and children, there is far more danger of the white race dying out than the black. Our eyes

were constantly attracted to fine specimens of manly beauty and strength, and of chubby and rosy childhood. Still retaining the habit of out-door labor, but now animated by hope, even the women have a vigor and life almost unknown among the white race. It is undoubtedly true that there is a large mortality, produced by insufficient food and by want of medical care. The women still suffer much from sickness, brought on by excessive toil. But, taken as a whole, the impression made upon the observer is of health, vigor, and hope. There is a morning light in their faces, a rejoicing over the great deliverance, which is in marked contrast with the despairing look of the whites. "I suppose this town is not as lively as it was before the war," we said to a bright black boy who was driving us into one of the county towns in South Carolina. "Oh, yes! it's a great deal livelier," was his reply. We looked surprised. "It was lively for the white folks before the war: it's lively for us now," he continued.

We hold the faith of a celebrated sculptor and anatomist, that the negro is a young race with a future before him. There is often a painful contrast in the freedmen's schools between a chubby black child, glowing with life and humor, and another whom you cannot distinguish from white, but who represents in his puny person all the vices and miseries of an effete race. Although among the women there is much sickness, and chills and fever prevail almost everywhere, yet there is a great amount of crude physical force that can be educated into health and usefulness. It is impossible to look upon the rows of stalwart men and vigorous women in the churches and evening schools, and believe that this race is dying out, or can be crushed out.

Many of the disabilities of slavery linger about them still, it is true. There is a patient endurance and waiting in the older ones, which tells a sad story of suffering, and makes us fear that they will consent to be ground down all their lives. We rejoice, by contrast, in the "irrepressibles," who task all a teacher's power to keep their exuberant life in order. They have, too, the Southern looseness of nature, the want of snap and ring, and do not put things through with a will. This is,

undoubtedly, largely due to climate; but freer opportunities, and the stimulus of busy life, may prove a corrective in the future.

Besides this large body of uncultured humanity, the bone and sinew of the community, who are to form the great laboring body of the South, we found a few chosen souls representing the brain, who seemed called of Providence to be the future leaders. In South Carolina, we found a group of young men, furnishing such admirable specimens of this class, that we may be pardoned for giving a somewhat private history.

After Nat Turner's insurrection, in 1821, the fears and anger of the slaveholders prompted them to pass more stringent laws than ever before, for the management of both the free and slave colored people. A bill was introduced into the South Carolina legislature forbidding any schools for the free colored population. By the exertions of one Colonel Hamilton, this bill was so modified as to allow schools for them, if taught by white men. Some of the free colored people of Charleston, who had acquired property, were anxious to have their children educated; but it was very difficult to find a white man who would undertake the task. At last a family named Mood, of Scotch extraction, was found, who were anxious to obtain a collegiate and theological education. The colored people paid for their college course, on condition that they would teach a school for their children. Four brothers successively filled this position, and did their work faithfully. After they had gone, the school was really taught by one of the earlier pupils; though a superannuated white man was found for its nominal head, to save the law. The brothers Mood all became clergymen, and, we are sorry to add, were rank secessionists during the war. The graduates of this school felt their position bitterly. The free colored man had little more chance of rising in the world than the slave himself. One of them left Charleston, vowing he would never return to it again save with his musket on his shoulder. He was engaged with Major Stearns while recruiting in Tennessee; he returned to Charleston, as he had vowed, with his musket on his shoulder, and, still more, with his sword by

his side. Another entered Colonel Higginson's regiment. When South Carolina was opened to us, the officers of the Bureau, recognizing the superior education of these young men, recommended them to the New-England Society as teachers, and many of them have been thus employed for two or three years. They have done themselves great credit in their schools: they are quite equal to the average of those taught by Northern teachers. The order in these schools is very remarkable, especially as this is the point in which colored teachers usually fail from want of experience. Since the return of South Carolina to the Union, these gentlemen have been appointed to various offices. Some are in the legislature, both in the House and Senate; one or two are postmasters, registers of the census, &c. The Secretary of the State is a highly educated colored man, who pursued his studies in Scotland, was settled in Connecticut as a clergyman during the war, and then taught the American Missionary Association School, the largest in Charleston.

This group of young men, bound in close friendship to each other, are full of noble hope and ambition. They see a future at last open before them and their race, and are ready to seize every opportunity to elevate their own position. Although some of them are so nearly white that they could easily pass for such at the North, they yet accept their place with the colored people, and strive to raise them up with themselves. We do not claim that they are all heroes and martyrs, nor that they always rise superior to the temptations of political life. It was with deep pain that we learned that the brown hand could clutch a bribe as well as the white, and that scenes in Washington might be re-enacted in Columbia. But that they are, on the whole, a noble band of young men, we had good proof; and on them, to our minds, rests a large portion of the hope of South Carolina. Talent, education, and will are theirs; and they will show that the State can dispense with the services of her rebellious children, and find loyal hands to serve and guide her.

There are other men and women, less favored by education, and slaves up to the time of the war, who will act a no less

important, if less brilliant, part. Eager for knowledge, quiet, reserved, deep-hearted, they will be the thinkers, the potent, unrecognized conscience and mind of the people, if they are not their political leaders.

And next is the educational question. Will the South have a public school system, and what will be its value?

Every State that has remodelled its constitution, has engrafted on it a provision for public education. There can be no question, therefore, that the South recognizes the necessity of educating the people; but the method of accomplishing it is the difficulty. The aristocratic nature of the Southern communities stands in the way here. They have never had the perfect organization of the township, on which the whole system of federal government should rest. In the township, with its annual free town-meeting, the individual has his full weight. Every man, however poor or humble, may find the time when a topic is discussed on which he knows more than his neighbors; and then he will become the leading spirit for the time being. But, at the South, the larger divisions of county and State were the main things. The tendency is now, therefore, to centralize the educational movement, and have it wholly directed by the State. It was partly a difference of opinion on this point which defeated the school bill in South Carolina, at the last session of the legislature. The great lesson which the people of the South have to learn is self-dependence, — that they must rely upon themselves for the support of their schools, and must undertake their own management. But those who favor centralization argue, very plausibly, that in many of the towns the rebel element is in the ascendancy, and it will control the legislation, not giving the colored people fair chances in the schools, and infusing wrong sentiments into the minds of the young, while the best of both races, being gathered at Columbia, can control the whole system, and secure a fair chance to every child.

But this is just what the negro needs to learn, that, with the ballot in his hand, he must defend his own rights; and his power to regulate affairs by his vote needs to be felt in those things close about him, which he can understand. The im-

portant difficulty is to find money, teachers, and good school-committees. The people are very poor, and have not yet learned what a good investment for their little savings a school is; and yet the amount which they have already expended for education is very creditable to them, considering their circumstances. In Columbus, the school collects fifty cents per month from each pupil with considerable regularity; twenty-five cents might be rigorously enforced in most places. The school-houses, built by the aid of the Bureau, will be a great help in giving the schools a local habitation, and the State will vote a handsome appropriation according to its means. The great difficulty will be to supply good teachers. The demand for teachers from the rapidly growing West is so great, that the prices given there will be higher than these poor communities can well afford to pay; and yet it really needs greater ability to organize and manage these schools than to teach in the regulated system of the North. A teacher cannot be made in three years, even at a Normal School. It requires the life of culture, and the inheritance of education, to develop all the qualities necessary for this important function. The want of general education, even for the whites, is felt now: the showy academy teaching ill fits them for the public school. The poverty incident to the war has driven many Southern women to seek this employment, and some of the freedmen's aid societies have taken pains to encourage them by engaging them in their schools. A few admirable teachers have thus been secured; but even the best, although fair class-teachers and good disciplinarians, lack the power of developing the minds of their pupils by general knowledge.

The Normal Schools for blacks and for whites, established by the benevolent societies, are doing much to supply this want in the future; but, with the raw material presented to them, it must be many years before they can send out teachers of wide culture and large methods of instruction. The educational department of South Carolina is considering the importance of beginning its work at both ends; and is discussing the Normal School and the Teacher's Institute, as well as the Primary School. Perhaps, after all, the rarest thing to

find is a good primary school teacher, who understands how the early school years may be utilized in securing the elements of knowledge without overtaxing the immature powers of the child, and stunting his future growth. But those who have labored so zealously for the education of the people of the South must be prepared for the inevitable pain of seeing the schools deteriorate rapidly, at first, when they are given into the hands of the local authorities. It must be so, even if they do their best; and who does do his best? It has been so in Baltimore and in Washington during the first years; and yet even here the improvement is beginning again.

It seems as if the only recompense we can make to this colored race, in whose oppression we have aided so long, is to save them from our mistakes; and yet how seldom can a mother accomplish this even for her own children! Now, it seems that the Southern schools must drag through all the slough of despond, of long hours of session, hard benches, ill-ventilated rooms, mechanical drill, arbitrary and severe corporal punishment, routine lessons, show exhibitions, meaningless dictionary and arithmetical exercises, which we and our fathers have passed through. All we can hope for is to shorten the period. This is the great good which the schools of the Northern associations have done, and have yet to do,—to show what a school should be, and so to educate those who are to be the school-committeemen of the South. For, although far from faultless in any of the points we have named, yet, taken as a whole, the freedmen's schools at the South are in excellent condition, and we think would prove superior in methods of education to the same number of schools taken at random from our New-England States. A great deal of thought on education has been developed by the independence which these teachers have enjoyed in carrying on their schools under new circumstances, with very little external direction. We hope for great good from it, not only for the future school-system of the South, but for the general cause of education.

Two other great elements of social and political life remain to be considered,—the Press and the Church. Of the former we shall say little. The Southern papers at present are very

meagre in interest, and very violent and bitter in sentiment. If there is any good point about them, it seems to us their agricultural discussions, which recognize the duty of improved methods of fertilizing and tilling the soil. The very few Republican papers have a hard struggle for existence, and have not great intellectual merit. A Maryland gentleman, who perhaps knows the South as well as any man in the country, said, if he had a thousand dollars to spare, he would spend it in distributing the "New-York Tribune" throughout his State. As the people are learning to read, they will soon ask for books, and libraries for general circulation must be opened. And yet, one looks almost with envy at the still virgin taste and healthy appetites of these people in reading. The old standard pieces, "Casabianca," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and "What though in solemn silence all," which our school-boys vote "slow" and "used up," are spoken in the colored schools with great expression and enjoyment. The Richmond boys leave "Oliver Optic" on the shelves, and take down the biographies of Franklin and Stephenson and the speeches of Sumner; and the Baltimore girls beg us to send them poetry and travels, instead of asking for Mrs. Braddon's last novel. Must they wade through yellow-covered literature too? We suppose there is no help for it; but let us at least keep them supplied with good solid food first, and as long as possible.

The Church at the South affords a curious study, to which we can do but poor justice at the close of a long article. We have little personal knowledge of the white churches at the South, but charitably suppose them to be about as good specimens of whited sepulchres as can be found in Christendom. They represent the general rebel feeling, and are rather led than lead.

But the negro has a strong, vivid religious feeling, and the church is to him a great part of his social life. It has been his only consolation during slavery, his only place of general social gathering and recreation. The praise-house meeting, and the "shout," have cheered in memory and retrospect the long dreary hours of hopeless, unpaid labor. The spiritual in-

toxication of the camp-meeting has taken the place of all other forms of excitement. The favorite exercise of the shout partakes so largely of sensuous enjoyment, is so clearly of the same nature as the popular dances of nations of simple habits, that we have met those who affirmed that it had no religious signification, but was only considered as an expression of social enjoyment. But we do not think so. All people in a low stage of intellectual development believe religion to consist largely in animal excitement, which they bring on by different means. It is not the normal development of the soul in life: it is something abnormal, strange, marvellous, which is to delight God and secure the salvation of man. The monk seeks this excitement of the brain by fasting and penance; the Dervish, by whirling round till his head spins with mad fervor; the Shaker, by his dancing; the Methodist, by song and shout. "She got religion and had to be toted home," is a very common expression of what is considered a most satisfactory evidence of religious excitement. The negro, though nominally a Christian, is still largely African in his religious faith. Religion is a charm, not to order his life into holiness and beauty, but to save his soul from the devil; it has no degrees of attainment. He either has it or he has it not—as he might have a horseshoe nailed to his door. Certain methods are employed to obtain it: but they may fail, and he feels himself to be very unfortunate; or they may succeed, and he is safe for ever. "It is safer for me to steal than for you," one of these fortunate individuals said to another, "for I have the seal of adoption,"—that is, I am safe from the devil, whatever I do, but you must look out and behave well or he'll catch you. From this there are all grades of enlightenment, and all variety and shades of belief among them. The Baptists and Methodists, especially, dispute for authority over them, and hold pertinaciously to their peculiar tenets. "They will tell you" said a Baptist preacher, "that there are good men in all sects of Christians; but how can that be when they go right against the commandments of God?"—referring, of course, to baptism by immersion.

No doubt, human nature always has its variety of good and

bad, and the influence of the Church depends largely upon the men who are chosen to administer its rites. In some places, the Church enforces a strict morality, and excommunicates its members for social vices. In others, the ministers are licentious and immoral, and care not how intemperate, idle, or vicious their flocks are, if they can only keep up the excitement of the meetings and swell the numbers of the Church. On the whole, we fear there is little to hope from the influence of the Church as it is at present organized, unless it be an awakened activity of thought, from the multitude of sects which are striving for influence among the freedmen. The presentation of various forms of belief must enkindle doubt and investigation in many minds, and the freedom of thought in this direction will stimulate them in every other.

Two influences deserve to be specially noted. The Roman Catholic Church evidently intends to establish an active propagandist movement throughout the South. It is founding colored schools, colleges, and asylums, and is making many converts. It has many advantages in dealing with the colored people. The priests and teachers, many of whom are of French or Italian birth, have not the bitter prejudice against the race which clings even to the northern American, and can more readily enter into all their feelings. Then the condition of the negro's mind is well fitted to receive the church doctrines. Long accustomed to lean upon others, the idea of authority coming, not in the name of an earthly tyrant, but of the heavenly Lord, is welcome to him. The human personalities of Saints and Virgin offer to him objects of faith which his affectionate nature delights in; and the pomp and ceremony of the mass appeal to the love of beauty which is so conspicuous a trait in his character. His superstition finds food here. We learned an incident in Virginia, which seemed to carry us back to Ante-Lutheran times. A clergyman has a handbill printed, which purports to contain a true copy of a letter from Jesus Christ found under a stone, preserved in a miraculous manner. This letter promises to its possessor a variety of blessings and immunity from many dangers; it is sold at ten cents a copy, and is eagerly bought by the negroes

of one of the most enlightened cities of the South, that they may have this invaluable protection with them. The Church which has so ably dealt with this weakness of human nature in the past for its own benefit, will know how to do so now. But we are not afraid of the influence of the Romanist Church. Side by side with the ballot-box, and the common school for all, it will remain in power only while it serves humanity, and be swept away when it becomes more a hindrance than a help.

The African Methodist Church is another body with strong influence over the colored people. It would be unjust to take partial estimates of the work of this body as final. Some warm friends of the colored people think its tendencies are good, that it leads them to self-respect and dependence upon their own race, and that by educating colored men for the ministry, it will establish a better influence over them than in any other way. Others, equally true and friendly, feel that it favors bitter and unscrupulous hatred and distrust of the white race; that it is hostile to liberal education; that it seeks to perpetuate hostility between the races, and shuts the black man out from all the advantages he might gain from his true friends at the North. Doubtless, there is truth in both these views, as the Church is represented by different persons. In some sections of the country, unscrupulous and corrupt men are certainly using the power it gives them to the injury of the schools and the people. Whatever good it may do in some places, we cannot sympathize with any church which recognizes any distinctions of race, color, or sex, as at all important in comparison with the qualities of the heart, soul, and life. This is the great religious truth which the negro needs to take home to his heart, — that life is the evidence of religion; and that, as God is not afar off in a distant heaven, but here and now, immanent in every soul and in every operation of nature, so religion must not be a thing of times and seasons, an excitement, a spell to conjure with, but a constant, all-pervading influence, ennobling and purifying every act of life. There are souls among the freedmen, purified by suffering, cleared by silent thought, ready to receive this pure

and high form of religion; and we believe the great duty of the liberal church of our day, by whatever name it be called, is to bring this truth home to their hearts.

So we are not hopeless of the South, immense as is the work that is yet to be done there. It looks now, indeed, like the fields when the snow has just melted off, barren and desolate, encumbered with the remains of the old life, not ready to welcome the new; but it has been ploughed deep by the sword of war, and the careful eye may already see many green and promising germs of the new crop. It is our part generously to labor for and with its people, until the past is redeemed, and they can walk abreast with us in the march of civilization. Then the many brilliant and courteous graces of the Southerner, the earnest and noble traits of the negro character, united with the strong and energetic powers of the North, will combine to form a nation worthy of the glorious land which God has given into their possession.

ART. II. — THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The Wise Men of the East; Who they were; How they came to Jerusalem. New York: Sheldon and Company. 1869. 12mo.*

THOROUGH and critical treatises on special Biblical subjects are frequent in Germany, but comparatively rare in England and America. We have not patience for minute inquiries upon topics which seem to be of slight importance. It is waste of time to seek the species of the lily of the valley, or of the fish which gave back the tribute money, or the nature of the darkness at the death of Jesus: all of which subjects the Germans have discussed. Even the investigation of Paul's "thorn in the flesh," which Dr. John Brown has proved to be weakness of sight, is rather ingenious than satisfying. Yet these special treatises are valuable when they

* The author of this book is Professor Francis W. Upham, LL.D., of the Rutgers Institute, New York, a brother of Professor T. C. Upham, of Bowdoin College.

are well done, though only provoking when they are superficial. An incidental topic takes on dignity when it is treated in an attentive, serious, and loving manner. No higher pleasure is there in theological study than the pleasure which is given by well-reasoned monographs on Scriptural themes.

And it is delightful in these days, when the largest themes are handled and dismissed in a dashing magazine article, as reckless in the use of facts as hasty in conclusions, when there are so many writers who have no time for scruple and no fear of shocking devout sentiment in their free-and-easy utterances, to meet with a writer of the old school, who is calm and cautious and conscientious, who weighs his words before he utters them, and says nothing rashly. It is delightful to get hold of a theological work which is not feverish with passion, and in which there are positive convictions without any theological hatred; it is delightful to witness in a critical examination of an obscure story the willingness of the critic "to labor and to wait." The union of the critical faculty with a devout imagination is not common in our time. The critic seems to fit himself for his task by discarding all religious feeling as much as all intellectual prejudice. He must allow the spirit of prayer no place, scepticism must be his rule, and he must come to belief only by the overwhelming array of proof. Yet occasionally we meet with writers, in whom the critical faculty is aided, rather than hindered, by the imagination, and whose sight is made insight by the soaring of their thought. There can be no doubt that such interpret scripture more comfortably, if not more wisely, than the bare rationalists.

This possible union of devout imagination with scientific analysis, without injury to critical candor, is proved very strikingly in a small book, just published by Sheldon & Company, on the "Wise Men of the East; who they were, and how they came to Jerusalem." To many the topic will seem insignificant, and they will wonder that an American professor should be willing to spend strength in so needless an investigation. And even in the book itself the ultimate object does not distinctly appear. It is evident that this interesting

monograph is not a whim merely of Biblical criticism, but has some positive religious purpose; that it is connected with some deep religious idea in the soul of the author; that it is only the pioneer of a doctrinal and devotional work, for which it clears the ground and prepares the way. Indeed, a hint of this is given; and there are passages in the volume which almost anticipate the spiritual end of the careful discussions.

The legal training of the author shows itself in the clearness of statement, the arrangement of the argument, the steady logical progress, the accurate references, which give chapter and verse for every assertion, and the judicial calmness with which the examination goes on. In this respect the book resembles the famous book of Dupin on the trial of Christ. Every thing here is well considered. There is not a rash or random word. With a wealth of research, with notes as full and as rich in variety as the text is close to its subject, with citations from classic and Christian writers, ancient and modern,—books of travel, books of science, commentary and history, which tempt the eye continually away from the main argument,—the impression is always of sincere work; that all is for the illustration of the subject, and nothing from the vanity of authorship. One feels that only conscience multiplies these redundant testimonies; that they are to justify the plea, and not to show the wide range, of the author's reading. The multitude of references even seems to show a shrinking modesty, an unwillingness that any thing should be taken on trust of the writer's word, an anxiety to be perfectly just and candid, and to avoid all chance of mistake. And in giving authorities, the writer prefers to give those whose names have weight, whose word will be received, and who are easily accessible. He does not, like Mr. Buckle, cite books, which are out of the reach of his readers. And he is careful, also, to translate his Greek and Latin citations, and not leave them to perplex unlearned readers.

The book, though in no sense a dogmatic treatise, either in purpose or in tone, is written from the stand-point of belief, and of belief in the common Evangelical doctrine. It assumes

the Incarnation as a fact, — that Deity took form and shape and flesh in the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. It assumes the inspiration of the record, of the New Testament and of the Old, — that the apostles and prophets and the first law-giver were moved and guided by the Spirit of God in what they said and wrote, and so preserved from error; and that their account of all which they describe, whether of physical nature or of human life, is infallibly true. It assumes the genuineness of that chapter of Matthew's Gospel which tells of the visit of the wise men; and spends no time in disputing the argument of American and foreign critics who deny that Matthew wrote the story. But the orthodoxy of the writer does not, that we can see, prevent his impartial examination of the story, his appreciation of its difficulties or his admission of the objections against it. He could not treat a classic myth more fairly, — Dido with Æneas, or Egeria with Numa. Only, believing that the story is true, he would show by various argument, that it is probable, and what it really means, — would rescue it from the bad fame of a doubtful, fanciful, and self-contradictory legend.

The book is in nine chapters, with an appendix. In the first chapter, the author defines the word "magi," and shows that the bad signification of magician and charlatan, which it had unquestionably in the later times of Greece and Rome, was not its only signification, not its best meaning, not its original meaning; that the magi were wise men, learned men, trustworthy men, skilled in various arts, the advisers of kings, and acquainted with the higher sciences; not such men as Simon the Sorcerer or Appollonius of Tyana, but rather a class of "philosophic prophets," if we may combine these terms. The wise men who came to Bethlehem were of this class; astrologers, perhaps, as they were skilled to read the stars, but not astrologers of the knavish sort, who used the stars to assist their deception and their false divinings. He finds abundant reason for believing that this meaning of the word "magi" was its common meaning among the Jews of Palestine at the time of Jesus.

The second chapter of the volume is an exceedingly close

and ingenious discussion of the meaning of the word *ἀνατολῶν*, by which Matthew characterizes the place from which the magi came. It is shown that the rendering, "from the East," does not sufficiently designate the meaning of this word; that it should read, "from the Far East;" and that there is an evident distinction between this plural form without the article, and the singular form with the article, in the verse that follows. "The East," as the argument shows, is Babylonia, the famous Chaldean land. But the "Far East," the proper land of the magi, is Persia, beyond the hills,—a country with other customs and with another faith. If patient pleading, and the collation of historic and archæologic facts, can establish so nice a proposition, an excellent *prima facie* case has certainly been made out. The argument, too, is a scripture argument, and is justified by the use of language in the prophecies of the Hebrew Bible.

Having decided that the magi were Persians, the author proceeds, in his third chapter, to set forth the character and religion of the Persians, the resemblance of their faith to the Hebrew faith and the doctrine of the Zend-avesta as preparing the way for the gospel of Christ. He finds a striking likeness, almost a coincidence, between the teaching of Zoroaster and the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. This likeness has been shown by many writers, English and German, in these last years; and professors of Christian theology now willingly expound to their classes the theses of the Persian sage as the testimony which the heathen brings to the truth of the gospel. This Persian system is no longer included among idolatries, and is shown to hold a sublime conception of God and his relation to men, not less than of the duties of man to man and of man to God.

Then, in the fourth chapter, the obscure question of the position of the magi in the Persian Empire is briefly treated. The materials for a judgment here are extremely scanty, and the author has done the best that he could with them. He quotes various authorities, who seem to say that the magi were the theologians of Persia, the men above all others wise in sacred things; and he sums up the statement in saying

that "among the Persians there could be no religious service without the presence of one of the magi. The learned heads of the order had the charge of the education of the monarch. They were judges and counsellors of state. The magi were diviners, astrologers, and interpreters of dreams. They searched into the secrets of future time. They professed to alter the will of God. The order was to Persia what Delphos was to Greece. It was the Persian oracle."

In the fifth chapter of the volume, the relations of the Chaldeans and Persians to the Hebrews are stated; and in the next two chapters the subject is followed up by an account of the enduring influence of Daniel and his teaching upon Persian thought, especially in the expectation of Messiah. Hardly less than among the Hebrews was this Messianic idea traditional among the Persians, almost a part of their national faith. Their wise men expected a great king to come, to come in the Hebrew land, and to come when the signs in earth and heaven should show that the time was at hand. The evidence of the Latin writers shows that this Messianic idea was general and fixed all through the Eastern land.

The eighth chapter of the volume passes to another branch of the general subject,—the consideration of the sign in the heavens, the mysterious Star which guided the magi in their journey. Here the ground is more uncertain, and the way more difficult. There is a scientific protest, and miracle seems to intrude itself into the discussion. There is no intrinsic impossibility that learned men of the Persian nation should expect a great prophet and king from the people whom they had heard of and known as God's people; but that moving star seen in the East, leading their way and resting over a house, seems to bring in a physical impossibility. Kepler's discovery, however, that in the year 747 or 748 of the old Roman era the three planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars were in conjunction, and might be seen as one star of surpassing brightness, gives the suggestion which our author follows to remove the physical difficulty. The magi, who probably had the art of calculating eclipses, occultations, and planetary conjunc-

tions, along with their astrological art, may have calculated beforehand this rare planetary conjunction, and fixed upon the event as the sign of Messiah's coming; — led to this possibly by the tradition, which the Jew Abarbanel mentions, that the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter had preceded the birth of Moses, the first law-giver. Our author, nevertheless, is too earnest a believer in the supernatural, and in the proper subjection of physical forces to such a transcendent fact as that of the Incarnation, to have any wish to remove miracle from the story. To him the star is not a planetary star, but a special star, divinely ordered, keeping its way in heaven, indeed, according to celestial dynamics, but disappearing when its mission was done. The new star, moreover, was a part of their Messianic expectation, a part of the prophecy which had come from a very distant day. The prophecy of Balaam tells of a star to come out of Jacob, and this was the oracular sign which Daniel declared. That the planetary conjunction came about the same time, proves nothing against the theory of a Star divinely appointed. The language of Matthew is certainly explicit. He says nothing of any planetary conjunction. It is a special star which brings the wanderers to the manger at Bethlehem. The closing words of this chapter on Kepler's discovery are one of those flashes of eloquence which break occasionally the calm movement of the discussion. "It is not strange that St. Matthew, even if he knew of them, did not record the planetary conjunctions. They were facts of nature, left to be made known to the Church, when most needful to it, by one solemnly elected of God to publish the laws and harmonies of the material universe: that, coeval with the Advent of the Lord of the heavens and the earth, a new Star shone, heralding this through all the worlds, and dating it through all time; that when He by whom all things were made and without whom, there was not any thing, lay in the manger in Bethlehem, the apparent sign of the glory that he had before he made the worlds was seen in the heavens, — this the inspired evangelist records alike for itself, and for the miracle of its guiding to its Lord in virtue of both of which it holds high place on the eternal page.

“Not then, of those planetary phenomena that Kepler rediscovered, but of a new Star, the magi speak, when they say they beheld the Star of the King. This harmonizes exactly and decisively with their coming. Their pilgrimage might have followed upon the conjunction of the planets; yet the faith that braved the toils and dangers of their long road is so high-toned that it requires that decisive intimation. This accomplishes what all else prepared for. It sent them to Jerusalem. History and science elucidate the sublime lesson of the power, the wisdom, and the reward of Faith in the coming of the wise men to the Lord; yet the gospel alone gives; what the records of history and the researches of science, though tending that way, lack, the full explanation, on its human side, of that abounding and unshaken confidence with which these magi proclaimed, in astonished, affrighted, unbelieving Jerusalem, the birth of its King.” Eloquent words, and very captivating to the devout mind! But the unimaginative scientists will hardly admit their force as explaining interference with the fixed order of nature.

That this admission of a supernatural star seems to favor the pretended science of astrology, our author confesses in the next chapter, which he devotes to the “Astrological element in the narrative.” This belief in astrology in that age was so rooted that it needed no confirmation. Christianity indeed, in seeming by some of its miracles to strengthen astrology, really put an end to it. Astrology, too, with all its absurdities, was not wholly falsehood; and in this instance, at any rate, the reading of the stars was guided by a higher wisdom and to the holiest of ends. The magi may have been astrologers, and used their astrology in this finding of the young child; but we are not to fasten to their art the bad name which it has gained since it has been superseded by the science of astronomy. The magi used their occult art to discover the great secret of the Divinity in Humanity; and that alone would give it dignity. In this chapter the tone is of a gentle mysticism, which reveals in the author the wondering spirit of the Quietists.

And this again comes out, in the tenth chapter, on the “In-

spiration of St. Matthew," which seems to the author so complete, so clear, so self-evidencing, that all argument to prove it is superfluous. "There is a kingdom of grace," he says, "having its harmonies, even as the kingdom of nature hath. To those who have no hearts to feel them, they are as if they were not. Their notions as to this kingdom are as blank as those of a blind man to the Kingdom of Light. A man without eyes might grope about, with a tape-measure, among the houses in Jerusalem, and his measurements somewhat avail; of such value are the researches of men like Strauss in the spiritual Jerusalem. As to some things of an unspiritual kind, their fingers may avail something; but the soul-inspiring harmonies of the kingdom of grace, such cannot know. Can men, born deaf, know the symphonies of Beethoven? Such critics of harmonies, poring over the printed notes of 'The Creation,' and measuring with scale and dividers here and there, on the silent page, may detect typographical errors, make some shrewd and more absurd remarks upon the number, arrangement, and proportion of the dots, be witty and wise over those who see what they cannot see, feel what they cannot feel, in the mysterious scroll; but though the mighty master of the organ unroll, in volumes of majestic sound, the music expressed in these mystic characters, all is a blank to them, save what they glean from the mute symbols of a melody they have no faculty to hear. Our knowledge is not to be called in question, because darkened souls, like Renan's, know it not. A world of sight and sound is not less sure, because such men have no hearing and no sight. The spiritual world, with its truth and harmonies, is none the less a world because they are dead. Its truths and harmonies are the only realities."

The closing chapter, in some respects the finest in the book, not only sums up in concise statement the course of the argument, but offers in exquisite phrase some thoughts upon the unbelieving spirit of the age, and the need of recognizing the higher meaning of prophecy and the events of the sacred record. The moral and spiritual significance of this story, which so many carelessly pass by, comes out to him in its

full beauty. He sees in it the fulfilment of that ancient song in which a gentile prophesied that a "Star should come out of Jacob, and a Sceptre rise out of Israel;" in these strangers coming to Bethlehem, the type of that great multitude which from all nations were to come into the company of the Lord; in the Magi worshipping the young child, the sign of the wise and the good acknowledging allegiance to the greater grace of God in religion. He claims that this story of the wise men lays strong hold not only on the heart of the Church, but on the reason of the Church; that the devout reason calls for some such visible attestation of this as the great truth, that while salvation is of the Jews, its reach is to the gentiles, and its appeal is to the natural piety and the matured knowledge of men. It is the answer of the Church to the question, "How near to the Lord did the nearest of the heathen come?"

This spiritual teaching of the story is only hinted, and will doubtless be more fully exhibited in that sequel, of which the present volume seems to be only the proem and the preparation. The finer qualities of the author's thought will appear in that book, in which the critical spirit will be less prominent. But the present volume will be, to all who read it in sympathy with its faith, most interesting and fascinating. It belongs to a class of which we have too few specimens in our life of sensation and intellectual conceit. It is really one of that class which are called, in Germany, books of "*Erbauung*," and which warm the soul by their gentle earnestness and sincerity of conviction more than it could be by any vehemence of rapture. If the other stories of the Evangelical record, which have about them a mystic and transcendent obscurity, such as the temptation, the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the resurrection, could be treated in this way, the result would be more edifying than the result of attempting to rationalize what must be accepted as spiritual phenomena, if accepted at all. A sorry bungle the interpreters make of it, who attempt to show any natural way in which the Christ was transfigured, or raised from the dead, or taken up into heaven. These narratives are stories of the Spirit, and are not to be judged by those

who have no faith in the Spirit. They are better peremptorily rejected, as fiction and folly.

Not all minds are constituted like the mind of the imaginative student of the gospel, who, in the long months and years of his thought and inquiry, has found this secret of the story of the wise men, and is moved to tell it; and not a few even of those who call themselves students in the Scripture, will perhaps pass the book by, as too slight for their heed. But others will welcome it, as a real contribution to the spiritual understanding of the legend which is still printed in the record, and which destructive criticism has not yet displaced. Even to those whose faith is different, who have other views of inspiration and of the nature of the Christ, the reading of a treatise so reverent, so wise, and so gentle in its spirit, while it is so positive in its tone, cannot be without profit. Orthodoxy, in this mild and gracious form, almost wins one away from the heresy which refuses to bow before the Cross, or worship any creature, even the holiest, who is born of woman. There are two forms in which the orthodoxy of our time shows itself, which have no attraction for the liberal believer, — the hard, dogmatic, self-righteous form of command and threatening; and the cunning, dialectic form, which would beguile by the speciousness and the subtilty of its logic. But the orthodoxy, which, without compromise or concealment, speaks modestly its word, not claiming a right, and hardly expecting a hearing, in the din of the world's voices, the orthodoxy that is content to bring new light from some obscure passage of the sacred volume, if haply it may give comfort to some inquiring soul, the orthodoxy of a kindled and waiting imagination, that sees through all the noise and hurry of this worldly excitement the quiet glow of the heavenly life that surrounds it, is unspeakably refreshing. Such is the orthodoxy of this story of the wise men.

ART. III. — MR. FOLSOM'S TRANSLATION OF THE
GOSPELS.

The Four Gospels : translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf, with the Various Readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others ; and with critical and explanatory Notes.

By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM. Boston : A. Williams & Company.
1869. 12mo, pp. 476.

THE appearance of this work, simultaneously with that of Dr. Noyes, is encouraging to those who retain the old-fashioned regard for scriptural criticism. We had feared that the class of studies from which these books originated, was passing into neglect. The tendency of recent thought has not, on the whole, been favorable to their pursuit. The search for the exact meaning of texts in the Bible, which was so earnestly undertaken when those texts were thought to be the very utterance of the Holy Spirit, engages less interest when they are regarded as the language of human writers. Doctrinal discussions, too, have lost, with the majority, that charm which they possessed even a third of a century since ; and where they are still carried on, it is less by the weighing and measuring of proof-texts, than by appeal to reasoning of a more general character. It is but natural that the change in modes of thought thus indicated, should affect injuriously for a time that branch of theological study which is concerned with the minutiae of words and sentences ; and as the ancient Fathers have been less read since Protestants learned to appeal from their authority to that of Scripture, that Scripture itself should be less critically studied, now that the appeal is so often taken from its decisions to the tribunal of reason.

But if Biblical criticism has no longer the high claim which it formerly advanced, as the interpreter of the very words of God, it is still worthy of attention as explaining the utterances of holy men, and by the aid it affords in the solution of questions which have been only of late prominently brought for-

ward. If it seem of less importance now than it once did, to determine what Moses meant by the command, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," criticism is now called to give her testimony on the deeper question, whether Moses gave any commandments at all, of those which we now possess. If we care not now, as much as in former years, about the construction to be put upon the proem to John's Gospel, we have still to look at texts not less carefully than of old, to determine whether, and in what sense, we have a Gospel according to John. Learning still has its claims, though their ground may vary. It is not yet time for the Christian world to disown its obligations to the great scholars, the Mills and Griesbachs of former days, and the Tischendorfs and Alford of our own, through whom we know what it was that evangelists and apostles wrote of old; nor to be indifferent to the labors of those who, like Noyes and Folsom, give us the faithful interpretation of those sacred writings.

The work before us is the result of many years' arduous study by one who has brought to his task qualifications of a very high order. Mr. Folsom is known to the Unitarian community as having filled for many years, with success, the position of Professor of Sacred Literature in our Western Divinity School. To the Orthodox Congregationalists he is also known, as having held among them positions of importance, both as instructor and as preacher. Change of theological position has had with him, less than is usually the case, the result of producing alienation among those he left; for none who knew him have doubted of his sincerity and conscientious earnestness to know the truth. Being by the result of his studies, aided by his natural temperament, on the very boundary line between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, averse to all extremes of opinion, and scrupulous not to profess either less or more than he actually believed, the views which he regarded as true seemed to him at one time to lie on one side of that dividing line, and at another time beyond it; and whatever was his conscientious judgment, he did not shrink from declaring. But neither party could gain from him, had they desired it, a denunciation of those with whom he had

before agreed. Valuing apparently very little the appearance of consistency, he has been, amid all changes of denomination, consistent to the principles of freedom, of reverence, and of charity. The present age can yield him less sympathy than he would have found from such men as Dr. Pierce and Dr. Lowell, who lamented the breaking up of the Congregational brotherhood, and who, while not Trinitarians, would never consent to bear the Unitarian name.

Such a mind is not fitted for the task of the reformer, whose trumpet must give no uncertain sound. But it has a peculiar adaptation to the pursuits of scholarship, and especially of criticism. Careful in weighing the claims of opposite interpretations, seeking only to know and to state the truth, indifferent how it may affect the success of either party, one possessed of such a mind gains that confidence as a judge which he could never have claimed as a leader. Luther might censure Melancthon for too easy compliance in the matter of the "Interim," but he must look with respect to his judgment of the Greek text.

In presenting instances of Mr. Folsom's renderings, we shall express freely our opinion, whether favorable or unfavorable. And it happens that our first comment is of the latter kind. We do not like the translation of the first words of Matthew's Gospel, "A Record of [the] birth of Jesus Christ." That which follows immediately is not a record of the birth of Jesus, but of his ancestry; and the word γενεαλογος is evidently a translation of תולדות "generations," as used in Genesis ii. 4, v. 1, vi. 9. The proper rendering, then, is that of Norton and Noyes, "The Genealogy of Jesus Christ."

Matt. i. 23: "IMMANUEL, which being interpreted is GOD [IS] WITH US." Dr. Noyes's translation differs only by omitting the brackets around IS. The introduction of this word, which is fully justified by the Greek idiom, guards the text from being perverted to prove the divinity of Christ. Mr. Folsom's mode of expressing it does more exact justice to the original.

Id. ii. 4, 5, 7: "He inquired of them where the Christ is born." "It stands written through the prophet." "Time of

the appearing star." These renderings are very literal, except "stands written" for *ῥέγραπται*; but the Greek idiom has been retained, instead of being exchanged for the English.

16: "Slew all the boys." Dr. Noyes has it "male children." Either rendering is a great improvement on the common version "children," for there is no justice in exaggerating the cruelty even of a Herod. "Boys" is a more literal and a stronger rendering than "male children."

Id. iii. 15: "Permit just now." The word *just* seems to us to introduce a wrong idea, — that of there being any especial cause for the permission at that moment more than at another. It does, however, express the usual meaning of the Greek particle; but we suggest, on Schleusner's authority, that *ἄρα*, "now" takes the place of the Hebrew *אָז*, — a particle expressing entreaty, rather than time.

17: "In whom I became well pleased," *ἐν ᾧ εὐδόκησα*. Mr. Folsom, in his preface, justifies this rendering, by reference to the fundamental idea of the aorist tense, that of "momentary action, and generally past, though sometimes very recent action." He considers this rendering equivalent to that of Winer, *whom I took into favor*, "expressing to our human conception the reason in the spirit and life, in the mind and character of Jesus, why he was now sent forth with power from on high to teach and to save." (p. 8.)

Id. iv. 6: "Cast thyself down below." Below seems an unnecessary addition.

Id. v. 14: To hide a lamp under a "measure" seems better than the "bushel" of the common version. So verse 17th, "I have not come to destroy, but to complete," gives a better meaning than "to fulfil." But "not one smallest letter nor tip [of one]" in the next verse, seems rather a paraphrase than a translation. In the 20th verse is an expression which occurs also afterwards, "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, you *should* in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." This use of the potential mood in English, for the second aorist indicative in Greek, may perhaps be well defended; but, surely, the auxiliary ought not to be such as to imply that entrance into the king-

dom of heaven was *possible* to such persons, though not *proper*.

41. "And whoever shall impress thee one mile, go with him two." "Impress" gives accurately the meaning of ἀγγαρεύσει.

Id. xiv. 2. "This is John the Baptist: he himself had risen from the dead, and on this account the mighty deeds are at work in him." The rendering of the aorist by the English pluperfect in this case is harsh; and if ἐνεργῶσιν ἐν αὐτῷ be here rightly translated, δυνάμεις must mean, not "mighty deeds," but the "powers" by which those deeds were performed.

Id. xviii. 6. "It is for his advantage that a millstone of the largest size be hung about his neck, and he be sunk in the open sea." Here, in the endeavor at accurate rendering of the individual words, the sentence is weakened. Dr. Noyes's translation is here preferable, "a great millstone." Μύλος ὀνικός means a millstone so large as to be turned by an ass, instead of by the hand.

In Luke ix. 55, both our translators are compelled, by the decision of Tischendorf, to reject from the text that beautiful reproof of intolerance, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." With this decision, the best manuscripts and the best critics agree. Whoever inserted them had the mind of Jesus, if not his very words. Mr. Folsom suggests in his notes the probability that the words were "really uttered by him, and if not originally in the text of Luke, afterwards put in the margin."

Besides the Translation, Mr. Folsom gives an account of the various Readings with the authorities in support of each; whether by the testimony of critical editions, manuscripts, or quotations by the early Fathers. This portion of the book must have required unwearied labor in its preparation. It presents more than forty pages of double columns, of great value to the critical student for purposes of reference; but chiefly interesting to the general reader, as showing how little these various readings affect the sense of scripture, while, in the few instances which are of great importance, he has thus before him the authorities on either side. As a speci-

men of this portion of the book, we transcribe the statement respecting the passage last referred to, Luke ix. 55.

"55. * om. 'and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.'
Gb^{oo} Lm Td Tg Al w. A B C E &c. itt fu cop æth Bas Cyr Jer.
But insert it, D. F w. K M U Δ curss itt vg all the syrr &c."

The above, expressed more fully, would inform us that the omission is sanctioned by Griesbach as probable, by Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford, with the Sinaitic Ms., the Alexandrine, Vatican, Ephraem, Basle, and other uncial MSS., the valuable cursive MS. numbered 33, and others, some copies of the old Italic, and the Fulda copy of the Vulgate, the Coptic and Æthiopic version, and the early Fathers Basil, Cyril, and Jerome. In favor of inserting the words, are the Cambridge and five other uncial MSS., some cursives, some copies of the old Italic, the Vulgate in most copies, all the Syriac versions, &c.

The remainder of the volume, about one-fourth, is devoted to Notes on the Gospels. These are partly in explanation and defence of the author's renderings of the passages to which they relate, and on that account should be consulted by all who would judge fairly of the translation. Repeatedly we have, at the first glance, thought Mr. Folsom's rendering strange and indefensible; but, on turning to the Notes, have found that there was authority for it, which, if not always sufficient to satisfy us of its correctness, at least showed that it was not the result of caprice or the love of novelty, but of the judgment of a careful scholar.

It may be thought capricious to translate the words of the Magi, "we have seen his star *in its rising*," when, just before, we had been told that they were "from the East;" but the Notes not only tell us of the authority of other critics for the change, but draw attention to the fact, that ἀνατολή, in the singular, elsewhere signifies "rising," while "the East" is, elsewhere as here, indicated by the plural. Mr. Folsom's rendering corresponds with the distinction observed, in every instance, throughout the New Testament and the Septuagint; besides giving a more lively and positive turn to the phrase.

We regard it, accordingly, as well sustained, if not fully justified.

So again at the first glance, it seems a causeless and useless change to substitute "happy" for "blessed" in the beginning of the "Sermon on the Mount;" but turning to our author's notes we are reminded that "There are two other words, *ἐυλογητός* and *ἐυλογημένος*, both, also, translated 'blessed,'" while "the word 'happy,' in modern usage, expresses the sense wherever the word *μακάριος* occurs. And," as he goes on to point out, "it is the *adequate* sense in this passage." Though, therefore, we shall still call those precious sentences "the Benedictions," we are satisfied that Jesus spoke of a happiness which should spring naturally, and therefore providentially, from the virtues he inculcated.

The value of the Notes, however, is by no means confined to the account they give of the author's principles of translation. They often present a most instructive and impressive commentary; the more instructive and impressive because brief. The admirable note on the Temptation, for example, despatches all the questions about time and place, and a personal appearance of the Evil One, in half a page, briefly setting aside that bald literal interpretation, which few scholars would now defend; devotes a somewhat longer space to answering the suggestion of Schleiermacher and Norton, that the whole was a parable; and then goes on, in two pages, to describe, with great force and beauty, the trains of thought in the Saviour's mind, which constituted the successive temptations, with the scenes and circumstances that gave rise to them; closing with a short and striking practical application.

Another fine instance of a note rendering intelligible a difficult subject, is that on the proem of the Gospel according to John. The author clearly points out how frequent was the use of personification, especially as applied to the Divine Wisdom, by the Old Testament writers, by the later Jews, as in the Apocrypha and the writings of Philo, and by the Saviour himself. We do not, however, agree with Mr. Folsom in his translation of the last clause in the first verse, "and God was the Word;" for, not only is it permitted by Greek

usage to consider the noun which follows the verb as the subject of it, but the next verse appears to us to decide the question. "This was in the beginning with God." What is the antecedent of "this?" Surely not "God;" the writer would not say, "God was in the beginning with God." "The Word" is the antecedent; the subject of the first two clauses is the subject of the fourth also, and we can hardly avoid, therefore, regarding it as the subject of the intervening clause. In the third verse, Mr. Folsom rightly guards against expressions by which nearly all preceding translators have given to the verb *ἐγένετο* a much stronger meaning than it possesses. We are not sure, however, but, that in avoiding the idea of creation, the term he selects suggests another, which goes beyond the meaning of *ἐγένετο* in a different way. "*Arose into being*" seems to imply growth, if not self-creation. Mr. Sawyer, though not always happy, seems to us to have here the right word, "*existed.*" We agree with Mr. Folsom's translation of "*it,*" rather than "*him*" for *αὐτοῦ*. Neither rendering is adequate, because either excludes the meaning of the other, while the original admits both.

We will not pursue further an examination of Mr. Folsom's rendering of this important passage. Enough, perhaps, has been said, to show the care with which the task has been performed, and the claim which this rendering, and the note which accompanies it, have to the attention of all who desire fully to understand this "Golden Proem."

In his notes to John v. 1, and vi. 4, Mr. Folsom states briefly, but very clearly, the grounds of different judgments respecting the length of the Saviour's ministry, with the names of the most distinguished scholars who have favored the respective opinions. His own conclusion appears to be that the "feast," mentioned in John v. 1, was not that of the Passover, but of Purim; that, consequently, three Passovers, and only three, were included in the ministry of Jesus, making its whole length about two and a half years.

Still more important is the note on John xii. 1, in which the translator examines the alleged discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel, and the Synoptics, with regard to the time of

the institution of the Last Supper. The grounds on which this discrepancy has been asserted, are examined by Mr. Folsom, in his usual condensed but thorough manner. He considers the words "before the feast of the Passover" as referring, not to what occurred at the supper, but to the knowledge which was in the mind of Jesus. The writer does not mean, "Before the feast of the Passover, Jesus washed his disciples' feet," but "before the feast of the Passover, Jesus knew what was about to occur; and, loving his disciples, he was thus induced, when the Passover had come, and they were all met together, to give them this striking lesson of humility and attachment." He points out that the expression, "Buy what we have need of for the feast," John xiii. 29, may have related, not to the paschal supper, but to the continued festival; and, in regard to the scruple of the scribes against entering the Prætorium, "that they might not be defiled, but might eat the Passover" (xviii. 28), he observes that, conceding that the paschal supper is meant, "precautions not to be defiled would be entirely groundless, on the supposition that the supper was not to be until the next evening; for, by bathing in the course of the day, before they ate, they could wash away the defilement." He therefore supposes their participation in the Passover supper to have been delayed by their eagerness for the arrest and condemnation of Jesus; and that, their purpose now was, as soon as that condemnation was decreed, to return to their homes and satisfy the demands of the law, by partaking of the Passover before sunrise.

On John xviii. 39, Mr Folsom well remarks, that "the proposal of Pilate to release a prisoner, according to his custom at the Passover, is more appropriate to the festival having already commenced." On the word "preparation," as applied to the day when Jesus was crucified (xix. 14), he shows that it could not mean preparation for the Passover, but simply, according to common usage, and as evidently employed in other verses of the same chapter (31, 42), preparation for the Sabbath, that is, Friday.

Thus the imagined discrepancy, not only between this

Gospel and the others, but between this and the well-attested practice of the Apostle John, disappears when fully investigated; and we are not compelled to believe that in the midst of the Quartodeciman controversy, about the time of keeping Easter, a book was surreptitiously introduced as the work of the Apostle John, and found unopposed reception, which gave testimony on that subject contrary to the well-known opinions and practice of John himself.

Of the Notes in this volume, more than half are on the Gospel of John, and they constitute a valuable commentary on that most spiritual book.

The volume of Mr. Folsom is not, like some new translations of works that had never been well rendered before, a book to be taken up for the mere pleasure of meeting with obvious improvements. Most readers will prefer the old version to this, or to that of Dr. Noyes, or to any other that could be made; for there are dear and sacred associations with the venerable book which has done so much, through three centuries and a half, for the language, the mind, and the heart of the English race. But of new translations of the Bible, and especially of this, the value is to the student, — to the intelligent reader, who, though, perhaps, familiar only with the English language, yet wishes to know the true meaning of what prophets and apostles wrote in Hebrew and in Greek; and would fain have a distincter knowledge than the common manuals afford, of that region wherein so much of learned labor has been expended, — of the collation of manuscripts, and the comparison of interpretations. In this region, the translation of the New Testament by Dr. Noyes covers a wider ground; and, besides departing less from the old rendering, possesses the advantage of a more idiomatic English style, which the book before us has sometimes lost, through its exceeding faithfulness; but this affords, with regard to that portion of the New Testament which it renders, advantages in the careful presentation of authorities, in its valuable notes, and often in its attention to the finer shades of meaning. We anticipate for it, among scholars of various denominations, abroad, as well as here, not certainly general popularity, but

a respectful reception, and a continued and increasing appreciation; and though we cannot expect that it will make, to the diligent and faithful scholar by whom it has been prepared, any adequate return for the amount of learning and of labor which he has devoted to it, we trust that it will gain for him an honored place among those who have devoted years of toil to the illustration of the sacred volume.

ART. IV.—THE DIVINE TEACHINGS IN NATURE.

A Vacation Sermon. Preached in the Boston Music Hall, Sept. 19, 1869.

“Doth not even Nature itself teach you?”—1 Cor. xi. 14.

WHEN a generous man on a winter night sits in his comfortable house, snugly sheltered from the elements, and hears the tempest rattle against the window-panes and howl over the chimney-tops, he cannot but feel a pang of commiseration for the homeless wanderers in the storm, and the poor families through whose dilapidated dwellings the rain oozes on bed and hearth. When friends crowd around him with cordial words and smiles, and every load is lifted and every sorrow sweetened by social kindness, the heart of such a man will ache for the outcasts who go on their way bleeding and fainting, with none to stanch their wounds or speak the words of pity for which they sigh. So the man who is privileged to lead a blessed inner life of books, meditation, philosophy, and sentiment, when he thinks of his favored lot, must feel unutterable gratitude for such prerogatives, and be sensible of an obligation, in return, to do something for those who are shut out from these high ranges of thought and beauty, this ideal world of truth and emotion. Contemplating the great multitude doomed to sweat under the hardships of physical labor, he instinctively asks himself, By what right am I thus exempt from the yoke of muscular drudgery and the cares of business? How is it, that, while so many others are enslaved

in the anxious routine of the world, I, without one vexing thought of outward traffic or toil, am lapped in elysian studies and dreams of order, truth, beauty, and goodness; soaring beyond the heaven of heavens in imaginative contemplation, kneeling before the throne of God in visionary worship, thrilled with rapture at the prospect of human redemption and blessedness in the happy ages far ahead?

Evidently for no merit of his is he so distinguished; and the duty is consciously borne in on him that he ought to distribute whatever of peace, delight, ideal glory, soothing belief, and helpful wisdom, these peculiar advantages may afford him, to soften what is hard, to enrich what is meagre, and to elevate what is low in those on whom the harsher work and weariness of the world have fallen.

Many a time has this vein of feeling risen in me, my friends, during these last golden weeks which have flown so swiftly and are ended now so soon. When I have sat on some cliff overhanging the sea, and looked on the mystery of its blue glancing wastes, or listened to the monotonous plash with which its everlasting ripple kisses the strand, — when I have stretched myself in the clover while the hand of God cooled my brow, taking the fragrant breeze of summer for his fan, — when I have climbed to a mountain-top, and gazed for hours on the fields and ponds and villages of our dear free New England spread smilingly below, — when, spellbound in the study of the upper chamber and gorgeous upholstery of the atmospheric powers, I have watched the ineffable pomp of clouds, lazily marching, gathering, floating, dissolving against the intense azure ceiling of noon, — I have said to myself, How else so well can I repay my people for the kindness which allows me to enjoy these luxuries of unbroken quiet and unveiled nature, while the most of them stay at their tasks in the hot and noisy city, — what better can I do than describe to them the stainless pleasures I have enjoyed, recount to them the holy lessons I have learned, that they may take home to themselves the same instruction, and thus share in the profit I have known? Accordingly, the subject of my sermon this morning is the Divine Teachings in Na-

ture, or Country Lessons for the city : a Pastor's Vacation Sheaf. And if any conventional hearer object to this style of preaching as sentimental and unevangelical, perhaps his objection will vanish when he remembers that it was the Christ himself who set the example of this very mode and substance of instruction, in exhorting his auditors to consider the moral lessons afforded by the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, the trees, the grass, the wind, the hen and her chickens. The disciple may well afford to be sentimental and unevangelical in the steps of the Master, and, like him, fall back on the authority of God in nature, who rules the rain and the sunshine, and feeds the young ravens.

The striking question asked of the Corinthians by the Apostle Paul, "Doth not even Nature itself teach you?" may be applied in a wider sense than he intended. In this wider sense let us now understand it, and take it as a key-note for our meditations. Nature being the handiwork of infinite wisdom, the veil of the ever-living God, the medium in which he works and silently registers his attributes, is capable of teaching endless lessons to all who are fitted to learn them. But never is Nature so forcible a teacher as when seen in contrast with the artificiality of society. And never is man so docile a learner as when taken directly from the fever and complexity of society, and confronted with the staidness and simplicity of the ways of Nature. The city is full of contrivance, pretence, haste, and change : every thing there speaks of man, ambition, care, disappointment, or luxury and triumph. The country is aboriginal, sincere, stable : every thing there speaks of the eternal God, of serenity, imperturbable order and fulfilment. He who lives constantly in the country is apt to become blunted — by familiar habit, and the want of any sharp foil, become blunted — to the peculiar lessons of Nature. But when the denizen of the city, harassed by social emulation, pierced by envious arrows, bruised by the cast-iron hearts amidst which his own is tossed, — emerges from the crowd where he has been stung and stifled until unconscious of every thing except the thronged thoroughfare, the tramping multitude, and the smoke and roar, — when he emerges into the sacred

privacy of the country, the untrodden grass, the green trees, the sailing clouds,—nature breaks upon him with a charmed surprise. It seems an undestroyed paradise, still saturated with the Divine Presence. And in the cool of the day he almost hearkens for the voice of the Lord to break the spell, and audibly speak his will in the oracles of leaf and lake, bird and breeze and blossom.

The first country lesson for the city which I shall specify, is the lesson of repose taught by the quiet of the landscape. As soon as we leave the town-limits behind us and get fairly into the country, how still every thing seems! In contrast with that incessant trample of feet, rumble of wheels, clash of hammers, multitudinous buzz of business, to which we have grown accustomed, how primeval, sober, and serene, is all around us here! One might imagine that the world had fallen into slumber, or that there was a general pause in life, the great pulse of creation standing still awhile. But on closer inspection we find that the apparent hush comes from no lack of varied industry and energy, only from the harmony of the whole, and the patient regularity with which it goes on. Is it not a fine admonition to us so to adjust our aims and passions as to avoid frictions and jars, and carry our plans forward with a melodious execution that appears resting while it advances, as the top, when really moving with the most effective force of evenness and speed, seems to sleep motionless.

It is profoundly impressive to pause in mid-forest or meadow, where the horrid discord of the steam-engine never reaches, when not so much as the wing of an insect or the rustle of a leaf dispels the enchanted repose, and reflect how much vaster and deeper quiet is than noise. The deafening turmoil of the city rages; but, a little way out, eternal stillness broods. The roar and dash of waves vex the surface of the sea; but, a little way down, everlasting calm prevails. Whirlwinds, volcanoes, battles, convulse for a moment their petty centres on our globe as it rolls along in its orbit; but, all around it, and far abroad through boundless space, not a breath is up, and the stars smile in perfect silence for ever.

So should our fret and care, our grief and fear, ever be lost in an all-containing perception of beneficent law which brings beneath and over our whole experience of sorrow and of doubt an unbroken quietude of trust and cheer. As the ceaseless heave and fret of the city are set in the embosoming quiet of the country, so, let us feel, our ignorance is overswept by the knowledge, our weakness underlaid by the strength, our little restlessness surrounded by the infinite repose of God.

Nature herself, then, by the universal serenity which invests the broad aspects of the general landscape, teaches us not to worry. When duly impressed with this teaching, we stroll off into the woods, and there learn our second lesson, which is the duty of trustful resignation. In the woods, Nature takes us to the innermost recesses of her confidence, as it were into her very bosom and heart. Here we are at the farthest possible remove from the city, in the utterest contrast with all its mechanical structures, affected pictures, and forced habits. There is no falsehood here, no hypocrisy, no rebellion; nothing overstrained or artful here. All is true and simple. Every thing is in keeping. Nothing here was made or is compelled: every thing grew, and is spontaneously what it is. Among these mosses and brambles there is no jostling or heart-burning. That elder-berry on the edge of the swamp is not anxious to be yonder barberry beside the stone-wall. This lichen clings with fond tenacity to its own place on the rock. These chestnuts and those walnuts show no dissatisfaction with their respective quality and situation. An expression of content reigns supreme in the forest. There is no complaining nor resistance. Every thing accepts the nature given it and the corresponding destiny assigned it, with a graceful acquiescence, and never is one sour murmur heard. This is the fine lesson the woods have for man, — unrepining submission to his allotted fate. The trees stand in the places where God plants them, send their roots down to drink in the water-courses of the earth, lift their leaves up to drink in the upper veins of the air, sway and yield to every wind that beats them, drop their yellowed foliage, and, at last, fall and mix

in their ancestral mould without a cry. Thus they mutely address the man who, lying in their shadow in the summer days, listens to their leafy tongues. And they say, O man! resist not the ordinances of your Maker, but with entire submission accept the particular destiny appointed for you. Your chief miseries come from rebellion: be content to be yourself, making the best of your gifts without vanity, hate, or complaint; and you shall find, in the submission we teach you, a fathomless good, a wondrous grace, a happiness unknown to you before.

The next lesson to which I wish to call your attention is the lesson of innocence and blithesomeness taught to man by Nature through the birds. Of all the varied phenomena with which Nature engages the attention and touches the heart of the man who goes from the city to pass a summer in the country, nothing else appeals with such force to every uncorrupted sentiment of his soul as the birds do by their beauty, their winsome ways, their guiltless mirth. In contrast with man laden with anxiety, distressed with jealousy, oppressed with troubles and alarms, scarred with sins, and lashed by guilt, with what a pathetic aspect of carelessness, sport and joy, does the entire panorama of insect society and bird-life pass before our view! Guiltless, free, happy to the brim, appear they all. The grasshopper, as he clicks and springs in the grass, suspects no ill, and is altogether contented. The bumblebee, loaded with honey, but not with scandal, winds his horn as he nears the hive, and, depositing his sweet burden, folds his wings for the night in perfect peace. The sparrows that chirp in loving company on a twig, or build their nest on the ground in the shelter of some rock or shrub, harbor no malice, plot no deceit, but are as glad and contented as they can be. Through all the hours of the day every bird has his own voice, and his song addresses a different sentiment in the breast of the listener. There is, on the one extreme, the jocund warble of the lark poised in the cloud just reddening with sunrise, as if he had hearkened all night to the music of the angels, and were just coming down to bring us such snatches as he could remember. There is, on

the other extreme, the plaintive note of the whippoorwill whose lachrymose cry adds a pensive lonesomeness to the twilight. But in their varied range of key and tune no man whose mind is quick and whose heart unhardened can listen to them without the profoundest emotions. At one time they move an aching melancholy, as he reflects on the sins that have defiled him, or recalls the cherished comrades of other days now dead and forgotten. At another time they impart heavenly comfort and joy, as he turns to better thoughts of penitence and purity, unsullied sympathy and peace.

Far from any house or road, I climb upon the fence, and sit quietly there, leaning against an oak that half conceals me. The woods stretch away on my right; on the left are broad fields, partly wild, partly cultivated, and at my feet a wimpling streamlet glides along its bed with a low runnelling sound. Here, hour after hour, I sit and watch the blameless songsters as they play and sing; and many a mood of mingled sadness and pleasure steals over my soul, many a thought of things holy and pure comes and goes, and many a godly wish and longing is stirred in my heart. A robin alights on the margin of the rivulet, and, dipping in the water, carefully washes his coat of russet gold. Ah, beautiful bird! Wast thou sent to tell me how much I need to cleanse my soul from the stains of evil deeds and guilty desires? Yonder quail, rising out of the wheat with sudden whirr, seems whistling to tell me how blithe his bosom is, and how free from every wicked care. See that blue-jay tilting on the corn-stalk. How proud he is of the handsome dress God has clothed him in! How jauntily he tosses his head! His conscience does not upbraid him with any offences. *He* has never lied, nor cheated his neighbor, nor profaned his Maker's name! And then I think of the hapless wretches, high and low, rich and poor, whom the vicious and haughty city holds in its embrace, full of envy and selfish plots, full of corrupt passion and restlessness and pain and sorrow; and, half aloud, I involuntarily exclaim, Oh, ye guilty, hating, deceived, care-burdened, miserable ones! Come from your haunts of toil and woe. Come here beneath this old oak-tree. Look upon

these merry creatures of God who neither sow nor spin. Harken to their mutual chatter as they flock amid the branches, and their jubilant hymns as they soar to the sky. Think how sinless they are, and how happy. Apply the lesson of their joyous innocence to your scarred and weary hearts. With pious and loving purposes purge every rankling passion away. And as you return to your wonted abodes the clattering and noisome city shall seem swathed in surrounding peace, and smell sweet, borrowing a grace and charm not its own from the remembered glimpses of the country — the splendor of the grass, the glory of the flower, the wavering carpet of forest and field, the scents of wild thyme and honeysuckle and clover, and the careless melodies with which the winged choirs of the air sprinkle heaven and earth.

On another day we wander in a different direction, and explore the course of a lovely brook through meadow and thicket, through grove and dell; as here it creeps in snake-like noiselessness between the grass; there purls over the pebbles, babbling inarticulate tales of coolness, freshness, purity; again dashes foamily with splash and gurgle among the opposing rocks. Now in its transparent breast it mirrors all that is on its banks, and the clouds that float so far above it. Then it pauses in the hollow of a rocky glen and forms a pool so lucid and spotless that one almost deems that he might bathe his soul there and make it clean. Tracing the crystal truant to its origin on an eminence not remote, we find the fountain so divided by a huge boulder that one half its overflow runs down the westerly side, and finds an oozy death in a morass, while the other half, turned over the easterly side, directly reaches the ocean. Moralizing on this contrasted course and fate, we reflect how frequently two children, starting from the same household, run antagonistic careers, — one through vice and sloth to an end of swampy oblivion, the other through hardy virtue and toil to a true success.

But all along the course of the brook, whose brink we tread from its fount to its exit, we notice the charming scenery, the increased vividness and growth of verdure, the coming of birds and cattle to quench their thirst, and the constant lapsing

of the current through all its windings, moment by moment, ever forward toward the irrevocable sea. And we learn the lesson we need, when we sigh, with a resolute purpose to make it so, Oh, that in our lives, as in this brook, use, gayety, beauty, music, and the embraced heaven, might all be conjoined in an unpausing progress toward the attainment of our genuine end!

If the lessons thus far presented belong rather to the soft sentiments of the soul, the poetic side of life, it is because that is where average men, selfish, hard, and careless, most need impression and instruction, and not because Nature is destitute of teachings of a sterner type. The oak, wringing strength out of every gale with which it tugs, answering the storms of successive years by clinging to the stone with a tougher root and meeting the blast with a sturdier breast and raising a stiffer top through the icy sleet; the shore, resisting all encroachments with a firmness that never yields; the cliff, facing all weathers and attacks without flinching:—these show how we ought to meet enemies, withstand temptations, defy every threat and seduction. Very frequent are the occasions in this world, so full of dangers, foes, and allurements, when these more martial exhortations also are needed. Many a coward, many a fickle flutterer, might be benefited by moralizing the examples of the indomitable strength and persistency of Nature. In what tremendous power of self-assertion and unfaltering service the mountains tower before the traveller who muses on their silent speech! Age after age, the cold stars of winter glitter on their heads, the streams rush down their sides, the harvests wave at their feet. The thunder-bolts have splintered their peaks, the rains and frosts have denuded their rocky ribs, the tempests have dashed against their shoulders, for a million years. Yet they lift their steady fronts to the night and the sun, doing their duty with a proud heedlessness or quiet scorn of opposition, in eternal defiance of the torrent, the whirlwind, and the lightning. Should not man, constantly exposed as he is to be beguiled, threatened, assaulted, take the lesson, and, like these adamantine monitors, rooted to the centre by granite

principles of righteousness, serenely lift himself both to the kisses of prosperity and the buffets of adversity, and feel that in the flood of evanescent vanities sweeping around him, character, duty, goodness, and trust are the everlasting landmarks of God!

Nature teaches us a still further lesson when we follow her invitation to the hill-top, — the lesson of elevation above the ignoble ills and compromises of life. In the city, we are apt to be so occupied with the press of affairs, the voices and struggles of men around us, as to be quite absorbed in the cares and attractions of the ordinary level of things, and to lose sight of those grand heights of meditation and virtue whence the vulgar world and all the kingdoms thereof are easily commanded. But, in the country, we can hardly look far in any direction without beholding some eminence that looms in lofty superiority to the subjacent neighborhood. Nature lures us by many a tempting bribe, half-shown, half-concealed, to climb to her throne and survey the landscape there outspread to view in its sublime dimensions. We cannot long resist, and having once gone, we repeat the visit often till we have thoroughly drunk in the glory of the scene.

Never, never shall I forget the pictures shown to me by the God of Nature, during the past summer, and the emotions awakened by them. Many a time, seated on the granite crown of Mount Kearsarge, gazing abroad on the exquisite and immense panorama of New England, recalling to mind the providential history, the proud names, the free institutions, the splendid hopes and promises of America, my very heart has seemed to grow to the hills and vales and woods and streams and towns and the sky spread above them; and I have felt the noble lesson of patriotism so intensely, that it was no wonder to me that a million men, springing up, with their lives in their hands, to protect their threatened country, had hallowed its whole soil with their martyr dust.

Original *religious* experiences, too, will not unfrequently be given to the sensitive contemplator who haunts the mountain brow. One such, especially, I recollect. The sun, the great upholsterer of the sky, was busy, that day, coloring the

changeable drapery with which he had hung and decked his dome. Here, he spread his dazzling fleeces ; there, he tinged his floating curtains ; yonder, he rolled up his black shrouds of rain and thunder. As I gazed across the valley, on a great slope of forest opposite, a shower, falling through the air, was powdered into the finest mist as it fell ; and this, filled with sunshine, became a gauzy iridescence, through which the wavy outline and billows of the woods were shown, tinted with inimitable beauty. I seemed to see the creative Artist at work, delighting himself with the touches of his softest brush. If I ever adored God at first hand, it was then. Nor were the words of Jesus Christ forgotten : " Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God."

There is a most impressive religiousness of the height, to one who lingers there until the day darkens, the features of Nature disappear, and only the starry crown is visible on her dusky brow. The country lies far below our feet, carpeted with the verdant woods, and with stripes of agricultural green and gold, girdled by the horizon, glimmering with sunset and the sea. Here and there a streamlet threads its way in silver ; villages, interspersed with church-spires, spot the scene ; farmers' boys drive the cattle home ; mists begin to collect in the vale, and the domestic roofs lie in shadow, and travel becomes scanty in the roads, and all sounds of human industry cease to be heard. But it is still light where we are, and a warmth breathes around us, long since lost in the damp lowland. As twilight deepens, and scattered lights begin to twinkle in the houses below, and the everlasting stars shine out on high, and our minds are filled with solemn thoughts, every petty interest falls from us. We feel rapt away from the gross earth, and no longer to have any part in its mean things, its hatreds and vanities ; we belong to the incomprehensible whole, the eternal laws, the irresistible purposes of the Creator ; we feel His fellowship mysteriously embracing us and all things ; we cease to be isolated in self-will, struggling in the net of social rivalries, and become reconciled parts in the harmonious plan of the universe of God. Thus the lesson of the hill-top teaches us to strive always to live on

such an elevation of oversight and insight as will make us magnanimous, resigned, and calm.

Again, Nature yields grave instruction, when, in her harvest, she teaches us the duty of service. We can hardly roam forth in the country during the closing summer and early autumn, and confront the hundred interesting spectacles strewn before us in every direction, without feeling, powerfully impressed on our consciences, the duty of making a fit return for what has been spent on us. Many a good man, still on the earth, or, alas! beneath the sod, has shown me favors and kindness whose benefits remain with me yet; shall I be so ungrateful as not to pay the debt? The farmer sows his seed in the ground, nothing doubting. When it sprouts, he weeds and hoes and carefully nurtures it. In due time it yields him ample returns,—some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold. Here, shimmer the golden ranks of corn and wave the billows of barley; there, among the wilted vines, protrude the bulging pumpkins and squashes; yonder, the orchard bends under the load of luscious fruit that freights all its boughs; and, abroad in the pastures, the ripe nuts are dropping thick and fast. We at once begin to feel, as we contemplate the teeming harvest, Shall the insensate earth send up such copious proofs of gratitude to the sun and the tiller's hand; and shall we, for whose priceless privileges the ages and nations of the past have travailed, our parents, friends and neighbors have watched and toiled, the laws and institutions of our country have conspired with the gospel of Christ and the Spirit of God,—shall we alone be barren cumberers of the ground? No: by all that is becoming, by all that is obligatory, let us, too, bear good fruits of personal worth and of public service, to show that we were not unworthy of the pains taken with us; that we are grateful for the rich favors we enjoy, and that we are determined to transmit all the blessings we have inherited, burnished to new lustre, and joined with additional ones, to the generations which shall come after us! Nature herself, in her rich and glad harvest-show, teaches us this lesson of our duty to bear some handsome and useful fruit.

I must not dismiss the subject and bind up my sheaf of country lessons for the city, and toss it into your laps, my hearers, without an enforcement of the crowning lesson of all, — the sublime lesson of aspiration and faith inculcated by the sky. It is true the sky overarches us in the city also; but, so thick are the dust and smoke, so impetuous the movements, so loud the clamors of the crowd of men, such the distracting multiplicity of sights and events, on our surrounding level, that we rarely look up at the mighty dome of space, and permit its immensity to impress us, and its unchangeableness to calm and uplift us. While in the country, on the contrary, there is so little to interfere between us and the open heaven, that, as we stroll or pause, by the sea, in the wood, beside the brook, or on the hill, we are ever and anon allured to gaze upward into the obstructless azure, into the inviting and mysterious infinite of space. The largeness of the horizon seems visibly to accompany us everywhere, and a sense of the openness of heaven is consciously with us. This is an incitement to aspiration, to faith, and devotion. For, as we look aloft, we think of supernal things, and yearn for their closer realization. The soul itself follows on the upward eye-beam; and, leaving that behind where it flags, penetrates, beyond the brooding firmaments of stars, into the angelic courts, to the imagined presence of the Most High. Wandering, one cloudless day, on the edge of a little pond in the woods, I observed that I could, at will, either see the deposit of mud and leaves that composed its bottom, or, far, far beneath that dim layer of decay, see the incorruptible sky, the august dome of speckless blue. So, in moral things, may we stay our vision on the changes and failures of time, the sins and griefs of life, the doubt, turmoil, hatred, and despair of the world; or, gazing straight through all these shifting and perishable shapes of ill, feast our souls on the sublime laws and beneficence of the whole, the perfect beauty of truth and good, the unperturbed peace of heaven, the all-embracing providence of God.

The sky not only awakens in us an upward yearning of love and trust, it likewise teaches us a generous lesson of

toleration and kindness Its amplitude offers impartial and unwearied hospitality to high and low, splendid and sordid, vast and little. Behold, ye acrid wranglers and bigots! the all-enfolding charity of the roofing heaven, and be ashamed of your exclusiveness. That unpillared dome stretches its span in equal grandeur and tenderness over every thing below, bending, with the same divine benignity, above the sublime and the mean. It seems to stand there, with its perpetual blessing and invitation, in rebuke of all narrow intolerance, over-arching alike good and ill, fair and foul, toadstool and temple, the deploying of armies and the sports of children, the monarch's palace and the beggar's grave. Nature is no encourager of bigotry, but liberal to the very core. She loves diversity, admits extremes, hates not even contradictions, desires especially that each thing shall be true to its own law, and that all shall then smile on it. She affects both midnight and sunshine, hurricane and calm; holds in her blue embrace the shapeless crag and the Parthenon; sheds her glory of light on the eyeball of the eagle, the sepulchre of the scara-bæus, the wing of the butterfly, and the track of the slug; drops her necklaces of dew on grass and rose and palm; and wreathes her cloudy turban about the pine-top and the mountain peak. What a lesson is here given by Nature to arbitrary, domineering, and uncharitable men, who bicker with their neighbors over the least difference of opinion, are displeased with every thing not cut to their pattern, without tolerance for that largeness of liberty which so well becomes the offspring of God, and which the true foster-children of Nature must always claim as a birthright! Doth not even Nature itself teach a generous liberality?

Something of the primal divineness of Eden lingers with the country, and, as often as we recur to it, refreshes us with a sense of that immediate presence of God which we are too apt to forget amidst the hurrying schemes and scrambling of the city. Our ancestors dwelt in the country; and their experiences are organically imbedded in our nervous system, where the passing of many a subtle stimulus obscurely evokes them still. Most of us were born in the country; and,

whenever we return thither, if we carry the right mood, the holiest lessons of faith and love are taught us anew. In the city, we get out of connection with, cease to notice, sometimes almost forget, the great elementary phenomena of the seasons, sunrise and nightfall and rain and cloud and river and forest and stars and moon and frost and thunder. It is well, now and then, to strike our social tasks, and revisit the old homestead of Nature. And may we not all adopt for our own, in their essential drift, the words used on a similar occasion by a child of genius, who, thirty years ago, left our streets for a quiet nook in the country ?

“ Good-by, proud world, I’m going home ;
Thou art not my friend, and I’m not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
A river-ark on the ocean brine ;
Long I’ve been tossed like the driven foam ;
But now, proud world, I’m going home.
Oh, when I’m safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist-schools and the learned clan.
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet ? ”

With these high words, my dear parishioners and friends, I close, simply saluting you with an affectionate greeting of congratulation on the return of our scattered families, and the recommencement of our congregational service. Let us, in the coming year, awake to a new interest, both in our personal improvement and in the prosperity of our church. With one mind and one heart, let us stand fast together, earnestly laboring alike to build up our souls in true faith, good works, and sound piety, and our society, in numbers, strength, and zeal. May we all work in unison, and each do his part. Then shall we exceedingly flourish and abound.

Thus, returning from my summer vacation in the country, I cast before you my pastoral sheaf. May your co-operation and the blessing of God make it bread of life !

ART. V. — NATURE'S POLITICS.

INDIVIDUALISM is the clew which modern political thought has followed. The theorists set out with an individual conceived of as morally insulated; they assume that in this insulation he is a full-grown human being; they locate in him certain private rights and interests; and finally, they make it the work of political society to secure to him in its presence that which he is supposed to be fully endowed with in its absence.

This method of thought has its advantages, and will bring into prominence a class of truths that had been left too much in the background. Modern society has long been advancing, and by many roads, toward a condition of greater interior mobility. It is like the change from the wedged mass of the Macedonian phalanx to the more open texture of the Roman legion. But the more there is extended around each man a space for private choice, the more the law of correlation should be grounded in opinion and applied by discipline. Every soldier in the phalanx was more or less held in his place by sheer physical pressure; in the legion a moral force and effect took the place of that constraint, and must be stronger than in the former case to be adequate. The movement toward interior mobility and openness of texture — in other words, toward personal freedom in society — should be a double one, deepening the sense and heightening the effect of unitary law, in proportion to the extension of individual liberty. Doctrines, therefore, which disguise the law of correlation and the grounds of discipline are more fatal in the degree that men are to be united without being packed in mass, to the loss of individual motive and character. It were not without some stretch of ingenuity, and the adroit turning of sharp corners, that one would derive the discipline of the legion from nothing but the native right of each soldier to be where, and do what, might please him best, — to fight and win booty, to go and come, advance or fly, upon his own ac-

count and at his own pleasure. Discipline, military or political, never really came from any such notion; and the notion is dangerous in proportion as freedom of individual movement is to be reconciled with organic integrity. The effect always is,—for it has been many times exemplified,—that the attempt at any such noble reconciliation is abandoned in despair, or falls into a hopeless see-saw between two bad extremes. Chaos comes of it first, and despotism afterwards. From Rousseau to Robespierre, from Robespierre to Napoleon,—there lies the road! The Spanish “republics” in America swing to and fro between dissolution that makes the nation a mob, and tyrants that maul it into a momentary consistency. And though such examples be thought little pertinent to our case, yet the instructions of reason are always pertinent; and reason teaches that the notion of individualism as the primary law, and source of all other law, is never so pernicious as when the object of desire is a reconciliation of private liberty of choice with the regimen of public health.

Yet that conception has dominated political thought, and still more political impulse, for two centuries. From the time when it was systematically explained by John Locke, to be afterwards recast with more brilliancy and less sobriety by Jean Jacques, it has, to the present day, held undisputed, or ineffectually disputed, possession of the field. A protest against it of amazing power has indeed, in our time, been made by a great writer, Thomas Carlyle; but this protest, if I may say so with the respect due to a noble intelligence, seems urged a little beyond the bounds of sanity by the impulse of reaction. So it is that a violent prepossession, pervading an age, destroys on both sides the balance of thought, and permits only the concussion of jarring opposites.

The ground-fact of political society is natural community, or solidarity,* — not the insulation of the individual, but its

* The term “solidarity,” which Kossuth brought into vogue among us, has been so much put to sentimental uses that I employ it with reluctance; but it stands for so great a truth, and one to which the modern customs of speech, dominated by nominalism and individualism are so little adequate, that it cannot well be spared.

precise, and if attention be confined strictly to the primary fact, its extreme, opposite. Happily, history comes here to our aid, showing that this truth is primitive as well as primary, first in the order of time as of importance. Modern analysis begins to cure its own evils, and to reconstitute the history which it was long engaged only in decomposing. Without pretending to original research in these matters, I will briefly state the result obtained by the researches of others,—giving the place of honor to the admirable investigations of Mr. Maine. But as the phenomenon we are to find at the root of civilization is a very curious one, and such as the modern mind will not conceive of without difficulty, we may find it advisable to approach it after a preliminary glance at the order of development in the individual life.

In the individual life the definite sense of self is *not primitive*. The first dawnings of duty are beforehand with it,—the moral and the social consciousness in inseparable fusion with each other. The infant child *obeys* implicitly before coming to a definite recognition of its personality. The first person is the last person with which it becomes acquainted. It has said *papa, mamma* long before learning to say *I*,—giving precedence to the words which engage love and obedience. Coming at length to name itself, it finds the third person nearer than the first. “Jennie hungry,” or “Georgie cold,” the little creature may say, borrowing its self-recognition from others, and therefore using their language. Even when the distinctive self-consciousness is fairly on its feet, the moral and intellectual consciousness remains long enfolded in the primitive matrix, respiring only through thoughts and sentiments not their own. An isolated consciousness is moral death to the child. The childish fear of darkness is but the horror of complete dissociation. Union with the minds of others, and under some sanction of authority, is the first necessity of the young spirit. A boy of ten years asked his father what should be believed on some theological matter. “I can tell you what I think,” said the father; “but you must consider that I may be mistaken: perhaps you had better wait, and make up your own mind about it one of these days.”—

"Oh, but just tell what you believe," exclaimed the other: "just tell!" So the father explained his opinion. "Then I believe so too!" cried the boy. There spoke the nature of a child; nor is it a nature that disappears at twenty-one years of age. "Then I believe so too," — of how many litanies and confessions is that the undertone! It does not suit the humor of this age. We fervidly preach independence, independence: no man to think the thoughts of another; every man to write his own creed and live in his own world! Well, I, too, am one of the moderns, and have my own predilection for intellectual and moral self-subsistence. And yet that day, on which implicit belief and implicit obedience should vanish finally away would give us such a kind of world as not one of us would plead hard to inhabit a second day! Solidarity is the substrate of all virtue, whether of intelligence or of sentiment; and the mind of Plato himself resembles a noble bass-relief upon a Grecian pediment, — a feature clearly cut, but in association with others, and merging with them in a common ground.

Now, it has become almost a commonplace that a correspondence may be observed between the mental growth of the individual and that of the race, or — as I should prefer to say — that of civilization; for, whatever the future may have in store, facts do not warrant us in asserting, as yet, a general advance of the human race. Undoubtedly, such a correspondence appears in the present case. At the root of history, we find a *moral communism*; that is, a group of persons among whom there is not only a community of possessions, but of right, duty, responsibility, conscience. This group has the general character of a family; but it is a family in a sense much more extended than that we are accustomed to,* — the prototype of the *gens* or clan, which in the natural course of development it becomes. In the bosom of this group is generated a moral sentiment and responsibility

* Cyprian Robert says of the Montenegrins, who, like most isolated offshoots of the Slavic race, retain many traits of the primitive commune: "Families are so numerous, that one alone is often sufficient to form a village of several hundred houses."

without distinction of persons. Is one wronged? All are wronged. Does one offend? All are culpable. Does one win honors? The honor is for the group. Family distinction or disgrace, in modern times, preserves a faint trace of primitive morals, which the prevalent individualism strives in vain to obliterate. The moral and the social consciousness were originally one and the same. We separate widely between politics and morals; but the first moral system was a polity, though a polity narrowly limited in scope, and spontaneous in origin.

In our time, a nation is held responsible by other nations for the action of its citizens. John Stuart Mill and Thomas Hughes must be taxed for the depredations of the Alabama. Should the Fenians ever be able, as they have long been trying, to force the United States into a foreign war, those of us who have most resisted their excesses must suffer with the rest; and, with the rest, sustain the national arms or bear the stigma of treason. These facts are little in harmony with the individualist ethics that so many would make exclusive. Of course, the several notions of individual and of national responsibility are in some subtle way reconcilable; but it suffices that they can be reconciled only in a subtle way; the *tournure* of the two is by no means the same. Now, the notion of national responsibility, instead of being an artificial product, and violating ethical law for a purpose, gives us the type of primitive morals. This is the ground from which individual morals have grown. Such is the result of the latest researches into the origins of civilization; and I doubt not that, fifty years hence, it will have been illustrated by many instances which hitherto have either escaped observation, or been observed without a key to their significance.

Distinct vestiges of the primitive commune are still to be seen among Celtic and Slavic populations. In Ireland, the habits of thought and feeling generated by such institutions oppose the most obstinate of all hindrances to the reconstruction of that distracted country; and, in the utter wreck of the *morale* that once supported them, do so without them.

selves affording a basis for public order.* But the difficulty is in part that the nature of this obstruction has not been understood. From the time when Edmund Spenser brought his indictment of the Brehon Law until the present day, England has been warring in Ireland against mental conditions which it could not comprehend. The change from representative to private property, which she forced upon the latter country, was made in a manner to aggrandize some and depress others in an extreme degree; and it had these vicious accompaniments simply because the old system was not understood.

Among the Anglo Saxons, the principle of the unitive responsibility of the family was pressed with great vigor; and it should be borne in mind that our knowledge of these does by no means go back to the strictly primitive forms of society. The head of the house was held accountable for the conduct of all who belonged to his domestic establishment, down to the meanest dependant. On the other hand, if the father committed a crime, every one of the family, even to the infant in the cradle, was sold with him into penal servitude. Such examples remind one of incidents in Hebrew history. David has received an affront from Nabal: straightway he sets off, sword in hand, to slay, not Nabal alone, but all the males of the household with him. Modern feeling is shocked; but the inclusion of the household is easily explained. The entire family was understood to do whatever was done by its representative head; as nations now are supposed to do whatever is done by the government. Saxon law, not sparing the females of the family, was more severe than the anger of the Hebrew captain.

Still farther, the Saxons, when they had advanced from spontaneous forms of association to deliberate political construction, continued, in the Hundred and similar institutions, to follow the same clew. Concerning the Hundred, our information is scanty: but we know that it consisted of an

* That instant, facile surrender of private conscience, which has given the Irish such incomparable instruments as Mr. Trench describes, does not denote the want of moral sentiment, but rather archaic morals in ruins. In "*Waverley*," Scott ascribes similar morals to the Highlanders.

undefined number of families, strictly bound together; that if one member of it committed a crime all the others were held responsible, though, as an indulgence, they might absolve themselves by finding and delivering up the offender; and that to one of these bodies every citizen must belong, — the individual, merely as such, being an outlaw! In fine, it testifies clearly to this significant fact: the pretence to a purely individual responsibility was then esteemed *immoral*. The Hundred has, indeed, been explained as a conscious violation of justice for the sake of security. Hallam, for example, sees little else in it. As if security, sought by means that should breed in every man's breast the sense of false and violent relations with others, were not ten times lost in the seeking! History is not to be explained in that way. Nations will far sooner incur obvious peril than violate their habitual sentiments. And well it is that they will do so. Danger is never *very* dangerous while it is merely external; but a war within the soul itself is a peril of another sort.

In the record of his voyage around the world, Darwin has described a curious zoöphyte found on the eastern shore of Patagonia. In general appearance, it resembled the stem of a plant growing from eight to twenty-four inches high. But around the central stem were arranged rows of minute polypi, several thousands in number, each with its distinct mouth, body, and *tentacula*, — each, so far, an individual being. On the other hand, there was an obscure general circulation; the ova were produced in an organ distinct from the separate individuals; and, on being touched, the whole organism acted as a single creature, drawing quickly down to hide itself in the sand. What was this to be called? one animal, or some thousands of animals? "Well," cries the thoughtful naturalist, "well might it be asked, What is an individual?" Now, according to primitive notions, each social group is such a compound organism, whose moral being is its sustaining stem and unitive life. Must we not allow that thought might go farther without faring better? Very nice resemblances might be traced between that zoöphyte and social phenomena, even as these now appear. There was "an obscure general

circulation?" What is patriotism, with its *dulce est pro patria mori*, but a "general circulation?" What are the sympathies that more or less sweep every soul of us into the broad current of common thought and feeling, but a "general circulation?" Again: "The ova were produced in an organ distinct from the separate individuals." Does not civil society assert its claim to be a party to every marriage, and thereby to be *morally* a party to the reproduction of the race? And is not its claim sustained by the spontaneous sentiment of mankind? "Free love" is an attempt to displace this relic of moral communism; and is entirely consistent with that theoretic individualism, which has long been gaining ground in the modern world.

Of course, it cannot be maintained that this moral communism of the primitive world is the end as well as the beginning. But it is the ground-fact in the history even of personal morals, while it is also the *commanding* fact when we are considering the case of institutions expressly designed to embrace numbers in a collective unity. We have, indeed, but to open the eyes and *see* what is matter of common experience, to perceive that if communitive responsibility be not a law of Nature, it can hardly be worth while to make further mention of such laws. Who knows not that for all which any man may do others are answerable with him?—parent with child, child with parent, neighbor with neighbor, citizen with citizen, in ever widening circles of connection. The child, as it happens, is not born from its own loins, as our individualism would seem to suppose him! And in the issue of life itself from other lives, what issues of irreversible destiny are implied! On the other hand, the child bears in its breast the tenderest heart of father and mother, to bless or to torture it at will. What anguish does the earth know like that inflicted by an erring son or daughter? The old wail, "Absalom, O Absalom, my son!"—how it goes down the ages, never to be antiquated! The same fact appears in wider connections: it is fate and it is felicity for every son of man. See noble young men of the North going down to die in Southern swamps and wildernesses,—for whose fault? for their own?

see a hundred thousand American families this very winter (1868-9) paying by poorly supplied tables and dim hearth-fires for the licensed cupidity of commercial brigands in the metropolis; see Titian dying of plague and Hegel of cholera, because oriental sloth and filth and fanaticism have generated infection; see whole nations lingering out age after age a hopeless death in life, because the vice of their ancestors has exhausted in them all the springs of national vigor. With such facts all around us, touching us so nearly, affecting us so irresistibly, by what blindness are we to maintain, or by what leniency tolerate, the assumption that individualism is the first law? If it be so, Nature herself is the first offender, and must stand perpetually convicted in her own courts!

Solidarity is the first law, and as such it was enunciated in that prophetic sally toward the supreme truths, which gave to the early ages bibles and epics, grand literatures, not nice, nor ordered after the fashion of landscape gardening, but upheaved like mountain ranges to make the everlasting water-sheds of history. An exceeding emphasis was laid upon it, which, while passing all the bounds to be fixed by critical judgment in later times, remains venerable and significant even in its excess. But a few centuries have gone by since European men, our ancestors and the fathers of our civilization, believed in a common responsibility, not only of contemporary citizens, but even of the living and the dead. For example, Peter of Arragon, offering his kingdom in *cen-sum et feudum* to the Roman Church, declared that he did so for the healing of his soul and of *his progenitors: pro remedio animæ meæ et progenitorum meorum*. This was in the year 1204. Eleven years later the like appears in Magna Charta. *Sciatis*, says the king, *Sciatis nos intentu Dei et pro salute animæ nostræ et antecessorum omnium et hæredum meorum . . . concessisse*, etc. To the modern mind, this language is absurd. Earlier opinion held it absurd to represent one as merely individual in his moral being. Is the error or excess with the latter only? Whether or not effects run backward to include the dead, they do undoubtedly run forward to include those who are not yet living. When the fathers have

eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge: no Eze-
kiel will be able to rescind this law, however he reclaim against
it. The heroical logic of old ages inferred hence a correlative
law of return effect. Here it does indeed outrun the fleetest
foot of modern belief, nor do I pretend to keep pace with it.
But there is a noble credulity, which may be admired even if
it neither can nor should be emulated; and that is a noble cre-
dulity which is so sympathetic with grand truths that it is
swept past the bounds prescribed by lesser and limiting truths.

Conjoined with a kindred doctrine of moral representa-
tion, the idea of moral solidarity furnishes the clew to the
Augustinian theology, and to much else of a like kind, whose
vast rôle in history were a discredit to the human race, and
would suffice to establish the intellectual depravity of man-
kind, had it not some honorable explanation; that is, some
ground of truth. Dogmata, such as those of Vicarious Atone-
ment and Original Sin are as remote from me as from most;
and yet they are often condemned upon ground less tenable
than their own. The time will come, when criticism will
cease to asperse history by light-minded contempt of that
which has played in it so large a part; and when, instead of
a shame to mention in a grave tone that old faith, in which
the feeding currents of civilization ran so long, it will be
ashamed only of having failed to find a key to it, and throw
open its interior meaning, at an earlier date.

We have not sinned in "Adam?" It may be. But "Adam,"
and under many an *alias*, is busily sinning in this generation.
Who knows not that our opinion and sentiment, our virtues
and our vices, are derived to us, nine parts in ten, from the
loins of our ancestors? From the four quarters of the world
unnumbered centuries troop to the issues of the present day;
they vote at the polls, preach from the pulpits, chaffer in the
markets, breed feculence in the slums of our cities, qualify
the very blood in our veins. Not a toothache but has its
pedigree; not a vice or blunder but has its progeny. The
long ground-swell of history heaves beneath the ships in
which our interests are embarked; under the calm of to-day
rises the passion of yesterday; and the storms of other times

and another hemisphere still break in the thunder of inappeasable surges upon our shores. We are born like babes upon a voyage, — never to see, scarcely to imagine, the lands from which civilization set sail. We die, and are committed to the deep that cradled us; the world sails on, and other voyagers, born like ourselves into the midst of an enterprise, of which they are as little to see the end as they have known the beginning, must, without choice, enter into the inheritance of our work, wise or foolish, whichever it be.

Of the cry for "independence" of thought and purpose, for "self-reliance" and the like, I would speak respectfully, and indeed cannot honestly speak otherwise. No one can less desire that private judgment should be suppressed, and every one drift with the currents of custom. The modern predilection for independence of mind, — though in truth such a quality is much praised and little tolerated, — has its admirable side, and is in that aspect a cheerful prognostic. But all this belongs rather to the finish of life than to its foundation. To assume this as the basis were like the attempt to make an edifice stand upon its cope-stone! No one would recommend self-reliance to infants at the breast; and it is to be remembered that at the breasts of humanity we are all nurslings: hoary years are but a baby-age compared with that life of a civilization which comprehends in one of its days the cradle and the grave of the individual. It is well to make an ample space for those didactics which are concerned with private law; but there are laws of humanity, which, embracing all, and dependent upon the will of none, hold the strong and the weak, like gravitation, under the same sway. As our action is adjusted to these, it will bring us happiness or loss. And the broad truth of Nature is that we have been considering, — the radiation and transmission of effect, and the intermediate character of every individual existence.

This truth is not appreciated, only because it is never for a moment apart from our experience. But if we can accomplish that task which men in all ages have found so difficult, to reflect upon the facts we are most familiar with, it will quickly

appear that our independence is any thing but the first law of our being. Were we invited to consider whether we would be *born*, to begin with? Our several constitutions and temperaments, with the thousand conditions of time, place, tradition, institution, family, fortune, which color every action, thought, sentiment, emotion, and qualify the very dinner's digestion,—were we taken into counsel concerning them, and desired to choose our lot? Is it not manifest that even this individual will, about which we make sufficient ado, is itself to a large degree the result of transmitted conditions, over which we have had no more control than over the making up of the sun and moon? “No man must decide for others,” I hear it said, and by excellent persons. But the obvious fact is that *every* man must decide for others. Who can avoid it, though he were a hundred times willing? More has been determined for every soul of us than we shall ever determine for ourselves; and how many are yet to reap where we have sown, with no choice of harvest!

It is in this view of the case that pity may well be moved, and duty born of pity. Before us lies the helpless future with never a vote at the polls, silently awaiting the word, of good or of evil import, which this age shall pronounce in its behalf. Of every vote cast, of all action performed, and all moral conditions induced, it must reap the fruit. Have we no obligation toward it but that of permitting every man to sow for it what he will? Were it not nobler and more dutiful to insist bravely upon a choice sowing?

In ascending the Alps, a party is sometimes bound together by a rope, that if one fall the others may, with their united strength, sustain him. A means of security for all, if the just order of dependence be observed,—no right of guidance being conceded to those who are incapable of guiding,—it is otherwise a means of destruction for all. So the individuals of a nation are connected in their long climb, and are thus bound without election of company,—the seeing and the blind, the able and the infirm, the careful and the vicious and reckless, all united, with or without their will to be so, by a tie that Nature makes. This is the great natural fact we have to

consider, and to which a provident economy is to be adjusted. This law of connection, this communism of Nature, is the starting-point of political thought.

In these days, on the contrary, a certain maxim has been set up as the sum of all political wisdom: *every man is the best guardian of his own interests*. The maxim is flagrantly untrue, and would not be available as a foundation in politics if it were true; it is but a clumsy attempt at the statement of a very different fact: the best that *the community* can do is to leave to every man the protection of such interests as appertain to him individually. That many a man guards them very ill, and is the worst enemy of his own weal, is as true as it is lamentable. This evil, however, must be suffered that worse may be avoided. But though the maxim were incontrovertible, it would have no political value. Could it be said that every man has a deep sense of the universality and long transmission of effect, — that every man recognizes clearly and dutifully [the natural connection of all, — that every man has the breadth of sympathy which should place him *en rapport* with national interests, and the foresight which should enable him to act wisely in view of results to follow only when his work on the earth has been finished, — then, indeed, somewhat were said to the purpose intended in the current use made of that bungling commonplace. "One's own interests:" if this refer to those affairs which concern the individual only, it is to be said that a healthy public system is a prerequisite condition to most private interests. The smith and carpenter would have high wages, the merchant large profits; but without an established public *morale*, there would be neither smith nor carpenter nor merchant; while, as the health of the public economy is less, the *value* of wages and profits diminishes.

On the other hand, if by "interests" is meant that about which one *feels* concern, it should be said that such interests are not to be placed on a par, as if no distinction were to be made between them. One man concerns himself only about the gratification of the day or the hour; another is solicitous about the welfare of a nation and of generations yet unborn.

The statesman who refuses to distinguish between these different kinds of interests, and welcomes all alike as of equal political value,—what sort of statesman is he? In either sense, private interest, taken without qualification, is not the stuff out of which the public order is made. In the one signification of the term, such interests come into existence for the most part only by favor of a public order precedent to them; in the other signification, they are helpful or pernicious, fit to be accepted and utilized, or fit only to be condemned and restrained, according to their quality.

Political thought must get out of that slough of atoms to find secure foothold. Its true ground is that law of connection which so often cuts across individual interest, compelling one, sorely against his will, to suffer the consequences of action in which he has had no part. And this primary law will do little else than inflict suffering until it is fully recognized, and a system based upon it to make it productive of welfare and exclusive of injury. No rubbing of sands together will make mortar; no compounding of private desires make the binding law of life. Another element must be brought in to induce chemical combination. Meanwhile it may be well to remember that, as not even the addition of lime will make mortar of mud, so will no kind of mixing make political virtue of egotism and ignorance. Nature connects, but without selection, indifferently communicating the effect of wisdom or folly; it is for the provident thought of man at once to adopt her system and to qualify it by means of a just selection.

In truth, Rousseau's individual, fully constituted in advance of political society, is an imaginary being,—imaginary and impossible. All that honorably distinguishes humanity grows only in the broad bosom of humanity, and implies a moral order answering to Nature's law of connection. Those who would effect a compromise between extreme individualism and social law are wont to say that each man has need of others in order to a more perfect supply of his wants. This, however, is but the lesser half of the truth. The wants of civilized men are *created* by civilization. Those wants which

are fully experienced by the isolated man are such only as tend to constrain and depress, indistinguishable in kind and in effect from the necessities of brutes. Elevated and liberalizing desires, such as at once distinguish and ennoble human nature, come into existence only in community, and only under the shelter of a humanizing public system. As fire may be kindled by the friction of like materials, so thought and morality, all the bright affluence of the human spirit, are evoked by sympathetic contact. Thus we must assume community in order to obtain the condition precedent to the existence of the individual man—if, that is, the word *man* is to signify more than the *genus homo* of natural history. This truth it is which reduces to extreme absurdity every attempt to derive the genius of the State from a ground of mere individualism. It is to take an *effect* for the initial fact. As if one should hold that gravitation is caused by the falling of stones! Whoever, therefore, would fix the outlines of a political science, should begin where Nature begins, with a public law, comprehending the community in its wholeness. A breadth of view comparable to that of the astronomer, who also contemplates a system strictly public, is the first condition of political discovery; and he who will begin only with individuals as such, seeking from the concourse of inclinations to compound a public system, is hopelessly astray from the start.

ART. VI. — REVELATION AND INTUITION CONSIDERED
AS SOURCES OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

THE minds of most thoughtful and inquiring men are usually vibrating between extremes of opinion. It is only those who trust mainly to their moral and spiritual instincts, who are found in the moderate or middle way, where truth commonly resides. At any given time, it is likely to be a safe assumption, that the most active and earnest thinkers, whether in politics or religion, in social speculation, in scientific and literary pursuits, are not safe guides. They are admirable

and quite indispensable propellers of thought, and invaluable for their stimulating and tonic properties. They throw flashes of light over an unknown territory, and make brilliant reconnoissances into the enemy's country. But they are rarely sober and sensible engineers and graders of the road over which Humanity is to make its progressive way. Here and there, in the very highest class of minds, you have genius balanced with common sense, intellect married with affection, courage, and prudence, the love of what is new without the hatred of what is old; hope toward the future without irreverence for the past; the use of logic with the consciousness of what superior value belongs to intuition and common instincts; aspiration and humility; an equal sense of the worth of the abstract and the concrete, the universal and the particular. And it is only in this rare combination that you find men who lead reforms without making revolutions; advance society without disturbing its foundations; and purge, requicken, and simplify the theology of the Church without imperilling the faith and piety of Christian believers. We are not on this account, however, to disparage the services of that inferior class who gain their motion, not by the equal flapping of their wings, but, like a millwheel, by a continued fall of water on one side. The want of balance is the cause of most motion, and therefore the minds that stir the stagnant pool of common thought are usually out of equilibrium, and propelled by this very cause, like a pith figure loaded with a leaden foot, to spring with impatient, yet effective, force, in some providentially prescribed direction. The superstitions, the social errors, the political defects, the outgrown or outworn usages of Humanity, are assailed and removed commonly by a class of persons whose qualifications are the preponderance of special qualities, tastes, or passions, which, though deformities in themselves, are weapons and tools in the hands of Divine Providence. It is not wisdom or truth or charity or piety by which, in ordinary cases, the world is scourged or ridiculed or piqued into progress. But audacity, or conceit, or impudence, or ill-nature, or an excited imagination, or a morbidly intensi-

fied will, or a cold heart united with a clear head, or a sagacious guess running for luck, and hitting the gate-way of new truth, — it is these that are seized upon by Him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and who out of evil is constantly educating good, to effect the changes or qualifications or improvements which the balanced and modest, the humble and true, rarely undertake, except when they chance to be of the very highest grade of genius: the rare products of centuries, not the growth of every generation.

Upon no subject has the human mind swung to and fro between extremes, in a more instructive manner, than in regard to man's possible acquaintance with his Creator, its sources and its kind and degree. These two extremes are — 1. The utter impossibility of any knowledge of God, excepting that derived from Revelation; and, 2. The perfect adequacy of our moral and spiritual intuitions as grounds of faith and worship. To begin with the first, it is asserted, that it is in the very nature of things impossible for the finite, which is man, to understand the infinite, which is God; and that all our conceptions and ideas of our Creator, partaking of the infirmity and ignorance of our limited faculties, are essentially worthless and untrue! "What," says this seemingly humble and reverential spirit, "can man know or understand of Him, 'whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts'?" Is not the meanest insect better acquainted with the human being, who in passing unconsciously crushes it out of existence, than man, a worm himself, with the Creator of this vast, unexplored, and various universe, — the possible and probable home of angels and archangels; of rational, moral, and spiritual creatures, with faculties or senses as far transcending ours as ours transcend the intelligence of birds and beasts, or even fishes and insects? What does it become man to do, but in lowly fear and prostrate homage to bow his head in unreasoning adoration and unquestioning submission before this awful, unknowable Power, called God?

The only resort which minds, with too much instructive piety to abandon faith and worship altogether, have under

the pressure of this thought, is to magnify *Revelation*, and accept on pure miraculous authority, what they concede they have no intellectual, moral, or spiritual apparatus to discover, or even to test. Revelation, thus resting on purely super-human authority, and not claiming, or even allowing, any foundation in human nature, or any amenableness to human judgment, becomes its own unchecked interpreter. The Church comes in, and claims to be, by miraculous endowment, the infallible interpreter of this infallible Revelation. With this immense indorsement, the Church can describe the divine character, the conditions of salvation, the whole relations of man to God, or God to man, as it pleases; and no matter how irrational, contradictory, mysterious, or cruel its representations, it has this argument wherewith to close every human mouth: "You, a mere finite intelligence, have no standard, no measuring-rod, no test, wherewith to judge the doctrines taught you by the Church on the sole ground of positive and supernatural authority. What you call absurdities are mysteries! What your reason refuses to receive, is addressed to your submission, your ignorance, weakness, and helplessness,—not to your understanding, your moral insight, your human affections! Your objections are futile, irreverent, blasphemous. You must believe without understanding and against understanding, or your faith is not genuine; is not faith at all, but only sight; is not submission at all, but only intelligent self-will; not God-worship, but will-worship."

Notwithstanding the rigid and irresistible logic of this position, of course it never could and never did gain a perfect acquiescence from any considerable class of believers. Because, in proportion as minds, even under the influence of bare authority, come truly to accept religion in the Christian form (even when most misrepresented and caricatured by ambition or ignorance), they find in it so much that liberates and enlarges their hearts and heads,—so much that harmonizes with their moral and spiritual nature,—that they gradually substitute the self-proving, axiomatic authority of their own direct perceptions of God and divine truth,—of Christ and Christianity,—for the purely extrinsic au-

thority of the Church or the Word. As the human mind and heart is the vessel into which faith has to be received, it inevitably shapes the contents poured into it. The Church has not been able long to teach what man *could not believe*. There have, therefore, been constant restrictions and limitations to its assumptions and dogmatic statements. And, on the whole, Infallibility itself has been very careful not to assert what it could not furnish some plausible and convincing evidence or reason for outside of its supernatural witness. There has been, accordingly, even in the Catholic Church, a constant anthropomorphic tendency. God has finally passed wholly into the man Christ Jesus, who is known and worshipped by man, because in him the divine has become human. The *Word* made flesh becomes a subject of human sympathy and human affections; and the very God whose infinity the finite mind could not apprehend, is finally brought home to the simplest, feeblest human intelligence, through the fellowship and communion of this incarnate Christ, the Son of God and Son of man, this divine-human Saviour. Thus have the rights of Humanity to know God vindicated themselves, under the theory of man's utter inability to know him on account of the finiteness of his faculties. God has himself become finite or human, and so man's moral and spiritual instincts and affections have their play in sympathetically understanding Christ! Thus has the old extreme theory of God's infinite removal and unintelligibility to man revenged itself in this most affectionate, familiar, domestic idea; whose great danger is that of letting down what is really above the height and compass of human thoughts to a complete level with Humanity.

But now let us turn to the other extreme: that asserts that man, being made in the image of God, has a perfect clew to the divine character in his own intellectual, moral and spiritual nature; that mind is mind throughout the universe; right always right; wrong always wrong; that accordingly we cannot know ourselves, and not know God, nor can we know God except as we know ourselves! Moral authority is the authority which inherently dwells in justice, truth, and good-

ness. You cannot make truth any more true by sealing it with miracle; nor goodness any more divine by calling it superhuman. No revelation can tell any more than man can receive; and man can receive only what is fitted to his nature; and what is fitted to his nature he will, of course, discover by studying that nature. Revelation, then, in any ordinary sense of a message *ab extra*, verified by miracle, is a thing not possible: since the only language God can speak to a moral being is a moral language; and you might just as well send a mathematician the multiplication table verified by a miraculous indorsement, and profess that it was more true than when left to prove itself, as address a revelation to a moral and spiritual being, and think that essential, self-evident truths — the only ones he can receive, and which are warranted by his nature — are going to be modified by aught that denies them, added to by aught that transcends them, or guaranteed by aught that indorses them! You cannot make truth more true, right more binding, goodness better, than they all are in themselves, and in the verdict of the human soul.

It might seem that the end of this conception of man's relation to God was to shut man up in himself, and say to him, "Your universe is your own soul. You cannot get out of it! make the most of it! Explore it, read the inscriptions on its inner chambers, and so learn who and what you are; and as much of your Maker as you may! For what you do not learn so you cannot know at all." But this would not be doing full justice to the idea; because it is, particularly of late, connected with the idea of God as immanent as ever, — communicating himself to man. Man is not, then, complete in himself or shut up in himself: God dwells in him. He need not go out of himself to find God, for God comes to him and dwells in him and with him. There is, in California, a curious little fungus found at the bottom of a certain well, which looks more like a bit of manna than any thing besides. The least grain of this put into a bottle of water soon converts it into a kind of beer, potable and refreshing; but the most curious thing is, that the little substance which works this miracle of effervescence reproduces itself almost indefinitely,

so that in a month a spoonful of the fungus is precipitated in the vessel, and each particle of it is capable of producing the same effect, and of reproducing its own image in an indefinite manner. It is a homely image of the power of that heavenly leaven which is God's presence in the human soul. It grows with its own working. It converts the water of humanity into the wine of heaven; it is infinitely divisible and transferrible, and cannot be exhausted, nor any limit put to its working.

There is a great truth and a great fascination in this extreme view of man's knowledge of God, through the sympathetic interpretation of his own nature. But it has one enormous danger in it, which makes it hardly less perilous than the other extreme, and indeed soon drives those that attempt to rest in it back to the first position. The error is this: it makes *man* the starting-point and centre of the universe, around whom turns the panorama of existence: God himself being only the greatest, and, alas! the most distant, object that sweeps into his view. Man is the fixture, the solid staple, in the rock; God, angels, moral and religious opinions, Christ, Christianity, are mere links hanging by this hook, and if they do not match it, or if they more than match it, they are to be hammered into shape, clipped of their superfluous matter, and allowed to come into the chain only as far as they will lie easily and harmoniously in its coil. God comes thus to owe his very existence to man's consent. His dealings with his creature are regulated by that creature himself, — who presently, unless largely endowed with natural piety, loses alike his awe and his obedience towards a speculative Deity, — a gigantic reflection of his own image on the misty horizon. It is as when the earth was deemed the centre of the planetary and stellar universe, all the motions of stars and celestial orbs being supposed tributary to her ruling sphere. What but pride, conceit, narrowness, and irreverence can come from such a swollen sense of man's place and importance? And how shallow are likely to be the swift, precipitate conclusions in regard to the ever open questions which, in our finite ignorance, it is only presumption in us to shut! Such

a question is the existence of moral evil. Because man, judging by his own nature and feelings, cannot see how *he* could justly create a moral being who should have liberty to sin, and bring such consequences of sin upon himself, as to convert his existence into a sorrow and a curse; he straightway concludes that God cannot do it. It is a logical conclusion from his assumption that his own nature is the perfect image of God's; and having arrived at this point, he proceeds in the face and eyes of the most solemn facts and the most instinctive protests, to deny the very existence of evil, nay, the very existence of liberty. There is no moral evil. It is an hallucination of the senses; a mere earthly shadow passing over the unclouded stars! God has no knowledge of it; does not even know what we mean by it, or sympathize with our feelings about it. Our remorse, so far as he is concerned, is all superfluous; our solicitude thrown away! Conscience is a human convenience; sin, an earth-born, conventional inconvenience, which is checked by a sentiment of disapprobation highly useful to society. Liberty of action is a fiction which Divine Necessity permits us to indulge ourselves in the conceit of enjoying; but there is no such thing in reality.

To talk of revelation in its historical and ordinary sense to such proud philosophers, is merely to excite their scorn and ridicule. A revelation to a being who has God in his own nature, in the only form in which he can ever know any thing of him, and probably in the only form in which he exists at all,—if indeed *his* existence is not, radically viewed, simply *our* existence; God coming to consciousness as some German thinkers have it, in man alone! Christ, a living Saviour, still animating his disciples from his heavenly throne, comforting and guarding them with actual and direct communications according to his promises,—how absurd and incredible the thought! And thus, every plain and intelligible idea, every instinctive, spontaneous thought and feeling, level to human wants and weaknesses,—all that for thousands of years has passed for reverence and piety toward God; all that for eighteen hundred years has passed for Christianity,—is brushed away like the cobwebs of a June morning; and a grand,

impersonal, transcendental, human impertinence, which patronizes Christianity and humors the idea of a personal God and a heavenly Father, are offered us in the place of the holy, tender, solemn, and awful faith communicated by the inspired and crucified Son of God. We should be ashamed to express, or to feel, any fear of the spread of such folly. It is too flat a denial of the very nature it professes to derive itself from. Our nature *is* the image of God; but our logical reasonings and deductions from parts of it are not entitled to any such name as the reflections of his being. If there be one thing which is true of human nature, it is the impossibility of bringing its parts, its witness, its testimony (at the present stage of its development), into a congruous and complete harmony. It is full of seeming inconsistencies and incoherencies. Like external nature about it, it is in process of building. We know no more what it shall be than the gigantic and amorphous inhabitants of the cooling globe knew, when the deep covered the whole earth, what this planet was to become. Our nature is full of open questions: it has within it experiences, all of which are real and indisputable, and which seem to contradict each other. Shall we say they do contradict each other because they seem to? Shall we say, because moral evil, of which we are as certain as of our being, seems to contradict the goodness of God, of which we are equally certain, that it *does* contradict it? Or shall we modestly affirm both facts, and humbly wait a later and higher intelligence to reconcile what is beyond our present powers?

If there be any thing tedious, insufferable, and humiliating, it is the affectation of an absolute and final solution here below of the whole problem of our being and of God's being! All that vast and tender mystery in which we float is drained away as by some malign spirit, and we are left stranded on the barren sands of logic, and positive, finite knowledge! Safe in the vast, fathomless ocean of God's love and care, we sail by faith and not by sight, until some pilot who insists on hugging the shore of reality, steers us into soundings, and we feel our keel scraping the sands, or, more probably, bumping on the rocks. Does the bird feel more at home in his iron

cage than in the tree-top, swinging and swaying with the breeze? Is man any more content with a creed which he has put together with his reasoning faculties than with one that envelops him as the horizon that encloses his childhood's home? Gracious and blessed are the holy mysteries of the Christian faith; the unstatable nature of Christ, the ministry of the Comforter, the presence above us and yet with us, independent of us and yet native to us, of God's Spirit; the mystery of sin and pardon and redemption; the profound and awful mystery of evil; the authority of the Church; the unity and fellowship of believers with each other and with their Saviour, — these are mysteries, not absurdities; simply above reason, not against it. For our part, they are dearer to us than life itself: they are our life. Without them the world would be a prison and existence a burden. They are the inspiration, support, and consolation, and they always have been, of the great body of Christian believers; and they will continue to be so. The pendulum of opinion will oscillate between an absolute dependence on revelation for all our knowledge of God, and an absolute dependence on intuition. We are, in truth, dependent exclusively on neither: we need both, and we can allow each only such possession of us as is compatible with the presence of the other. Man is in the image of God, but God is still making him, and his chief instrument in the work is his divine Son. God's ways are known by us only so far as it is necessary to us to know them; but all that we do know are but parts of his ways. How faint is the whisper we have heard of him! who can stand before the thunder of his power? To pretend to understand even his moral being to perfection; to put our moral and spiritual nature into his throne, and reason from it as from absolute and complete knowledge, — is blasphemous presumption or silly conceit. Beyond the point of our limited faculties, "his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." Let us adore what we cannot comprehend! Let us bow down and worship our Creator in the name of his holy child Jesus! Let us cling to the glorious, tender, humane revelation, which is the ladder let down from the gate of heaven, to lift us when our own

wings would weary and give out ere we could reach it! The Church is at the very foot of this ladder; and all the sweet and holy associations, suggestions, and inspirations of an historic Christianity; all the mystic truths, and gleams of celestial light and love, that break out of our symbols and creeds, the precious inheritance from the Christian past,—are the angels ascending and descending, to assist our upward journey. This more than Jacob's ladder—this ladder of which Christ's cross and Christ's crook formed the beams and ties—is our glorious heritage! Let us not despise it, nor neglect it, nor suffer it to be hidden away or stolen away! Let us use it ourselves with tender gratitude and fidelity, and do our part towards leading to it (for it can never perish nor move away) the feet of our children and our children's children.

ART. VII.—MACHINERY AS A GOSPEL WORKER.

Catalogue and Journal of the Eleventh Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. September and October, 1869. 4to, pp. 60.

THE Eleventh Exhibition of the Charitable Mechanic Association held the past month in Boston was, beyond question, the most brilliant and successful that has ever taken place: an index of the highest point which mechanical invention in this country, thus far, has reached. Visiting it was a duty as well as pleasure which every one, whatever his own occupation might be, who would study his age, and know something of one of the greatest forces at work in modern society, ought to have performed. It was a museum, not of the past merely,—the strange garments worn by our sires, the relics and abnormal formations picked up in ancient cities, and the wilds of nature, the armor and utensils which barbarous nations may have used,—but of the living present, the triumphs of art and genius, the wonders which are now being accomplished in the combination of Nature's forces into struc-

tures that almost rival her own attainment; a museum of the world's working force to-day at the very summit of progress, not of the clumsy and castaway tools employed far back in its course. Specimens were there of the finest and most delicate fabrics of the loom; garments, with a maze of stitching which only the swift fingers of the sewing-machine, a seamstress with nerves and muscles of iron and steel, could ever have had the patience to insert; statuary, not to be despised, which a mere lathe, driven by a steam-engine, had carved; locks and bolts, such as might well induce burglars to turn honest men; musical instruments, which needed only touching to break forth into song; myriad utensils, for alleviating the labor and increasing the comfort of our daily household life; rakes and ploughs, reapers and mowers, written over with the promise of a new Eden to be won out of the earth; carriages, alike for adults and children, that seemed almost ready to start off of their own accord; steam-engines, whose finish and exquisite proportions placed them in the ranks of fine art; chromolithographs, which challenged the observer to tell how they differed from the original paintings at their side; photographs, not only of the human face, but of Nature's subtlest features, including that last fleeting wonder of the heavens, appearing only once in a generation, yet imprisoned here for all time, — every aspect of the great eclipse; machinery for cutting, pegging, and sewing shoes so swift, exact, and apparently intelligent, that one almost wondered some of it was not at Worcester the other day demanding its political rights; the great borer that is now solving, at the rate of ten feet a day, the long problem of the Hoosac tunnel; instruments, infallible as any gold-broker of New York, for reckoning up rates per cent; machines, of endless variety, able to take bars of iron, and turn and plane and cut them up into any needed shape as deftly and quickly as though they had been only bits of clay; specimens, in short, of all the countless operations which are going on, far and wide, in the great workshop of modern society. The visitor could hardly help coming out of its glitter and noise and confusion with many of his old notions about the supremacy of intelligent mind a good deal

disturbed. Machines are now produced which rival every department of human skill. No mortal hand can do what is accomplished by their metal fingers. Every motion that can be conceived of, has some way provided for its accomplishment. Combinations are made, by which one thing follows another, each in its exact time and place; bits of machinery coming in and doing their work, and helping each other, and getting out of the way so wisely and ingeniously as to suggest, with startling force, the idea of conscious life. Difficulties and pains and weariness, that bone and muscle encounter, disappear before their iron strength. Every kind of operation, whether it be the heading of a pin for a lady's ribbon, or the turning of a shaft weighing ten or a dozen tons for the walking-beam of a steam-engine, seems to be done with the same ease, patience, and unfailing precision.

What is the moral significance of all these inventions, and of the countless others of which the world is now so full? what the connection that such an exhibition has with man's religious and spiritual growth? These are questions which the visit among them suggests naturally to the thoughtful mind. There seems, at first glance, to be nothing wider apart in this world than religion and machinery, — the gospel of Christ and the steam-engine, the Church and the workshop. The one deals with spirit, the other with matter; the one is of heaven, the other of earth; the one moves with the breath of God, the other with wind and steam and water. We use the word mechanical as the very opposite of what is intelligent, spiritual, dynamic. Poetry, music, painting, sculpture, philosophy, perhaps science, these seem natural associates of faith; but greasy machines, spinning, turning, shoemaking, chandlery, carpentering, — what have these to do in the company of such a heavenly visitor? what common aim or principle? And accordingly poets, preachers, artists, and philosophers are put in one class as workers for man's higher being; and mechanics, artisans, inventors in another, that of workers merely for bodily wants.

It is a false distinction, a groundless opposition. Machinery is a gospel worker: its oil a chrism from God anointing it

for his own eternal ends; its strength, an agent of man's highest moral and spiritual being. The circle, the ancient emblem of eternity, the symbol of completeness, the line of all natural motion, the figure which God has wrought into the heavenly bodies, into their orbits, possibly into the whole universe itself, and into its ultimate atoms,—it is this same circle, with all its ancient wonder and significance, which is now embodied in wheels, an element which, curiously enough, goes to make up nine-tenths of all machinery. It is a matter of no small meaning, that Christ, the highest type of the spiritual worker, was also a mechanic. The true idea is that of the Old Testament writer who represents Bezaleel, the son of Uri, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, cunning artificers in gold and silver and brass and stone and timber, as operating by the direct inspiration of God as much as Moses when he led the people up from Egypt; or Aaron, when he performed the offices of religion about the altar. And it may serve to show all workers with machinery the grandeur of the thing to which they are called; yea, help to a better opinion of our nation and age than is sometimes entertained; to leave the consideration of its material utility, on which attention is often so exclusively fastened, and point out its close connection with the work of religion.

First, the genius which creates machinery is kindred in its development with that which runs through all great social manifestations, including the highest ones of spiritual life; is itself in no small degree a religious evidence. Every marked age has had some special form, into which it has thrown its highest life and energy. With the early days of Greece, it was poetry; with its golden prime, it was sculpture; Rome had it in law; the first age of Christianity, in miracles; the second, in monastic piety; the third, in ecclesiasticism; it broke out in the Middle Ages as architecture and poetry; four centuries ago, it took the shape of geographical discovery; at the close of the last century it embodied itself in a grand struggle for freedom and democracy; and, to-day, it is evinced in natural science, and in its handmaid mechanical invention. Not one or two individuals, but the people at large,—the force and civil-

ization of the age,—in each case are affected by it. A great invisible breath seems to sweep over human activities, giving something of its power even to the humblest mind. It is in the air; and, as in the palmy days of Greece, it was not Phidias and Praxiteles alone who were sculptors, but every stone-mason who had a taste for and touch of the same art, filling the land with works of beauty, which the plunder of two thousand years has not destroyed; as at the end of the fifteenth century it was not Columbus and Balboa and Vespucci alone, but thousands of adventurers from all over Europe, that went forth in quest of new worlds; so now the spirit of invention has been confined to no Watts and Arkwright, Fulton and Ericsson, but all through England and America every workman, almost every apprentice boy, touched with the same life, is putting his material together in new shapes, and devising machinery for shortening the processes of labor, filling the Patent Office with wonders, and making possible every year a grand exhibition like that of the recent Mechanics' Fair. Is it body or soul that feels such enthusiasm? a vapor of earth, which creates this furor, or one Eternal Spirit, reaching from age to age, that breathes down from on high its inspiration? separate orders of men, some earthly and some divine, who feel it, or one mighty kindred born alike, whether in the study or the workshop, of its universal touch?

And the special form it takes in our own time, who shall say it is not of itself as exalted as any it has had in the past? The impression prevails with many persons that painting and sculpture, philosophy and poetry, embody somehow grander truths, and call out in their production finer qualities of mind and character, than any thing which comes from mechanical genius. But will it stand the test of analysis? Take painting and sculpture. With all their grandeur, and all their undeniable claims as a refining influence, a help to make beauty available for common daily use, they are only of themselves an imitation, or, at most, an idealization, of the outside of things, only a surface expression of ideas. There is an element of falsity runs through them all. It is not passion

and power, beauty and sublimity, themselves, which they set before us, but their appearance. Their mission, or at least their means, is to deceive. Their study never carries man to the heart of things, never gives him the real secret, even of beauty itself, as it is in the mind of God. The nations and ages which have had them most, Greece and Italy for instance, have always evinced a false, artificial, trivial element in their characters, a divergence of faith and life corresponding with this of art from Nature. And I am not sure but that the old Puritan hatred of them was founded on something deeper than their associations with Episcopacy and the Scarlet Woman, was a grim hatred of all lies, however fair; and the affinity displayed for them in the Roman Catholic Church, based on something less profound than æsthetic taste, the connection there is between them and her way of dealing with truth. Poetry and music, not painting and sculpture, are the real heart companions of the highest religion.

Machinery, however, is not imitation, but the embodiment, of real forces, laws, and principles, which are made to act. The steam-man that walked about the streets of Boston a year or two ago, ludicrous as it seemed in some of its aspects, had that within it which was deeper and diviner than any Venus de Medici or Apollo Belvidere. It was, so far as it went, true. It had, in steel and iron, many of the same devices for motion that are found in the human body. It was force, — always nearer God than any form. And the study for it had gone beyond the query what is or could be the scope of art, and asked the deeper question, how. So with all inventions. The qualities of mind they call for are those which deal with inside principles, with truth itself. In order to work they must not only seem, but be. A lie in them is absolutely fatal. What would be the worth of a sewing machine, however highly ornamented, which, like a picture, only looked as if it sewed? Machinery bears something of the same relation to art that real life does to the stage, that the hero who performs a deed does to the actor who shows it forth. It is the making of real effects out of real laws and forces.

It is in this respect that the genius of the inventor comes

nearer to that of the Creator than the skill of any artist ever does. God does not paint or carve; but he does invent, does mechanize. No real analogy can be found for art in the world around us, no picture or statue, but always the thing itself. The flower, with all its beauty, is produced, not by the brush, but by an elaborate machinery; yea, is itself a machine, its very colors having a use. The human face, with all its marvellous play of sentiment and passion, is not carved from without, but has under it, as cause, a most intricate network of bone, nerve, and muscle. The whole outward universe, atoms below, and wheeling orbs above, is but a vast machine. And though piety has long separated soul and body, as it has God and nature, making all the processes of the one spiritual, and of the other mechanical; yet recent discoveries have tended to show that life itself, with all the infinite reaches art loves to display, has mechanism and chemistry underneath it in startling proportions, uses phosphorus and galvanism, for instance, in producing even religion, as truly as the foundry does air and coal in a casting of iron. And the inventor takes these same elemental forces, laws, and materials with which God works, and puts them together in productions of his own. The steam-engine is a creation as much as an animal or plant. Every factory is in itself a little world. The sewing and knitting machines are parallels to that wonder of ingenuity, the human hand; the telescope is another eye; and the soldier, who has lost his arm or leg, needs only wait till his next visit to the city, when he is supplied with one of art to take its place. It is the fashion in certain quarters to disparage all such things in comparison with what Nature does. They are called distortions, mockeries, caricatures. Piety looks upon them aghast, as though usurping the place of God,—used to regard them in past ages as works of the devil. Even common sense regards them at times as hardly worthy of an immortal soul. But why? To the larger view, the real lesson they teach is very different from that of irreligion. They show the affinity of man with God; show the child has inherited something of the Father's skill. I knew a master mechanic, whose

little boy, before he could talk, or even stand up, was found one day out among the shavings of the shop, where he had crept, nailing together two bits of board. Did his father regard it as mockery and unfilial rivalry? No: he clasped him in his arms, and felt he was his own as he never had before. The mechanic gets near the mind of God as the Christian does near his spirit, and he who loves, near his heart. Every new invention is but a converse of the glorious truth which Christ proclaimed ages ago, an assertion that if God is the Father of man, man is, with equal certainty, the son of God.

Then, as regards poetry, music, and philosophy, — departments of thought which do deal with realities, — the special qualities of mind called forth in mechanism are often the very same as the ones which belong to these, even in their highest forms. Because machines are made of matter, it is the silliest of all things to count it as degrading their rank. It might as well be said that a poem is only earthly and material, because it is set up in metallic type; or that a statue can have nothing at all divine about it, because it is moulded out of marble. Machines are ideas, thoughts: whole series of them, often, linked together as logically as any that are ever set forth in books, are carved out of truths quite as much as out of matter. The place, too, in which they are always set up at first is mind, the highest faculty of mind, the imagination. The man who invents a new lock, or gets up a pegging machine, goes to work in the same way as the one who invents a new poem. His soul reaches forth into the unknown. It is the image of it first that he forms down in the silent depths of spirit. Unseen things are put together, matched and jointed and squared with eternal order, where no matter ever goes; and it is only afterwards in the workshop, with hammer and forge, that he gives these airy nothings a local habitation and a name. There is as much of the genius and faculty divine in the steam-engine as in "Paradise Lost;" a dealing with fundamental harmonies as real and bold in a first-class sailing ship as in "the Creation;" a system of truth hardly less grand and complete in the printing press, or the spinning-jenny, or the

Bessemer process of making steel, than in the philosophies of Hamilton or Mill. And the blessed thing to the world is that while a philosophy may be false, and go on for ages deceiving mankind, a machine that is untrue—that is, has mistaken the action of God's law—shows it at once, before even the dullest eye, by refusing to go at all; and must be thrust aside with loss only to its owner.

So with those qualities of soul, higher than all genius, which constitute manhood, and, in no small degree, religion itself. If there is any advantage, it is most decidedly with the mechanic. Look at the face of inventors. Even as displayed at an ordinary gathering, they are a study as full of profound interest as any of their works: a cut of features, and light in the eye, you look in vain for among the common crowd. It is notorious that nearly all poets and philosophers, nearly all theologians, too, have something mean and little about them, all inventors something heroic and grand. Every great machine is born out of the profoundest pain and struggle, born of a real soul. The most pathetic and thrilling reading in all biography is the lives of inventors. It is not only the choicest thought, but the choicest manhood, that has gone into the world's mechanics. A cross towered in their workshops; and, like the gospel, they went out on their mission over the earth from a scene of crucifixion.

Born thus from the higher side of man's nature, and with the baptism of suffering and sacrifice upon it, it is not strange to find this machinery doing afterwards something of the gospel's work.

It is one of the world's great democratic forces, a leveller, levelling, however, like religion, always upwards. Its mission, first of all, the same as that of the Saviour, is to the poor, the weak, the lame, the blind, the despised and down-trodden of men. Every great machine which has ever been invented, every new one that is brought into use from year to year, is a mighty lever placed under the lowest classes of society to raise them up. And though it is powerful corporations and wealthy capitalists alone who may own it, and though they may have designed it only for their own aggran-

dizement; yet by a law mightier than any will of theirs, it is made infallibly to work for the interests of the common people. Look at the railroad and its locomotive engine. Before its invention there was a wide distinction as to modes of travel between the rich and the poor. The man of wealth had his own carriage and sleek horses, and rode in state from place to place; the poor man was obliged to plod along on foot, or go at an expense which was almost ruinous in some crazy public stage. Now, elegant and spacious cars are fitted up alike for both. The millionaire and the day laborer sit down side by side. The poorest market woman goes to the city with a speed and elegance of surroundings that no king or queen enjoyed of old; and the expense is hardly more than it would have cost her for shoe-leather a hundred years ago. Look at the spinning-jenny and the power-loom. They have absolutely abolished all distinctions of dress between the different classes of society. Bridget wears a gown that outshines that of her mistress. Broadcloth is the badge now only of our common humanity. There is hardly a cabin of our land so mean that one of its rooms is not covered with a carpet which would have seemed luxurious in a palace of other days. Look at the arrangements for supplying our cities with light and water. They give precisely the same thing to the stately mansion and the cottage, to the grandest square and the narrowest court; and they give them with a convenience and lessening of trouble to all that no amount of wealth otherwise could procure. Look at the printing-press. It has enabled works that were once almost unattainable with a fortune, to be sold for a dollar. Learning and culture are no longer the privileges of wealth and ease. Philosophy lays all her treasures at the humblest feet. Science comes and sits with the poorest apprentice boy to teach him her profoundest truths; and the kitchen maid can own all the choicest poetry that was ever written. Take one of the last examples, the machinery for the chromo-lithograph, just brought to perfection: it is sending the great masterpieces of the painter's genius, which only one man of ten thousand before could own, all over the land, lighting up countless homes

with their splendor, and pouring their refining influence, undeniable, into unnumbered souls ; all, too, at a price even to the poorest hod-carrier of only a day's labor.

So everywhere that a machine is at work, you will find it is doing something for our common humanity ; something to bring the two extremes of society nearer together. It is the staunchest foe of aristocracy. The complaint goes up every summer from the would-be exclusives of Newport and Saratoga that they cannot maintain their distinction from the common people ; that the mechanic may shut up his shop, and the clerk his store, put on their Sunday clothes, take the Saturday night cars, and mingle with them so completely that no person can for a moment recognize the difference. It is the powerful engine of liberty. Governments may claim its monopoly ; kings may carry it on to the field of battle : but the moment they try to use it there, it recoils, and strikes for freedom, and the cause of man. The two reasons why liberty had to wait till the nineteenth century before it could find a dwelling-place on earth, were, first, the want of more gospel, and, second, the want of more machinery. Churches and workshops, not forts and legislative halls, are the true citadels of human rights. Feudalism was crushed with a hammer, not bayonet. No edict that was ever printed from it, but the printing-press itself, is what gave the death-blow to slavery. The vanguard of all progress is a long line of mechanics ; the Anvil Chorus the song to which the world has made its grandest march, well recognized, therefore, in our great peace jubilee. And, though apparently, with the thousand murderous weapons it has devised, mechanical genius has been the means of increasing the ravages of war, yet, paradoxical as it seems, true to its divine mission, it is destined in the end to be its deadliest foe ; the roar of that first gun, fired by a French soldier before the walls of Pavia three hundred and fifty years ago, was the knell of all war ; and as nations go on perfecting alike their arms and their armor, making the weak strong, and the strong weak, as every new weapon does, the result, reached only in an opposite direction, is to be the same as that of the gospel, one of universal peace.

It is not only mankind in the mass, however, that are benefited by this power, but the individual man, also, that it helps to ennoble, dignify, and complete all through his nature.

The aim of the gospel in this respect is too well recognized to need discussion. It lays stress, not only on the value of humanity, but of the individual man. Every soul has in it immeasurable capacities. It is to live, not for earth alone, but heaven. The higher part of its nature is to be developed. There is placed before it evermore a grand ideal towards which to strive. It is in realizing this ideal that machinery comes in as the powerful aid of religion. With the use of hands alone in doing his work, man has no time or strength for the satisfaction of his spiritual wants. The provision of food, clothing, shelter, defence, this occupies every moment, every energy. He is a slave to his own body. But, with the invention of machinery, there is something intervenes between him and crude matter. Nature puts her own mighty shoulder to the car of society where he had been tugging, and lifts him up into the seat to be a driver. He has a servant. The winds, waves, fire, the strength of animals, sunshine, and lightning, these are made his ministers. They do for him a thousand-fold more than his own strength. And released from mere drudgery he can listen to the claims of other and diviner wants; can develop mind and taste, and heart and soul, as well as body. That day, far back in the mist of ages, when man put a plough down into the earth to make a furrow, he drew the line which separated him evermore from the brutes, and took his first step up into heaven. "What have you to sell?" was the question of King George the Third, when Boulton, the partner of Watt, stood before him to explain the wonders of the steam-engine, addressing him, as though he had been a mere huckster, with the insolence sovereigns could use then before the common man had set up their great rival. "What kings are all fond of — power," was the majestic reply. He spoke not for the steam-engine alone, but for all machinery. It is power; it makes him who has it king; frees him not from the bondage of tyrants only, but of toil; gives him a realm, too, upward in thought as well as abroad over nature.

How vain, then, the fear felt so often in past ages of the world, and not yet wholly dead, — it was only a few weeks ago that I read of a convention of shoemakers who passed resolutions against the introduction of any more pegging machines into their town, — how vain the fear that every new invention is going to rob the workman of the labor requisite for his daily bread, and how blind the opposition often expressed in mobs and deeds of violence which every great inventor has had to suffer! The inconvenience to the hand laborer, the disturbance to his means of livelihood, which the new thing makes, is at most only temporary. It may close the old fields of toil, but it is only to open others higher up, those paying better wages and bringing into action grander faculties of mind. A machine with all its powers cannot work alone. It must have intelligent human beings with it, those who can think and are capable of being its masters. The more machinery there is in the world the more demand there is, not indeed for brute force, but for cultivated men and women. The power-loom threw out of employ ten thousand hands, but it immediately called in a hundred thousand brains. What was hand-copying in olden time as a market for labor in comparison with the energies that are now demanded by the printing-press? And the steam-engine, — besides all the wheels it is driving, — how many are the souls high up through all ranks of society that it keeps in motion! It is notorious that no complicated invention can be used where slavery is. It demands and creates intelligence, freedom, — insists as if by a divine instinct on turning slaves into men before it will act under their direction. There is no country of the world which probably has so much machinery in it as Massachusetts, none at least which develops from year to year so many new inventions; and there is none where the mechanics, the laborers, are so numerous, so intelligent, so well paid, and in such active demand. The introduction of agricultural implements during the last twenty years has wrought a most striking change on the whole character of our farming population. Rustic is no longer the synonyme of what is stupid, conservative, unpolished. Farmers are wide

awake, up to the times, large-viewed. Land is made to produce them double and treble what it did. They, too, have their fairs, their clubs, their newspapers and books, and, the outgrowth of this very thing, their Agricultural College. The horse-rake and reaping-machine have not only doubled the crops of the country, but doubled its manhood. Equally significant is the movement that is taking place all over the land for a reduction of the hours of labor. It is the direct result of its machinery. The higher nature has come into action. New wants are felt, new aspirations kindled. It is the voice of the spiritual man; only half conscious as yet, it may be, of what he is doing, nevertheless God-directed, asking leisure to train and feed his soul. The gospel repeats it; the same machinery has made it possible; and it must be answered.

And this work is to go on till soul everywhere becomes the peer of body. Every machine helps to make a man, turns out not his statue alone, but the living spirit. Factories manufacture human nature as well as cloth and nails and shoes; do at one end of our being what the Church is trying to do at the other. And when the millennium comes, which is to be when the two shall meet, culture and genius and learning are to be as rich and common at the loom and anvil and sewing machine, six hours a day, as at the bar and bench and desk.

Finally, machinery is an aid of religion by what it does for the whole great interest of civilization. There are some who regard the gospel as a power independent of all natural law and influence,—a spirit which not only blows like the wind where it will, but blows unlike the wind with no favorite channel of earth along which its own life determines it to go. Preach it, they say, in its own force and purity, and it must, of necessity, without any aid of human wisdom or policy, do its appointed work. It is a teaching contrary to all facts. Go to a heathen land and proclaim it, and, no matter how pure its truth, or eloquent the lips by which the proclamation is made, its results are only of the meagrest kind. The dark shadows of the old superstitions fall across its light. The habits of savage life still cling to its believers. The outside of society may be made Christian, but down at its core it is heathen

still. Look at many of the points where our missionaries, earnest, faithful men, have spent their lives, and how sickly, how feeble, how uncertain the progress they have made! Why? It is because they carried there religion alone, and left behind all its old associations of culture, learning, taste, and social life, the very atmosphere in which God has ordained it to thrive. The fact is, all the great renovating forces of our being cling inevitably together; love—yea, are compelled—to take up their sublime march over the earth, not single-handed, but as an organized army. The gospel, with all its divinity, is only one element of a mighty band laboring for the world's redemption,—the centre of the column, it may be, but having its flank of men as well as angels, its nurture of matter not less than spirit; and to go alone, go with merely its naked truth, into heathendom, is like sending out the officers of an army against the foe and leaving behind its rank and file. So with religious institutions: they cannot exist alone. The Church of Christ is not a building suspended in the air, but one that rests on the earth, one that has underneath its foundations of the apostles and prophets, and Christ himself the chief corner-stone, a vast hill made up of all the combined growth of the ages. It can be raised only as humanity is raised; be perfect, as can be seen now in all lands, only in proportion as the society around it is perfect. To be a high religion there must be first of all a high state of civilization. Hence every thing which tells for human progress, every thing which goes to build up the great interests of our common life, every thing which makes society more refined and complete, goes to aid the sway of the gospel and build up the Church of Christ.

It is this very thing, however, of which machinery is one of the grandest instruments. Take the printing-press. How much lower down would the Church and all society be without its aid! There is no missionary, none even with the blindest faith, who thinks in going to a heathen land of leaving at least the religious part of its work behind. The gospel, with all its own intrinsic power, confessedly cannot do without books. The printing-press, however, is only one part in

a vast net-work of machinery. It implies mining operations, foundries, lathes, planers, factories, steam-engines, paper-mills; implies, too, the general progress and culture of society in which all these things can exist. Every book that goes with its flaming torch out into the night of heathen darkness, bears somewhere on its title-page the two names of the Gospel and Mechanics, as the great firm by which it is published.

Yet this direct aid of machinery is infinitesimally small as compared with what it does indirectly. The very beams of civilization rest upon it. Wealth, commerce, the intercourse of travel, the structure of our temples and houses, the thousand elegancies and comforts of our daily life, dress, correspondence, the transmission of thought from age to age, — things which make up so largely the state of society where religion has its choicest home, — all these are its products. It makes Art possible. Literature leans upon it as its indispensable staff. And when Science climbs the skies, or digs down for truth into the bowels of the earth, or picks apart the elements which Nature has bound together, it is always with some instrument that mechanism has furnished. Take away machinery, and in a hundred years where would nine-tenths of our civilization be? and, with nine-tenths of our civilization gone, how long before our religion would be again that of heathen lands, its heaven-born soul clothed with the rags of our common earth?

, All honor, then, to the world's long array of mechanical inventions. They are the forms in which the Spirit that wrought such wonders with Peter and John and Paul of old, is doing in our day its miracles. They are made up, not of wood and brass and steel and iron merely, but also of brain and manhood; are thoughts, ideas, truths; ay, sometimes, philosophies and poems. The light of heaven is on their glittering shafts; the song of hope and freedom and progress in their clatter and whir. The words of the old prophet are true: the work of God is done on wheels. The locomotive engine behind its palace cars drags after it the long train of civilization; drags humanity up the slope of the Ages and on to the great Pacific shore of the Future! Sledges and ham-

mers are beating into shape with their giant arms the great gospel doctrine of universal brotherhood. It is something of the roughness and asperity of society that is smoothed-away in every rolling and planing mill. Sewing machines and knitters carry with them a second thread fastening more closely together the different parts of our race. It is love as well as lightning that runs along the telegraphic wires; and out of every loom, finer than silk of Lyons, rich and beautiful beyond any tapestry of Lowell and Lawrence, there comes the fabric of religious grace and virtue. Machinery is a gospel-worker; mechanical, the friend not opposite of what is free, spiritual, dynamic. One of the links between man and his Maker, one credential of his eternal relationship, is found in the very heart of our factories. The great driving wheel of all earthly machinery is far up in the heavens, has its force and direction supplied immediately from Omnipotence. And every mechanic, true to his vocation, is doing in the workshop six days a week one part of the same thing which the minister aims at from another point on Sunday,—building up the kingdom of God!

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of the volume of Dr. Bulfinch, on the Christian Evidences, comes the more pretentious work of President Dodge.* The method of the two works is different. Dr. Dodge has very little to say of the external proofs of Christianity, but treats it from an unusual, if not from an original, stand-point. He means to be liberal, and he tries to be profound; but after all, the bonds of his sect hold him back, and his investigations go but little below the surface thought of the discussions about things natural and things spiritual. His thought, too, is not always consistent.

* The Evidences of Christianity, with an Introduction on the Existence of God, and the Immortality of the Soul. By EBENEZER DODGE, D.D., President of Madison University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1869. 12mo, pp. 244.

He is a sturdy defender of the rights of reason, and yet he warns reason off the ground in a very summary way, where it should seem to have the best right and the most necessary work. What can be more preposterous than such a limitation as that in this paragraph?

"The reason cannot by its own light pronounce on the credibility and worth of the miraculous facts of Christianity. It can exclude only what no one admits. Their credibility must rest essentially on testimony. The interpretation of these facts may give us doctrines which loom up above our reason. Now, in such cases, the court must declare itself incompetent to pronounce a decision. Any other principle would exclude the grandest verities from our faith, and justify the old heathen postulate, that man was the measure of the universe."

These are not the words of a clear-headed thinker. Equally vague and futile is the strange talk, on page 132, about the personality of God, that *one* God is *no* God, that only the triune idea makes God *live*.

"The coming of Christ reveals the ascending presence of God, frees him from the iron mechanism of his own laws, and presents him as an absolute personality. It casts a gleam of light, faint but real, on the way in which we are to think of him. He is alive, — alive throughout, — alive absolutely and eternally. There are no latent elements in his consciousness. He knows himself absolutely, and can perfectly respond to the cry of his creatures. This absolute personality is triune; for he is not a subject finding his object out of himself, but his own consciousness is the living synthesis of both. This tri-personality represents the divine life in its absolute fulness. Analogy seems to teach that simple, bare unity is death, — for it is the form of consciousness without any content, — and that duality is only an infinite antagonism; while the blending of subject and object in the unity of consciousness, in other words, trinity alone, is life. God is three in a sense in which he is not one, and in such a sense as makes him the only living and absolute personality. This speculative statement is without any special value, except in just so far as it may bring into relief the grand idea of Christ and his apostles, that God is not only a personal being, but that there is an absolute fulness of personal life in him."

Such talk as this shows the bewilderment of a brain which has become clogged by metaphysical terminology which it does not comprehend. The idea of the passage comes from the words of Coleridge much more than from the words of the Gospels.

When Dr. Dodge leaves metaphysics, and is willing to speak of practical things, he is a safe teacher. His spirit is kind and conciliating. Unfortunately, the ambition to be a philosopher spoils his

practical advices, and before the reader reaches the satisfactory chapters of the volume, he is tired by its oracular platitudes. Not by such aid, or with such a defender, will Christianity be successfully vindicated. While Dr. Dodge, moreover, avoids strong language, he indulges in extreme statements, which have even worse effect. "If Jesus," he says, "is not absolutely sinless, he is not only sinful, but falls below the level of our common humanity." The silence and the speech of nature alike, he says, "make natural religion the revelation of death, the proclamation of despair." Such extravagant statements as these are scattered through the book.

In no way do the reasonings of this volume answer the arguments or silence the objections of the sceptic. They are good only for those who are already persuaded that the system of Christianity is consistent and divine.

C. H. B.

"HUNTINGTON" seems destined to be the characteristic name of apostates from the ancient faith of New England. Twenty years ago or more, one J. V. Huntington proclaimed his conversion to the Catholic Church, and showed the first fruit of his saving and comfortable change in that erotic romance of the *Lady Alice*, or the new *Una*, in which Ritualism and Sensualism were so nicely blended. Then, in the next decade, the present Bishop of Central New York passed from the liberal faith to his ardent support of the Nicene Creed and the Anglican Liturgy. And now comes another Huntington; with simpler rhetoric and closer logic than either of the others, to tell, how, after much doubting and trouble, he has found rest in the bosom of the "Mother and head of all the churches." *

It is the same old story, however, — a doubting, restless, sceptical mind, finding ease at last in the superficial unity of a Church which takes charge of the conscience of its members, and saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves. It is the same process of self-delusion, and self-stultification that has been shown so many times before, by which a manly soul drops its freedom and gives up its dignity. The conclusion of this little book is melancholy. The author has "groped" after truth, only to find himself at last in that hopeless darkness of the ancient theology, which hides him away

* *Gropings after Truth. A Life Journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church.* By JOSHUA HUNTINGTON. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1868. 16mo, pp. 167.

from the spirit of the age and the light of this century. As a statement of the work which Calvinistic orthodoxy does with honest and ingenuous minds, this book is accurate and valuable. Many who read it will recognize in it their own experience, their own mental struggles, their own fears and fightings, their own disgusts with the doctrines which they have been taught to believe as divine and saving truth. But the strangest thing is, that in New England, with liberal works so accessible and so abundant, made known, too, by orthodox polemic, it should not have occurred to this thinker to examine the rational form of Christianity,—that the question should have been narrowed to the simple alternative of Calvinism or prelacy, the Puritan Church or the Roman Church.

This little book, issued as a cheap tract, by the Catholic Publication Society, has been very widely distributed, and will doubtless move many timid souls to follow the writer in his self-abnegation. A rational Christian, nevertheless, will thank God that he is subject to no such trial, and that no such necessity is laid upon him of renouncing his reason, that he has not this “pack” of creed Christianity to carry always on his back, only to lay this down as his offering at last, to be consumed on the Roman altar. As we have read this earnest confession of a troubled spirit, we have been more grateful for the training which has spared us such mental conflict, and never compelled us to mistake these contradictory dogmas for the gospel of Christ. The best monition of Mr. Huntington’s book is to a nicer religious education of children;—to teach them only what is in harmony with reason and the moral sense, and what is satisfying from the first, and will continue to satisfy a healthy soul. Such an experience as this book tells would never come in the life of one who had been trained in the school of Channing, in a church and a home full of the light of God’s love and inspired by a cheerful faith. The liberal believer walks in the day, and never has to go “groping after truth.”

C. H. B.

CAN the race of man be improved? Will there ever be any higher created being, or will man develop into something better physically? Are the angels only the souls of men separate from their bodies, or are they a superior order of organized life? Is the race of man permanent for the earth, or will it die off and become extinct, like the dodo in modern times, or like the ancient saurians? Is there any fixed destiny to the human species, any bound set to its essential being, which it cannot pass, any term of time which it will be unable

to get beyond? These questions are incidentally handled in the very clear scientific statement of M. Cherubin.* He maintains, from purely scientific reasons, that the faith of the Church that man will cease from the earth is well founded. Whether he expects any new earth, any higher life for man, he does not tell us. He holds that the elements of life in the earth are continually modified by the forms of life, and that the chemical changes brought by the breathing and eating and habits and industry of organized beings, are steadily unfitting the earth to keep them in being.

The higher the type of this organized life, the more surely this process of wasting goes on. Man is more certain to die out than the mollusca and the zoöphytes, because he requires so much more, and does so much more to vitiate the earth on which he lives. The power of his brain and the variety of his nervous force only make him more surely the destroyer of his race. M. Cherubin does not, like the Adventists, fix the time for this ending of human things, or predict that it will come in any near age. There will be room for a very large development of human capacity before the wasting process begins. He sends this over to geologic time, which is of no moment in considerations of human destiny and duty. The coal-beds and the forests will be exhausted long before the race of man will die out, and other inventions will have met the new needs that have arisen. The conclusions of such scientists as M. Cherubin, are not alarming, and they in no way disturb the faith that man may have life in a higher world than this.

What will become of this earth when man leaves it, is a curious speculation. Will the process of creation be reversed, and the successive species and genera, from highest to lowest, drop off, and the water cover the land, and the whole at last go back to the nebulous state? Will the great Creator, when he has completed the circuit of his worlds, call them all back into himself, and make them as they were in his original thought, before time or being was? It is as easy to conceive things returning all into the bosom of the Creator, as to conceive them coming out from his thought.

C. H. B.

DR. VOLKMANN's sketch of the life, works, and influence of Synesius, of Cyrene,† is discriminating as well as minute. It adds nothing

* De L'Extinction des Espèces. Etudes biologiques sur quelques-unes des lois qui régissent la vie. Par J. B. CHERUBIN, Docteur en Médecine. Paris, 1868. 12mo, pp. 191.

† Synesius von Cyrene. Eine biographische Charakteristik aus den letzten

to what was previously known of the facts of the life, and has not given us, more than the studies of other critics, any exact date, either for the birth or the death of the eminent Bishop of Ptolemais. He seems to think, however, in opposition to some of the biographers of the bishop, that Synesius died before his friend Hypatia. He gives a very full analysis of the prose works of Synesius, particularly the speech to Arcadius, which was really a treatise on the duties of kingcraft; the Dio, which is a sort of autobiography; and the treatise on "baldness," one of the most curious monuments of the literature of the fifth century. He has not a very high opinion of the poetical powers of Synesius, though he recognizes the rare culture and grace of form in his flowing and musical Greek stanzas. Nor does he enter upon the vexed question how far Synesius remained a Pagan in his philosophy, after he had assumed the duties of a Christian bishop.

Synesius is one of those anomalous historical characters whom it is difficult to place rightly. Some things in his writings seem to show him a satirist, lacking in all earnest faith; other things show him a devotee, and even a mystic. On one side, he seems to be the Horace, if not the Juvenal, of his age, while on the other, he is the fit companion of Augustine. The ascetics find comfort in some of his complaints of the vanity of mortal joys, while his description of his free-and-easy life on his farm, is that of a man of the world, almost of an Epicurean. His Trinity is not quite Orthodox, according to the Church standards, and yet he will not be reckoned among the heretics. He was made bishop in the Church before he even professed to be Christian. Yet there was no complaint that his administration of his office was weak or partial. The most zealous orthodox bishop could not have been more efficient or faithful. C. H. B.

EXCELLENT advice is this of the "Roman Catholic Layman," which is given in the handsome pamphlet from the press of Ludwig Denicke.* He sees no good, either in the idea of the Œcumenical Council, or in its probable result. He expects from it only confusion and divided counsels: a verdict which may have the show of solemnity, but which will only seem to the intelligent mind of the world a

Zeiten des untergehenden Hellenismus. Von Dr. RICHARD VOLKMANN. Berlin, 1869. 12mo, pp. 258.

* Pio Nono, Pontifici Maximo Ecclesiæ, Romano-Catholicæ, Anno vertente Concilium Œcumenicum convocatur, Patribusque ad Hoc Concilium Convocandis Laicus Romano-Catholicus. In Necessariis Unitas, in Dubiis Libertas, in Omnibus Caritas. Leipzig, 1869. 8vo, pp. 42.

ridiculous farce. It will decree only what had better not be decreed, and will say only what ought to be left unsaid, while it will touch none of the vital questions of the age, and heal no one of the wounds of the Church. This Layman professes to be a strenuous supporter of the ancient Church, and to have made many sacrifices in her behalf. He will not leave her, even if she stultifies herself in her action. But he is moved to warn the Bishops and the Pope that if they array themselves formally against the spirit of the age, they only provoke new schism, and cut themselves off from the sympathies of the earnest scholars of their own communion. It is no time now to add new and irrational dogmas to those already in the creed, or to alienate the Church from all science and secular forces. This Layman has no hope of any new light or wisdom to come from such a meeting of prelates, who are not asked to bring their scrutiny and their advice, but only their assent to what is already determined.

The style and spirit of this pamphlet are alike excellent. The sentences of the Papal call have no clearer ring or more musical flow ; and there is a proud sense of truth which needs no special plea in its behalf. But all such protests as this will be unheeded at the Vatican. The Roman Church is unchangeable in its temper and its theory, however skilfully it may use the chance and advantage of its position. It makes no theological or ethical progress, and it can neither be persuaded nor frightened into any concessions to modern civilization. That the Œcumenical Council is an "anachronism," does not lower its credit with the men who will compose it. It is the glory of the Church that it need not consider its fitness to any time, and that it "eliminates the time element." The charm of the Council will be, that it joins the sixth and the sixteenth century to the nineteenth ; and so nullifies the boast of progress ; that it "rolls back the tide of time." It invites the world to forget all that has been done in these last times of the world, and to restore the pleasant fiction of the Church of Hildebrand and Innocent. The fear of this Layman that the Council will break the unity of the Church is hardly well founded. There are many who will take more courage in the apparent harmony of these voices, and will not care to ask if this external sign means any thing. No matter how absurd the decrees of the Council, the spectacle of such a gathering will have a moral influence, which scattered protests can hardly weaken. A few more absurdities can add nothing to the feud which has long been irreconcilable between human knowledge and the dogmas of the Roman Church. C. H. B.

It is too late in the day for a satire such as that of Ulrich von Hutten to make much stir in the theological world. The new set of the "Letters of the Obscure Men,"* which an unknown publisher of Berlin has ventured to issue, will hardly draw the ridicule of the German people upon the Lutheran priesthood. The Latin is bad enough; the style is sufficiently grotesque; the situations are as absurd as any that the Reformer described; there is no lack of profanity, or vulgarity, or obscenity; but, after all, these thirty-eight Epistles will be found stupid and tiresome, even by the rationalists whom they are meant to please. That they are just in their portraits of the manners and morals of the Lutheran clergy, no candid reader can allow. The motto from Horace, "Quamquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" is quite out of place where the falsehood is so patent, and the laughter only a jeer and a scoff. That the "reactionaries" of Germany are bigoted, narrow, dogmatic, arrogant, haters of free science, is unquestionable. But that they are such dull fools and lustful sensualists as these letters show them, is a preposterous fancy. The letters are amusing only from their absurdity, and from the reminiscence which they give of the pranks and fooleries of college days and college societies. It would seem incredible, nevertheless, that a German student, with his exact classical training, could by any effort so pervert the grammar of the Latin tongue. The worst diction of college exercises is grace and accuracy compared with this twisting of syntax and inflections. The mixture of sacred and profane images is too disgusting to be laughable. If such a production as this can be issued in Berlin without bringing an action for libel or for blasphemy against the publisher, New York is certainly outdone by the Prussian capital in its practical freedom of the press. Compared with these letters, the suppressed poem of the "Rebelliad, or Terrible transactions at the Seat of the Muses," well known to Harvard students of the last generation, was chaste and decent. American ecclesiastical satire and abuse have not sunk so low as this.

C. H. B.

OF Mr. James's "Secret of Swedenborg"† we hope to present hereafter a more adequate review than can be given hastily, in the month

* *Novissimæ Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.* Berolini: F. Berggold. 1869. 16mo, pp. 88.

† *The Secret of Swedenborg; being an Elucidation of his "Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity."* By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 8vo, pp. 248.

of its publication. Its author's qualities of thought and style, and especially his animosity at sciolism and "moralism," are well known to the studious public,—both those which fascinate and those which exasperate the reader. It is a refreshment to have an intelligence so large and strange as Swedenborg's dealt with by one who has so healthy a contempt for conventionalities of sect and form, along with so reverent and genial an admiration of the mind he seeks to interpret. That he makes that mind more intelligible to the uninitiated, or that scheme of thought more attractive to the profane, we do not yet venture to declare. What is plain to see, is the scorn wreaked on those who undertake to turn the visions or intuitions of the Swedish Seer, into a religious creed, or to claim his name as the founder of a sect. "None of the older sects," he says, "parades a pretension at once so senseless and so blasphemous." And we are assured, in this handsome and attractive volume, of this satisfaction at least,—that we have an earnest, intelligent, enthusiastic exposition of Swedenborg's great intellectual service to mankind, from one who is, himself, any thing but a "Swedenborgian."

THE Rev. Stopford A. Brooke is honorably known as the friend and biographer of Rev. Frederic Robertson,—the recent issue of whose sermons, compactly printed in two volumes, is a remarkable testimony to the vitality and popular power of a true man's thought. Mr. Brooke possesses, with a strong sympathy in what was best and noblest in his friend, a quality of religious thought very nearly akin. His sermons, just published,* have the advantage of being printed as finished compositions, and under their author's eye. The qualities by which they impress the reader, are their great seriousness and devoutness of tone; their breadth of topics and freedom of handling; the constant, reverential, intelligent exposition of Scripture in its spiritual or moral sense; and the directness with which they apply the religious thought to the actual experiences of the life, or the actual condition of the nation. Their homiletic tone is more marked than that of Robertson's, with which they will be most readily compared; the proportion of topics directly scriptural is quite striking; while such titles as "The Naturalness of God's Judgments," "The Religion of Home," "Individuality," "Devotion to the Convention-

* Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

al," "Devotion to the Outward," suggest trains of reflection in the best sense practical.

CRITICISM, ETC.

OF those who have made the Lecture System popular, there is no one, unless it be Mr. Emerson, who has succeeded by purely intellectual merit of so fine an order as Mr. Whipple; and no one whose spoken essays bear so well the stern test of print. He has steadily maintained his place, in public esteem, on the slippery and difficult standing-ground of the lecturer's platform, for considerably more than twenty years; and his published volumes have secured him a high rank, as the author of some of our best critical writings. Neither series that he has printed has given him a more congenial topic, or exhibits his special ability to better advantage, than the volume lately published.* No single volume will do full justice to the wealth of his reading and accuracy of his memory, in the wide field of literary history; but the keen penetration, the quick clear judgment, the careful study, the point and vigor of style, the fine discrimination, the wide sympathy, which give such a work its best value, have full play in the series of views in which he exhibits what was rarest and best in the intelligence of the Elizabethan age. The volume consists of a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, ten years ago, and printed since in the "*Atlantic Monthly*." In their present compact and handsome form, they will prove a valuable and welcome addition to the library-shelf.

IN breadth of plan, Mr. Everett's "*Science of Thought*"† is the counterpart of Mill's "*Logic*;" that is, it deals not only or chiefly with forms, but with facts and things. It does the great service, to the English reader, of surveying the same wide field from a different point of view. It strongly attracts one, at the outset, by the grace of a style singularly clear, crisp, and direct,—abounding in brief sentences, of which each delivers its one thought, clean-cut and forcible, straight to the reader's mind. It is the style of a practised speaker to an attentive audience he wishes to instruct, rather than that of an argumentative or speculative writer,—simple, direct, disdaining ornament or "fine writing," the perfection of didactic style; yet flowering

* *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

† *Science of Thought; a System of Logic.* By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT. Boston: William V. Spencer.

easily into illustrations which tip each thought, as a pink-blossom tips its stalk. Covering, from the nature of its topic, the whole breadth of human thought, including all science and art, it is never at a loss for the material to give point and shape to its abstracter argument. And, what makes it more attractive to the thoughtful reader, it holds out the promise of giving some intelligible rendering of that system of Hegel, which to most of us has stood, unavoidably, for little more than the echo of a name. Mr. Everett is one of the few men who have qualified themselves, by personal study of the system, and personal hearing of its expounders, to serve as its interpreters to other minds. Besides Hegel, he acknowledges chief indebtedness to Schopenhauer, "the most brilliant of metaphysicians," — most false, perhaps, in his main theory, but "clearest and most satisfactory in its details." We do not promise that the readers of this book will become, themselves, qualified to explain or pronounce upon these schemes of thought. But we can safely say, that they will receive a great deal of instruction and intellectual impulse; that they will find meaning and suggestion in phrases that had, perhaps, repelled them by what seemed hopeless vagueness or paradox; that they will be led to a better acquaintance with some of the highest forms of human thought, and some of the widest relations of human knowledge; and that they will have the further satisfaction of finding the harmonies of philosophical speculation set forth in the light of a large confidence in absolute truth and spiritual life.

It would be unjust to pass a hasty judgment on what is the ripe and slow growth of a cultivated mind, — what, in fact, asserts itself in dedicatory verse to be no gathered blossom, but "sheaves of ripened, dry, and heavy wheat." We hope hereafter to examine more at length its value, both as a criticism of others and as a contribution of original thought; meanwhile, commending it, in all confidence, to students of kindred taste.

EDUCATION.

WE do not know how far the *Essays*, whose title we have given,* may be depended on for the general opinion of English scholars and teachers. It is evident that they contain the views of a wide and very intelligent class, and one which is rapidly extending. The fantastic and

* *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 8vo, pp. 384.

cruel pedantry which has hedged the study of the classics with its frightful *cheval-de-frise* of nomenclature; which spends ten years on Greek and Latin rudiments; which compels the writing of verses, as an ordinary school exercise, in languages distant, dead, and half-known; which makes the "analysis" of a sentence ten times as hard as the understanding of it; which, by a grotesque whim, has transferred to our school grammars here, and insists on forcing as a task of memory, the rules and countless exceptions of "scanning," which are of no earthly use except in that manufacture of Latin verse which we have happily discarded, and which make a boy's reading the smooth text of Virgil or Ovid like a hard ride over a very stony road, — this relic of scholastic times, we are glad to hope, is passing fast out of date. And, for our evidence, we take the striking testimony of this volume.

It consists of nine essays, by as many writers, differing here and there as to their views in detail, but agreeing in their main drift. The name of Mr. Farrar is widely known, as the author of some most vigorous and wholesome contributions on this subject, in recent reviews. His contribution to this series is one which has less practical value here than in England, in which he argues against the composition of Greek and Latin verse as a general branch of education. The introductory essay, too, may be described as more curious than important. But it is quite interesting in its sketch of the steps by which the ponderous system of modern instruction was built up. The average Englishman of the upper classes — the same who now believes with all his heart in the teachings of the great schools — must have been a difficult subject, a few centuries ago, for the handling of pedants and pedagogues. "Rather," says a bluff Englishman of that time, "than my son should be bred a scholar, he should hang. To blow a neat blast on the horn, to understand hunting, to carry a hawk handsomely and train it, — this is what becomes the son of a gentleman; but as for book-learning, he should leave that to louts." It is a great way from that day to a time when the prime minister of England amuses his vacation by writing out a most careful and scholarly dissertation on Homer, and the first nobleman of England appears as one of a score of rival translators of the *Iliad*. In an earlier time, "gentlemen took care that their sons should learn 'courtesy,' to ride, sing, play upon the lute and virginals, perform feats of arms, dance, carve, and wait at table, where they might hear the conversation (sometimes French or Latin), and study the manners of great men." Even Bacon, urging the advancement of learning, "was not without a certain contempt for boys," considering them hardly fit

subjects for the higher training; and Locke was far from the theories of a later day, when he held that "the only grammar which a gentleman needs is that of his own tongue, which alone he means to write." "Our most noble Queen Elizabeth," says Roger Ascham, "never yet took Greek or Latin grammar in her hand after the first declining of a noun and a verb."

In the system that has grown up since this rude but wholesome beginning, fashion and superstition have had their full share. Think, for instance, of the nonsense that has been written and believed as to the "perfect forms" and "perfect models" to be found in the ancient writers! Think of the atrocity of setting up four hundred pages of grammar as a barrier to be surmounted, before one should enter on the living use, possibly (though some teachers doubt it) the rational enjoyment of an ancient tongue! All this must have its reaction; and it is excellently met in the Essay of Professor Sidgwick, who points out with clear good sense the real use and advantage of classical study: Greek is needed for theology, Latin for history and law; it is their literature, not their grammar, that we want to cultivate; yet even for that they are hardly required, amidst the great wealth of modern speech; and few learners, at any rate, will read them both.

The third Essay, by Professor Seeley, criticises the system of university studies and examination for honors, and is of much interest, — aside from the fresh and admirable style in which the writer puts his thought, — in view of the changes taking place in our own colleges. It may be well, too, to take notice of what he says of the despotism of the "Tripos:" it is made the one test of scholarship; special tastes are substituted for liberal culture; success in one set line is the only success that teacher or student cares to aim at; "if such-a-one did not *think* so much, he might do very well," is the comment actually given by some painstaking tutor, and shows the result of the system. Universities should be better organized for the business of instruction. "The college system keeps down the character of the teaching class;" each college — of which at Oxford there are more than twenty — aiming at a certain thin completeness in every thing. Colleges should be *specialized*. Again: as to the method of private tuition. "It is deceptive to compare the teacher to a book. In the first place, he is a great number of books; next, he is a book that can be questioned; and a book that can put questions; and a book that can recommend other books; and last, not least, he is a book in English. As a rule, good books are in German, and it may happen that the student does not read German."

But the most vigorous protest against modern pedantry that we remember to have seen, is that by Professor Bowen, in the fourth Essay, on "Teaching by Means of Grammar." That grammar is useful for the sake of teaching the language, "we meet," he says, "with a direct negative,"—meaning by grammar "a formal analysis of usage, in respect of inflection and syntax." And here is the method he advises: "Let them begin the translation of easy sentences, even before they know the declensions by heart. Never give a rule of any kind unless it is one which is clearly and obviously founded upon a collection of instances. Get the meaning accurately, and the grammar may follow as its handmaid. Never let time be wasted at a difficulty; if, when fairly coped with, it is insuperable, give quick and willing help." And again: "We assert that systematic grammar—complete, technical, printed in a book for the purpose of learning the dead languages—is more an encumbrance than a help." And again: "A grain of showing is worth a bushel of telling, whether the topic be a handicraft or a virtue, the performance of a trick of cards or the construction of an infinitive mood."

We have not space to follow out the arguments of these timely and valuable essays. Such sentences as these just quoted, coming from the high places of English culture, are bolder and more radical than almost any one has yet ventured to use in our own educational journals or teachers' conventions. On the other hand, the need of instruction in natural science and modern learning seems to have dawned freshly, and with great force, on the mind of those scholars—and is very strikingly illustrated in Mr. Wilson's Essay (the sixth) "On Teaching Natural Science in Schools," and the closing one, "On the present Social Results of Classical Education." The seventh, "On the Teaching of English," and the eighth, "On the Education of the Reasoning Faculties," are well worth attention. That logic may be made as simple as geometry or grammar, while it is a matter of infinitely more practical advantage, and is likely to be far more entertaining, is set forth with great vigor. Somewhat curiously the writer, Mr. W. Johnson, finds great advantage in Latin composition over any thing to be done in any modern language, especially English; essays by boys in the vernacular he thinks will be purely formal and worthless. On the whole, while there are many points in this volume in which the writers freely differ from one another, and some, perhaps, in which we might differ from them all, there are few books to which we should be more glad to direct the attention of the great teaching class among ourselves.

MR. MORRIS'S Greek Grammar * has some features quite new, to which we desire to call the attention of those interested in classical instruction. Of grammar proper, it contains 168 pages, with a tabular supplement of 30; its Syntax is embraced in 50 pages; while more than a hundred are occupied with exercises for the class-room. The type is uncommonly bold and clear, and gives the points — which appear to be very carefully and skilfully thought out — with remarkable distinctness to the eye. But the distinguishing feature of the book is this, — that it deals with the language throughout in its “crude forms;” giving careful and clear rules for the forming of cases, tenses, and the like; indicating by symbols, with each crude form, to what class it should be referred; and giving, in a series of “plates” (occupying, perhaps, a quarter of the book), very full exhibitions of the forms of the language, by which the learner *is to make his own inflections as he goes along*. No such thing as a full paradigm, of noun or verb, is given, — except by what seems an afterthought, in the supplement which follows the reading lessons, which are arranged, with great skill, to apply the method already learned. A careful examination of the book, in its general features, satisfies us that any teacher who will have patience with it at starting, will find himself in possession of a most valuable aid in getting at the true form and genius of the tongue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHILE the growth and occupation of “The Great West” † were the fresh wonder of our own day, it was pardonable in us to forget that there was a history of its discovery waiting to be read; and now that it is open to us, in Mr. Parkman's clear and handsome pages, we find in it, with a sort of surprise, that, turning back over the little space of two centuries, we come upon a pre-historic period, as full of marvel, adventure, and romance, in its kind, as that of older countries. So thin are the layers of that stratification which time has spread over the wide continent, yet so strange and distinct from one another. The Canadian forests, the shores of the Great Lakes, the cataracts and rapids, the broad prairies of Wisconsin and Illinois, the great rivers of

* A Compendious Grammar of Attic Greek, with copious Exercises. By CHARLES B. MORRIS. New York: F. J. Huntington & Co. pp. 380.

† The Discovery of the Great West. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of The Conspiracy of Pontiac, Jesuits in Canada, &c. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo, pp. 425.

the West, are not only the field of the vast colonization of our century ; they are the scene where actors almost forgotten played their part, and where the passion of the play was often deepened into tragedy, long before that struggle of British and French forces on this continent, in which our own colonial annals begin to emerge into the broader light of history.

We need not recite Mr. Parkman's claims to be the explorer of that field. A comparison of this with the "*Jesuits in Canada*," will show the same qualities of faithful investigation, clear and vivid description, interesting narrative, and a quick, keen appreciation of the human interest of the story. And besides, this volume shows to still better advantage the writer's personal familiarity with the scenes and populations with which he deals. No picture of savage life is comparable to his for the definite, positive lines in which it is drawn. The romantic halo that once transfigured the brutish and rude existence of the Indian tribes has been fading with all our better knowledge of them. Pitilessly Mr. Parkman brushes away what might be left of it in the field of that distant and early adventure ; yet with a keen sense of what was pitiful and tragic in it, as well as what was purely barbarous and grotesque. Nothing can excel in oddity the scenes which the old French explorers have left so fully detailed of their contact with the savage tribes ; and they become the more piquant, by the personal and local touches which the historian is able to add from the note-book of his own experience.

The volume, in its general drift and outline, is the biography of La Salle, the ambitious, able, dauntless, tireless, ill-fated explorer of the Mississippi. Mr. Parkman has studied his life afresh, from all the documentary sources within reach, especially from family papers gathered and preserved in Paris ; and has succeeded in filling out, with great vigor and life, the sketch which Mr. Sparks had given — interesting, but cold and feeble in comparison — in his "*American Biography*." * In particular, the jealous bad faith, if not positive treachery, which betrayed the heroic explorer to his destruction, is shown with great distinctness ; and its shadow is made to fall, in a damaging way, upon the Jesuit party, of whom he was the open foe. The book is apparently quite impartial and fair, whether in telling of the Catholic missionaries who lived and died faithful in their toilsome, hopeless service ; or the hardy and heroic fidelity of Tonty ; or of the garrulous, vain, jealous, and mendacious Father Hennepin, whose well-known

* See vol. i. of the Second Series.

narrative shows to ill advantage in the light of sober history. We are promised, in a coming volume, the story of "the stormy career of Frontenac," royal governor of Canada, and La Salle's constant friend. No one but Mr. Parkman can have known so well the breadth and wealth of the field he has made his own: a field in which he has created an interest, that will look with eager expectation for each coming instalment of his work.

THE Messrs. Roberts, in their "Handy-Volume Series," have published a book of remarkable interest, whose title we give below.* The author is a man of education and the highest social connections, — cousin of the Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, — who held the difficult, responsible, and hazardous post of Agent of estates in Ireland, during and after the famine of 1846–7. His story of the conspiracies, crimes, sufferings, and imprisonments among the tenantry, diversified with several touching little romances of private life, has the interest and freshness of novelty, after all that has been said and written on that unhappy matter. The narrative is very direct and personal, full of names, incidents, and dates, given apparently with absolute frankness. It is a plainer story of the writer's daring, skill, prudence, and success, under most difficult circumstances, than most men could give or would care to give; but its personal quality is quite essential in the account it would give of the land and people. Nothing can excite warmer interest and commendation, than the way in which hopeless poverty and desperate crime are checked by the unfailing panacea of emigration, and the skill with which this panacea is administered. But it raises the question, too, how far it is right or safe to thrust so much raw material of barbarism upon a foreign country; and it suggests, more vividly than any thing we have seen, an explanation of what is most dangerous in the "Fenian" exhibitions of the last few years. One should read it beside Maguire's "Irish in America."

"THE Seven Curses of London"* are neglected children; professional thieves; professional beggars; fallen women; drunkenness; betting gamblers; the waste of charity. Mr. Greenwood, who began his investigations, two or three years ago, by his experience of one

* *Realities of Irish Life.* By W. STEWART TRENCH. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† *The Seven Curses of London.* By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

night in the capacity of a beggar seeking shelter, deals with them in succession, with a gravity of temper, and sense of religious duty, as far as possible from the sensational or merely sentimental way that has been too common. Some of his facts are new, and some of them very pungent and startling, — as when he surprises us with an estimate that 100,000 children wander unclaimed in the streets of London; and tells us something of the jealously guarded mysteries of "baby farming." In most of the lamentable topics he deals with, he could not add much to the information, or the impression, long familiar. But his direct testimony as to several points — particularly as to the mischief of betting among the class most tempted to it, and as to some forms of drunkenness and low amusements among the London poor — is very instructive. The book is less able and impressive, on the whole, than one might have expected. It is as if the writer's mind were oppressed by the gigantic and hopeless proportions of the misery he describes; while it is by dint of conscience and Christian conviction that he persists in a struggle all the more heroic that it does but stem without beating back the boundaries of evil. And the reader, who has not the stress of the struggle to warm him, is oppressed still more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

White Lies: a Novel. By Charles Reade. pp. 171. 35 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual." 8vo, paper. pp. 112. 25 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

False Colors: a Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), author of "Denis Doune." 8vo, paper. pp. 152. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Meta's Faith. By the author of "St. Olave's," "In our days, a man is the son of his own deeds." 8vo, paper. pp. 124. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Henry Esmond, and Lovell the Widower; The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 8vo, paper. pp. 253. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Countess Gisela. By E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," &c. Translated from the German by A. Nahmer. 8vo, paper. pp. 125. 35 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Adam Bede; The Mill on the Floss; Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. With illustrations. 12mo, cloth. pp. 452. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Found Dead. By the author of "One of the Family," &c. 8vo, paper. pp. 110. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Compendious German Grammar. By William D. Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit, and Instructor in modern language in Yale College. 12mo, cloth. pp. 248. \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Elements of the Greek Language: taken from the Greek Grammar of James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. 16mo, cloth. pp. 246. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The American Speller: A guide to the Orthography of the English Language. Conformed to the standard of the revised editions of Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language. By Henry N. Day. 16mo, boards. pp. 168. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

New York Illustrated. 4to. pp. 52. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Magnetizer, The Prodigal; Comedies in Prose. By Laughton Osborn. 12mo, cloth. pp. 222. \$1.50. New York: James Miller.

In Silk Attire: a Novel. By William Black, author of "Love or Marriage." 8vo, paper. pp. 126. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or Polygamy and Monogamy compared. By a Christian Philanthropist. 16mo, cloth. pp. 256, with appendix. \$1.25. Boston: James Campbell.

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The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count Le Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 255. (In all points a beautiful little volume. For its quality, see "Christian Examiner," for November, 1866.)

The Woman who Dared. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

NOTE. — In the fourth Article of the September number, it should have been stated, that the Catholic Church in America, at the present day, is far from being made up so largely of Irish as at the time when the volume under review was written.

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